CALIFORNIA THE WONDERFUL

EDWIN MARKHAM

CALIFORNIA
THE WONDERFUL

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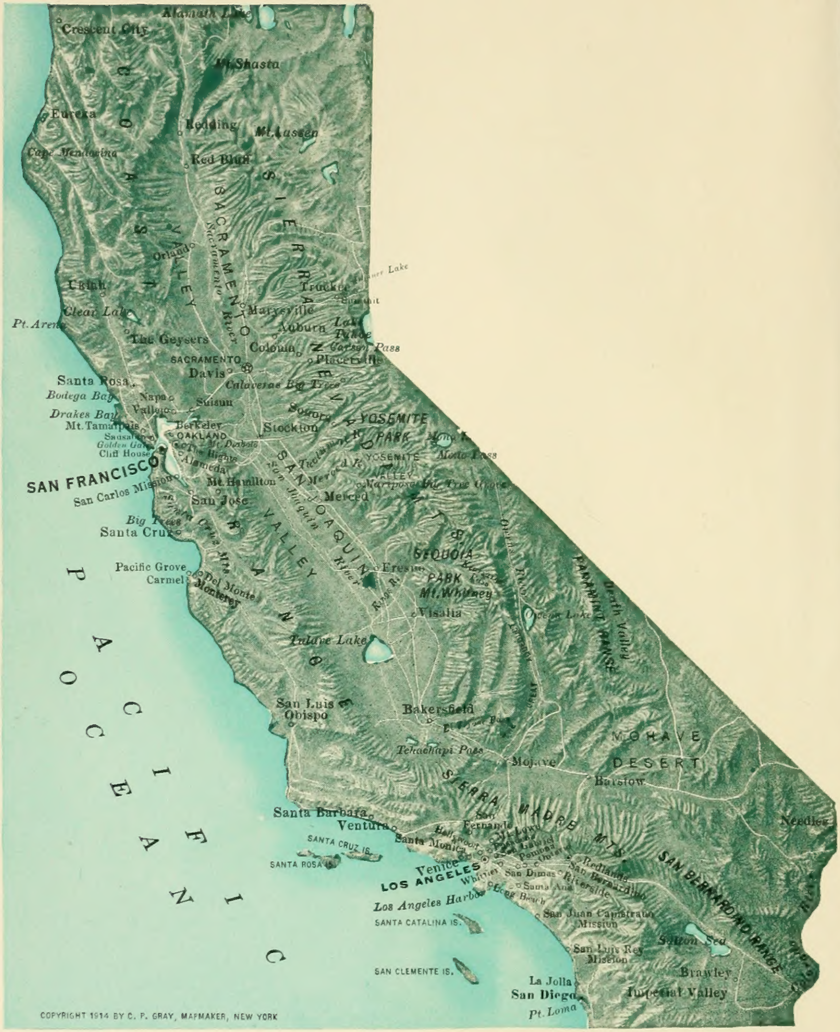

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NEW RELIEF MAP OF CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA
THE WONDERFUL

HER ROMANTIC HISTORY, HER PICTURESQUE PEOPLE,
HER WILD SHORES, HER DESERT MYSTERY,
HER VALLEY LOVELINESS, HER MOUNTAIN GLORY,
INCLUDING
HER VARIED RESOURCES, HER COMMERCIAL GREATNESS,
HER INTELLECTUAL ACHIEVEMENTS, HER EXPANDING HOPES,

WITH GLIMPSES OF
OREGON AND WASHINGTON,
HER NORTHERN NEIGHBORS.

BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

"Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
And where the wind's feet shine along the sea."

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THE QUINN & BODEN CO. PRESS
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TO ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

A Daughter and Lover of California
Whose Patient and Able Assistance Has Made
This Volume Possible

OPENING AVOWALS

CALIFORNIA is well-nigh as familiar to me as my garden paths: I spent forty years and more within her boundaries. I was there as a barefoot boy, picking wild strawberries in the fields near Vacaville, herding sheep on the Suisun Hills, plowing the little valleys between the ridges for wheat and barley, and following the thrashing machine in the time of the harvesting. There also I made my way through school and college, and spent my after years in the service of education and literature. My traditions are all of the Far West.

In April, 1847, my parents, with all their worldly goods loaded on an ox-team, crept out of Michigan, headed for Independence, Missouri, where they joined an ox-train that was going overland to Oregon. After many adventures in the wilderness, they trailed down the Columbia River in October, and found their way into the Willamette Valley. My first home was in Oregon City, in a huge brown house under the great bluff. My eye has a keen memory of the white rush of the Falls, and my ear has a clear memory of their eternal thunder. I have also an early and vivid recollection of having been lifted up in the sanctuary of a church in that city and of looking down on the dead face of the famous Dr. John McLoughlin, "the Father of Oregon." I can never forget the hush and the solemn pomp: it was my first sense of the dark mystery of death.

As an eager lad I soon after journeyed with my mother down into California, where she made her home on a farm and cattle range in little Lagoon Valley, among the picturesque mountains not far from the great sea. Why did she pitch her tabernacle among the Suisun Hills? Perhaps she was drawn thither by the rosy account of that region found on the pages of Frémont's Report, a volume which well-nigh every Oregonian kept on his Bible shelf. Here in the little valley, and on the breezy summits that surround it, I spent all the days and nights of my restless boyhood.

Afterward I wandered over California, exploring her mountain glory and her valley loveliness, rejoicing in the romance of her history, tasting the friendship of her people, and feeling the pulse and passion of her great cities. Yes, I have visited all the expanses of California, the land that stretches from redwood to cactus,

> "Haunch in the cloud-rack, paw in the purring sea."

I have mused with many of the old pioneers. I used to join in the rodeo with Señor Pena, the cattleman, whose Spanish grant reached afar into the surrounding hills. Later I spent many hours talking to James W. Marshall, in his cabin on the hillside above Coloma, near the mill-race where he discovered the gold that stirred the imagination of the world. I still have his gift of a strange old volume on the archeology of the Bible.

I knew many of the other men who helped to build the great State. As a boy I had the happy fortune to be the pupil of Samuel D. Woods, afterward a member of Congress. He is still a dear and honored friend. Frequently, in my boyhood, I saw Joseph McKenna, then my townsman, but now a champion of the people in the Supreme Court of the United States—saw him walking with buoyant and rhythmic steps from Suisun out to the country courthouse. And often in those days I listened to Tom Fitch, the Cicero of the Far West.

In my young manhood, I took frequent counsel of Joseph Le Conte, an inspired and inspiring thinker. I have also been honored by the friendship of many of the literary and artistic folk of the Far West. Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce and William Keith were my neighbors for years, and Charles Warren Stoddard was long my correspondent.

These are a few of my many memories of California: so when all are telling her story, perhaps I also have a right to be heard.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.
November, 1914.

NOTE OF THANKS

I wish to express my gratitude to Miss Soulé Campbell for the use of her fine portraits of Joaquin Miller and Ambrose Bierce and to Mr. Gutzon Borglum for the use of a photograph of his painting, " Staging in '49." Readers will rejoice in Miss Campbell's delicately spiritual sketches, nor will they fail to be struck by the fine action and verisimilitude in Mr. Borglum's work.

I am also indebted for assistance to Mr. Porter Garnett, to Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, to Professor Henry Mead Bland, to Miss Ina Coolbrith, to Miss Juanita Miller, to John Muir, and to the Luther Burbank Society—all of California—and to Professor J. H. Horner of Oregon. Valuable help was also rendered by Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston and by Doubleday, Page & Company of Garden City, New York.

E. M.

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CALIFORNIA

Sea-born and goddess, blossom of the foam,
Pale Aphrodite, shadowy as a mist
Not any sun has kissed,
Tawny of limb I roam,
The dusks of forests dark within my hair;
The far Yosemite,
For garment and for covering of me,
Wove the white foam and mist,
The amber and the rose and amethyst
Of her wild fountains, shaken loose in air.
And I am of the hills, and of the sea:
Strong with the strength of my great hills, and calm
With calm of the fair sea, whose billowy gold
Girdles the land whose queen and love I am!

* * * * * * *

Upon my fresh green sods
No king has walked to curse and desolate:
But in the valleys Freedom sits and sings,
And on the hights above;
Upon her brows the leaves of olive boughs,
And in her arms a dove;
And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
White with their snows untrod,
And mighty with the presence of their God!

—Ina Coolbrith.

CHAPTER I

TWO GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA *

I

ONE should keep in mind the unique situation of California, as she lies half-way between the equator and the Arctic circle—her thousand-mile sweep of seacoast on the west warmed by the tincture of Cathay touching her shores in the vast arc of the Japan stream; her eastern boundary sheltered by the desert in the south and by the Sierras in the north.

The double valley in the center of the State is colossally fenced in by the Coast Range toward the Pacific and by the Sierras toward the east. It is drained by the San Joaquin coming from the south like the Nile, and by the Sacramento coming from the north like the Indus. These two rivers, swelled by myriad springs and snowfields, meet in the delta lands of the tule-tufted San Pablo Bay, which convoys them on to San Francisco Bay, where through the Golden Gate that breaks the mountain wall they reach the Sea of Peace.

---

* California—there are many guesses as to the origin of this beautiful name. It seems almost certain that it was taken from the pages of that old Spanish romance, "The Deeds of the Most Valiant Knight, Esplanadian, the Son of Amadis of Gaul." This story by Garcia de Montalvo was published in 1510 as a sort of a sequel to "Amadis of Gaul," the famous medieval romance of chivalry, the center of a cycle of romances. The name California appears in this rosy romance as the name of "a wonderful island on the right-hand of the Indies, an island rich in pearls and gold, and very near the terrestrial paradise."

The Sacramento and the San Joaquin

The Sacramento River, the great artery of the northern valley, springs from the wooded base of Mount Shasta, that vast Fujiyama of the western world. It traverses an empire rich in soil and yield. In the beginning, this valley was only a scented, irised, lark-loud garden of trees and flowers for the Indian and the bear and the bee. In the first years of the Caucasian occupancy, it was turned into a colossal sheep-run; next into enormous grainfields, some *rancheros* owning principalities larger than Rhode Island.

Now it is changed into the pleasant places of orchard and vineyard and home. Flaming Tokays and purple Malagas have pushed away the wild fox-grapes, and walnuts and almonds have displaced the acorn crop of the live-oaks. Indeed, here glows and ripens every luscious fruit the earth distils into skin and gourd. You may calendar the year by the processional of the orchards—cherry, peach, plum, apricot, nectarine, prune, pear, fig, grape, orange, olive, lemon, grapefruit. Berries may be picked nearly all the year; melons thrive as under Syrian skies.

Thus the old enormous ranchos are broken up. Men are learning irrigation and intensive cultivation; families and colonies are filling the land once given to vast lonely holdings, once seeded and harvested by mules, machinery, and a homeless horde of tramps.

Let us journey from San Francisco down the San Joaquin Valley, which plows the lower center of the State.

This is the bounteous Nile valley of California. The sky-hung Sierran wall on the east feeds it from its everlasting snows. Here as the seasons run from green to gold, from blade to ear, the puny power of the human hand is augmented by huge machinery hauled by trains of mules. Here vast grainfields are headed and thrashed and sacked in a day.

Irrigation canals from the river or artesian wells from the veins of the earth convoy the waters for the use of the farmer and make utilitarian the vast plains once given over to the tribes of wild flowers and grasses. Even now when not crowded out by the vine and the tree, the flowers glow in huge deep-colored patches like faded palace hangings flung along the valley floor. And always the lithe, fleet poppies " run like torchmen with the wheat."

Stockton, Bakersfield, Fresno, with grain rancho or raisin vineyard or fruited orchard or motley vegetable garden—each offers at harvest-time a colossal horn for the hungry world.

Northern California is not distinguished in climate from Southern California, in the same way that the Northern States are distinguished from the Southern States. For there is in California a mysterious thermal belt now distinctly marked out by the weather bureau, a belt reaching in an " equal temperature loop " from Riverside County to Shasta County, one hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco. This is the orange zone, only lately outlined after fifty years of experience and observation. Through all this northern loop, orange and fig and lemon and palm spring up as lustily and yield as richly as they do in the glowing south.

The tule lands, where meet the two rivers of the double valley, are a picturesque feature of the Far West. Here in reedy sloughs and bayous are piled the meltings of mountain and valley, which are building up a Holland of the future. Sixteen hundred square miles, once only a range for duck-hunters and fishermen, are beginning to be drained, and are already checkered by dairies and by gardens of beans and bulbs, gardens prophetic of fat years to come.

Mt. Shasta is the wonder of the Sacramento Valley. Not so high as Mt. Whitney, it has a yet rarer individuality. It dominates the eye for hundreds of miles. Leaving San Francisco in the evening, you may in the morning awake among verdurous foothills beside the waters of the upper Sacramento. In the east Mt. Shasta will be seen standing in perfect profile under a sky

> " That stirs with such a grace
> As flushed uncertainly the pallid face
> Of Jairus' daughter rising from the dead."

In the west will be Castle Crags, with jagged skyline suggesting Manhattan's man-made horizon wall. Its battlements lift themselves, terrace by terrace, like prodigious but shattered altar steps. In these retreats you may fish and hunt or explore glaciers and extinct volcanoes or bask on the granite ledges with friendly lizard and inquisitive squirrel.

Sacramento City, the metropolis of the valley, has a gold-domed capitol, which is perhaps the most beautiful public building in the Union, a stone structure rising out of a park where trees of every clime of the world grow in green accord.

Sutter's Fort at Sacramento is a landmark next in historic value to the Mission ruins. It was the first settlement east of the Coast Range; and, lying in the path of overland travel, it became the rendezvous of every immigrant and every pilgrim. It was the restless General Sutter, who, reaching out into the mountains for timber, brought about the discovery of gold in the Coloma canyon up in the Sierra foothills. In honor of this discovery the Native Sons of California have bought the fort and restored it as a museum of olden days. Here it stands as when Frémont rode gallantly in from his pathfinding, as when the Donner survivors came dazedly from their tryst with death, as when Marshall rushed excitedly to test the first fateful sands of El Dorado.

Glimpses of Smaller Valleys

We have the great double intramontane valley plowing its prodigious and verdurous crevasse from north to south, and also many smaller valleys nesting among the mountain chains and sloping into the central valley. To get the eagle's vision of these slopes and vales, climb Mt. Diabolo or Mt. Tamalpais, near the center of the State. Tamalpais, stained with " the dusty purple of the grape," bounds up from the ocean level, and looks down on San Francisco. On its slopes are the Muir National Park of virgin redwood; and landward in every direction radiate canyons and valleys and ridges and uplands, all sprinkled with fruit and vegetable and dairy ranchos.

I will speak later of the fine valleys south of San Francisco: there are equally bountiful and beautiful valleys in the foothills of the Coast Range to the north. Sonoma, Napa, Ukiah—these and many another lovely name fall on the ear like the plash of water in the silver stream. Here among the wild oaks rise the orchards and the vineyards, the hop-fields and the grain-lands that make the sunny slopes another Rhine country. Each valley has its individuality and its story of the past. Here is the Russian River Valley, the historic spot where the Russians (who once might have owned the coast) occupied their fort for thirty years.

Here in Sonoma, the curved " valley of the moon," was begun the last of the Spanish Missions. Here occurred the fantastic, historic episode of the Bear Flag. It is in a Sonoma grove of redwoods that the Bohemian Club of San Francisco gives annually its renowned "Midsummer Jinks," a celebration which, despite its Pucksy name, is a sort of woodland rite, with a spirit that recalls the severe beauty of the early Greek drama.

In Napa rises the noble St. Helena, made dear by its inviolable loveliness, and by the memory of Stevenson's starlit night. Here, too, we find the Petrified Forest; also the fuming Geysers forever at work in nature's secret catacombs.

Northward to the borders of Oregon run many repetends of these mountain valleys. Up in the furthermost corner of the State is Eureka, our Land's End; and lying just between Oregon and California are the marble caves that are said to rank next to the sculptured Mammoth Cave and the pillared Fingal.

"The Saw of Light"

The western slope of the Sierras, in its highlands and its lowlands, offers also a diversified use and beauty. From any part of the great double valley may be seen the eastern mountain wall of California—four hundred miles long and over two miles high—the Sierra Nevadas—a range so ethereally folded in the luminous air of California that John Muir declares that it should be called "The Saw of Light" instead of "The Saw of Snow."

From a distance the Sierras are merged into bands and scarfs of radiant color. Warm rose and lilac, glow the foothills, once the mining belt of the State. These are a series of ridges and ravines, cliffs and canyons, once scarred and seamed by the ruthless miners, but now covered again by the mercy of the wild gardens of buckeye and chaparral, or by the tame gardens of apple and peach and orange. Darker purple and azure mark the mountain wall as its ascends. This is the belt of firs and pines and redwoods. Here the valleys deepen into canyons and the hills rise into mountains. Still higher up, neighboring with the sky, runs the belt of crystal and pearl —the summits and precipices of the Sierras, broken into domes and peaks and pinnacles—the couch of snows, the cradle of glaciers.

Up near the dividing line of California and Nevada nestles Lake Tahoe, the Lake Geneva of the West. It lies a few miles back from the old Overland Road—not far from Truckee. Tahoe is over a mile above the sea-level, with encircling peaks shouldering up five or ten thousand feet higher. It never freezes, although the snows may in winter rim its shores. Strangely and mystically blue its waters are; and every shade of azure, from nemophila to gentian, deepens and lightens in this stupendous aërial sapphire cavern, which has the lake for floor, the mountains for walls, the sky for dome.

The Yosemite and the Sequoias

Yosemite Valley is, of course, the most renowned region in the Sierra Nevadas. But the King's River Valley is well-nigh as wonderful, its walls being even more Titanic, although it lacks the charm of the Yosemite cataracts. Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain of the range, is near to this valley, as is also the General Grant National Park.

Yosemite, about one hundred and fifty miles east of San Francisco, ranks in nature as the Parthenon ranks in art. An easy journey by rail from north or south brings one to the stage road that completes the ride to the valley. Let us make the first trip by way of the Calaveras Big Trees. We approach the valley of wonders. Through the dark forest into the open glade we go; then through a violet haze we see the mile-high granite walls sculptured into battlements and minarets, with Cloud's Rest and El Capitan holding up the sky. Below lies the Elysian field of the valley, silver-seamed by the Merced, the river of Mercy; while distant cascades are springing over the craggy walls and forever raveling and knitting the waters into webs of mist and light. Joaquin Miller has looked on it all and felt the passion of it. Here is a fragment of his song:

"Sound! sound! sound!
O colossal walls and crowned
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses, under
And around the old Merced!"

The valley is hewn out of pure granite. Some cosmic tragedy may have drawn down out of the ancient rock the unreckonable tons to make the hollow that is Yosemite, leaving the ages to fill the void with trees and troops of flowers. Certain it is that every aspect of wild beauty is here in crag and dome and cliff, in meadow and gorge, in cascade and cataract.

The "big trees" abound in Yosemite Park. The sequoia is the tree wonder of the planet. It was in its early prime when the tree that furnished the Cross of Calvary first lifted its head from the earth. It is now found only in the groves of California. It sometimes rises three hundred feet, with a diameter of thirty feet. Majestical, symmetrical, unshaken by wind and storm, each tree approaches almost perfectly the archetypal: there is no other tree so Æschylean in dignity. Unsubdued by Time, the sequoias stand in their places as the oldest watchers of our world.

Gray San Francisco

San Francisco (with one exception) was the north-most of the old Spanish foundations. In 1776, while the Liberty Bell was sounding in the East, the first mission bells pealed out by the Golden Gate. The old chapel of Dolores still stands, and the Presidio is a remembrance of the ancient Spanish barracks.

Few cities have been more definitely impressed upon the imagination of the world than San Francisco, this gray-hilled city on the peninsula by the hospitable bay, where Saint Francis protects the ships as he protected the birds of Assisi.

For nearly a century this Spanish settlement droned on its uneventful way. Then in a canyon of the Sierras men found the fateful gold that dazzled the eyes of the nations. In a year the village by the Golden Gate was a city of tents and shacks, skewered with signs in all languages, its harbor crowded with strange craft flying the flags of all lands, its streets crammed with workers and adventurers speaking all the tongues of Babel.

When the gold-craze waned and the harvest of field and orchard sent out their saner call to settlers, San Francisco still remained the shipping port. Homes began to spread over her hills and dunes, every mansion or shanty with its garden, its hedge of geraniums or calla lilies, its trellis of heliotrope or fuchsia. Nob Hill flaunted the bizarre palaces of the rich; Italians made a little Naples in the fishing quarter; and Canton was born again in the narrow, noisome, yet picturesque alleys of Chinatown. Peopled by a picked race of races, a race unrivaled to dream and dare and do, San Francisco lived her own free, careless life for half a century. Her existence was ever a high-hearted adventure in blending various peoples who prayed to Christ or Allah or Buddha; in making or spending fortunes that came and went like the wind; in drinking the cup of delight or of despair.

Other Cities: Universities

Across the bay eastward from San Francisco lie Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, cities of homes and schools and gardens. On the Hights behind Oakland lived the great poet, Joaquin Miller, like a gray eagle on his cliff; and there I also lived for happy years on another cliff a half mile below him.

Berkeley (perhaps the most glorious school site in the world) is the seat of the State University. It overlooks the spacious bay with its Golden Gate. Its out-of-door Greek theater, built of marble, finds audiences all the year round. It was in midwinter, remember, that Tetrazzini sang out of doors at Lotta's Fountain in San Francisco to celebrate her return to the city that had first acclaimed the lark in her throat.

Southeast from San Francisco, you come upon the Santa Clara Valley, beautiful for situation, sheltered by the Santa Cruz Mountains from the sharp sea-wind, and shut by the Coast Range from the ardent breath of the Mohave Desert. Garden, orchard and wild-wood fill this valley's lovely ways. Here flourish fruits whose names are music, whose scent is delight, whose color is charm. Apricot, almond, pomegranate, nectarine, cherry and olive, and all their Edenic kindred, are in the bowery orchards; and the Santa Clara Blossom Festival is as lovely as Japan's. On the wild ground grows the gnarled live-oak so dear to California; also the swift-growing eucalyptus, an Australian tree now happily at home in California, its winter blossoms among its blue-green leaves keeping tryst with the summer at the antipodes.

Not far from San José, the heart of the valley, is Leland Stanford University, exquisitely modeled after the Mission architecture; and a little distance onward are the ruins of the old Santa Clara Mission. High upon the near hills, which rise like shoulders and flanks of ancient mastodons, stands the Lick Observatory with its immense and unique lens spying out the secrets of the firmament.

A Flight Down the Shore

Following down the coast, you come upon the seaside towns—Santa Cruz, Monterey and Pacific Grove. Monterey was of old the capital of the State, a center of Spanish charm and courtesy. Bret Harte and Stevenson have celebrated it. Monterey lies there with foam bells at her feet and the pine-scented mountains at her back. Part of her domain is like drowsy old Mexico; part of it is quick with the eager life of to-day.

San Carlos Mission stands nearby at Carmel-by-the-Sea. It seems as native as if it had sprung up from the hill-slope without aid of hands. A nest of writers have homes at Carmel—a Hampstead Heath or a Concord village in days to come. Here is the home of the poet of the sea, George Sterling. The seventeen-mile drive along the shore shows the wind-bent cypresses said to be brothers of those at Lebanon—strange, tormented, fleeing trees that Dante would have loved.

Going from San Francisco to Los Angeles you may follow the curving coast of the Pacific. By this trail you come upon a land of beauty and bounty, a land with its wonders of nature, marvels of agriculture. You come also upon piles of storied ruins, the reminders of a past touched with poesy and romance.

Eighteen years before the *Mayflower* anchored at Plymouth Rock, Vizcaino sailed around the piny promontory that guards the Bay of Monterey and carried back a report of an Edenic haven that captured the heart of Spain. For over a century, mariners did not again find and identify the lovely harbor.

While the Atlantic colonies were making way in the East for our great experiment in self-government, Spain, out on the borders of the Pacific, was venturing her experiment of making savages into *gentes de raison.* Then it was that the old missions—court and arcade and tower and garden—were planted on shores or valleys, each a day's journey from another. And these mission ruins mark no doubt the most distinctive and harmonious architecture of the nation. Wrought of the clay of the earth, they repeat in wall and tile the lines and tints of hill and mesa from which they sprang.

Many of the present cities in California arose about these early missions; and Spain's chime of seraphic and apostolic names still sounds on mountain and mesa, on coast and canyon.

II

Glimpse of Southern California

California has had three great growing spells, with some attendant growing pains.

The lure of gold brought from the ends of the earth the first vast inrush of population. That Sierran gold has now its rival in the gold of the fields and gardens. For it was also gold that brought the later men and women, the gold of the grain harvests of the central valleys and the foothills; and afterward the gold of the citrus crops of the seven great counties of the extreme south—a pleiad of counties we call Southern California.

This south-land is a region walled by mountains from the great double valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. It lies below Tehachapi Pass: beginning at Point Conception, the shore-line swerves sharply two hundred miles to the southeast. About fifty thousand square miles are here shut in by a happy conjunction of land and sea—a region balmy and bountiful. Warmed by the desert, cooled by the sea, watered by wells and mountain streams, here are garden lands and home lands, where the Spanish first settled and where of late years a verdurous empire has arisen.

Los Angeles and Sister Cities

Los Angeles is the pulse of the south. The seven southern counties of this palmed and vined domain form a semi-tropic principality, walled and gated and moated from the outside world. An air-ship hovering far above Mount Wilson would, eastward of the plain, see the Mohave and Colorado deserts, glowing with gold or rose or purple, and caterpillared by the Southern Pacific Railroad. Toward the south, far away to Mexico, runs a rabble of mountains and hills; while northward loom the Sierras ascending increasingly as they recede. On the west, gleaming from silver to amber, shines the majestic Pacific. Nothing Olympian is lacking in desert or mountain or sea to wall in Southern California, a Titanic garden inclosed.

In olden days, when the Spanish friars found the Indian and the antelope in possession, this south-land was all one scented, tinted, bee-invaded garden, ever in song, ever in bloom, save when the dry season seared hill and mesa to the soft yellow of old parchment.

Los Angeles had its genesis in the pueblo established by the Mission San Gabriel, whose ruin rises a half hour away. Sonora Town and the Plaza are its older fragments; but a new city has risen about these, a city that has amazed the world as it has doubled and tripled, leaping from a drowsy pueblo to a big, busy city.

A brief ride eastward from Los Angeles brings you to forested Mount Wilson. Another swift passage westward brings you to the shore towns, where play or study or devotion, each in turn, brings its troops of followers. Three hours across the waters is Santa Catalina, a hilly park, a sporting ground where one may fish or hunt or laze on the lotos shore. The surf bathing may be enjoyed in winter as well as in summer.

High-born Pasadena, "crown of the valley," a little distance from Los Angeles, sprang in thirty years from a dusty sheep-pasture to a city with shaded avenues and vine-crowned homes. Pasadena's twenty-year-old Rose Festival at New Year is, by the way, a joyous event in the southern calendar.

Riverside, of orange fame, has a history of similar marvel. Irrigation, removing all fear of perishing crops, was for both cities the secret of their achievements. Riding along these tree-hung, southern slopes is a delight at any season.

"Just to breathe deep and see
  These southern steeps by summer overrun,
Is to inherit kingdoms, is to be
  Cæsar to joy, Pizarro of the sun."

To the north of Los Angeles lies Santa Barbara, whose Mission has never lapsed into disuse. The sharp inward curve of the coast here sweeps the mainland into a Mediterranean warmth and shelter. Doves and olives are in Scriptural companionship in the fountained garden of the Mission. The old Spanish life here (as at Monterey) keeps its slow way, while the new order, pulsing with the moment, surges around it.

To the south, between San Diego and Los Angeles, lie the remains of the two stateliest of the Spanish Missions—San Juan Capistrano by the sea and San Luis Rey, inland. Each is a delight in its way. Each has its suave lines of hill or shore; each has its harmonious coloring, its majestic proportions. The Landmarks Club has happily rescued these adobe Missions from melting back to earth like swallow nests.

Modern San Diego, a queenly city of magic growth, can look from its hights upon the far mountains of Mexico. The old town has reverted to a sheep pasture; but its palms and olive trees linger in the padres' old garden. Coronado Hotel and beach give the sharp accent of to-day; while the old Spanish ruins speak lovingly of the years that are no more. John Vance Cheney catches the spirit of the old beach in this snatch from his song of Coronado:

"On Coronado sands
The gray Fates fold their hands;
Naught are the days behind, the days to be;
Only the present hour
And the dream-field in flower,
And breathings of the lote leaves and the sea."

CHAPTER II

CALIFORNIA IN THE ABYSS OF ANCIENT AGES

AFTER these swift glances over the vast regions and eras of California, let us now review at some leisure the historic and the prehistoric evolution of this imperial commonwealth of the Far West. What of California before the advent of man upon her shores?

The thoughtful visitor to these shores of Balboa's Sea observes on every hand the hints of a stupendous planetary drama extending back to the most ancient epoch of the world. The travail and the triumph of this region of earth are proclaimed in volcano-molded mountain peaks; in colossal glacier-chiseled canyons; in vast sun-scorched stretches of desert; in ridges sheared and plowed by the avalanches; in " dead " rivers darkly buried and bearing sands of gold; in huge torn hills revealing strata strange to common soil; in wizard springs and geysers of boiling minerals; in unique groves of immemorial, sky-aspiring trees; in unseen valleys lying submerged along the ocean shores; in thousands of mountain meres and meadows; in long stretches of petrified forests; in beds of fossils, subterranean lakes, echoing caverns.

All these hieroglyphs from the remote past send us wandering into " the backward and abysm of time," start us pondering on the dramatic chances and changes that have shaped the friendly hills and shores that are now California . . . golden land . . . home.

Sierra Madre from Redlands

The First Mission in California

Geologically, our mountain-ribbed, sea-bordered California is one of the patrician lands of the planet. She was one of the first-born lands of our world. The most ancient of the living things on the planet—things that were earlier in their origin perhaps than the hoary gates of Mycenæ—are the great sequoias, the giant trees, of the Sierra Nevadas. Creatures unknown to the science of to-day are known to have stenciled their fossil records in the asphaltum beds near Los Angeles. There was an era when the lumbering mastodon trampled and tore the forests in regions where now the antlered deer browse in the wild meadows. The rhinoceros and huge creatures akin to the hippopotamus and the camel have also left their remains under the lava rush.

Staking Out the Continents

Would you behold a strange, terrible beauty, a vast, austere sublimity? Then plunge back into the abyss of primeval antiquity, " when," in the words of my kinsman, Alexander Winchell, " most of the world was sea-bottom, with only a few peaks rising out of the universal ocean." It was the end of the Eozoic Æon, and the beginning of the mysterious hierarchy of life.*

In that gray antiquity, while the lightnings were still ripping with swords of fire the misty curtains of the geologic night, and while the thunders were still holding their awful colloquy in the heavens, the dim outlines of the continents began to rise from the depths of the all-embracing waters. A cordon of peaks rose out of the universal ocean to mark the place for the British Isles, and other peaks took flight across the North Sea toward Scandinavia. In our far-off Western Hemisphere, a cluster of hill-tops ascended to reserve a place for the West Indies; while in the region of northeastern South America a ridge of barren rock ascended to mark the realm selected for a continent on the southern slope of the world.

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* The reader is referred to Winchell's " Sketches of Creation " and to his " Walks and Talks in the Geological Field "—books of great interest.

But the Creative Fates had also selected a region for a continent in the spacious north. The first ascending shoulder of it rose to view on the coast of Labrador, and ran southwest along the Laurentian Hills. The northern waters were also broken by a ridge of barren rock that rose to the light, running parallel to our Appalachian chain; also broken by a broad shoulder of rock, a belt of cordilleras, stretching from the ranges of the Rocky Mountains westward into California. These broken lines of rock formed the first hurried sketch of North America.

Now, taking in the whole globe at one Jovian glance, you behold a few broken summits scattered far and wide on the ocean immensity, six lonely reefs of rock lifted to the light in that remote antiquity when water was the world.

The Sierras Rise: Lava Floods

We have had a glimpse of one lone shoulder of California uplifted from the universal sea. In the next stride of the planetary fates, the huge Sierras rose to their majestic places, bringing up layers of sediment from the sea-bed, layers that are still discernible. Thus our Sierran foothills in that ancient time were a seashore, where beat and broke for ages the long billows of the Pacific. The Coast Range was still submerged as an obscure marginal sea-bottom.

Another epoch of rest was followed by another upheaval; and then we begin to see a new agony of creation. Suddenly some enormous horizontal pressure heaved up the Coast Range of California and Oregon; and, with the uprise of the range, the lava floods spurting through the huge fissures of the Cascade chain, rushed out in tremendous tides that mantled all the north.

But this was not the end of the giant strides of Demogorgon. For long thousands of years the volcanoes still smoked and thundered, and the subterranean powers hurled out their molten rocks and baptismal fires. Lassen and Shasta and Rainier and Hood and a hundred more shouted and parleyed in the clouds.

Long centuries swept over the world, and still this host of volcanoes were mushrooming their red splendors into the skies. Enormous plumes of smoke were swaying hither and thither over the spacious firmament. Streams of scalding lava continued to fill the hollows of the hills and to burn up the waters of the rivers, burying their channels and blotting them from human knowledge, leaving them hidden and forgotten till that later era when the gold-seekers cleaved their way to these dead river-beds where lay the waiting gold. But these belching fires grew quiet at last: crater after crater crumbled, till there were left on these leagues of gray and broken landscape only a few volcanic cones, uplifted in lonely grandeur above the universal desolation, and smoking to the empty heavens.

Ages wane away. Imagination can scarce keep pace with this vast inframundane activity. However, let us attempt to lift a little of the curtain revealing the closing acts of this changeful and stupendous drama of creation.

Universal Winter: Glacier Plows

Behold now the uprisings and the subsidences of the earth's crust, coupled with great changes in the climate of the world. Even while the dying volcanoes were belching blackness against the skies, a new epoch of change invaded the globe: the winter of the world began: the ice age descended as another pageant in the march of the Demiurgic energies.

What caused this stupendous change? Did the sun lose for a season its invigorating fires? Did some inner convulsion reverse and bewilder the warm streams of the sea? Did the whirling globe collide with a comet and did the gigantic shock displace the poles, changing the inclination of the axis of the globe? We know not: the answers to these questions are beyond mortal knowledge: they are locked in the iron silence of the ages. All we know is that the glacial age clutched the globe in a monstrous hug, quieting and quenching her intolerable fires.

Let the glacial epoch rise before you: look abroad over the Far West. Behold the Sierras shrouded in eternal whiteness. Century after century, the snows have swirled down upon the crowded summits, swirled and darted and danced, piling higher and higher, as though the sands of eternity were blowing in upon the shores of time. At last the slopes and canyons were heaped with sheeted ice; and at last the glaciers (the north-lands being elevated) began to crawl southward and otherward, down the slopes and down the gorges, pushing the great bowlders to right and to left, carving the cliffs, plowing the canyons, chiseling the hills. There were thousands of these gigantic ice-plows. One of them filled Yosemite Valley, and furrowed its resolute way down the Merced Canyon. Another one gathered its forces at the Tuolumne meadows, and took its main march down the Tuolumne Canyon and the Hetch Hetchy Valley; and on its austere way it enfolded lofty granite rocks and left them polished and scored in a wonderful manner. Now countless centuries waned away; and all the while the world was growing warmer and all the while the Sierras were being sheared and shaped anew for man by these monstrous plows of Demogorgon.

Now we reach the end of the glacial age, marked by a vast subsidence of the earth's crust and by a melting of the great glaciers. We therefore see the advent of the era of flooded rivers, inland seas, floating icebergs.

The sea margins in many places give evidence of this subsidence of the coast. In that new April of the world, the waters increased till they covered not only the basin of the Bay of San Francisco and the neighboring lowlands, but also flooded afar into the Santa Clara, Napa and Sonoma valleys. Nor did the waters pause in these regions; for, sweeping through the Straits of Carquinas, they spread out over the two great interior valleys, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin—forming a vast inland sea fifty miles wide and three hundred miles long. The old beach-marks are still visible on the sloping hills; and Lake Tulare remains to us as a vestige of those long-vanished waters.

Toward the north the waters were also rising. The ocean flooded up the Columbia River, spreading over the Willamette Valley, forming another inland sea.

The April of the Ages

After this inrushing of the waters the land rose again by slow degrees to its present elevation, driving the waters back into the sea. The land rose in successive stages, which we find marked in the sea beaches and river terraces. But the boldness of the whole Pacific Coast, especially in the high latitudes, may be taken as evidence that there was at some time a more elevated condition of the land surface than now exists. Additional evidence is found in the fact that the remains of a huge mammoth were discovered on the little island of Santa Rosa, near the coast; and it is all but certain that this island was joined to the mainland when this huge creature was crashing his way through the ancient woodlands. These mute remains are strange tidings sent down to us from the glacial age.*

But we have to wait until the glacial age drew back her icy shroud before we behold any vast uprise of plant and animal life. Then, however, the winter of the world was ended, and a new April of the ages was descending with light and leaf and floods of lyric rapture. The glaciers withdrew from the lower levels, seeking their last refuge in the remote crevasses of the mountains. The victorious April followed the retreating snows with carols and green banners. Trees took their places on the high moraines; squirrels raced up and down the trunks, while the birds built their nests in the airy boughs or shouted their joy from the sky-ascending branches. The gray ground felt the quickening: tremulous ferns crept down to the new-made lakes and mountain tarns; and bright flowers hurried in hosts to the open valleys and the secret winding ways. New-born rivers, glad of their young life, rushed down the newly-carven canyons to the sea.

But as the painter's landscape is cold to the heart without suggestion of a ship or a hut or some touch that relates it to the use of man, so all this building of a new land has no savor for the spirit until we find man's part in all the pomp. And the imagination leaps as we find that somewhere about the time of these last ordeals of fire and ice—man appears—whence we know not, even as we know not whither he goes when he reaches the Shadow.

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* In this connection, consult "Elements of Geology" and "A Compend of Geology," by Professor Joseph Le Conte. And in connection with the page that follows, consult "The Mountains of California," by John Muir.

California's temperature precluded the presence of ice-pack over the whole State. Men have always lived under the glaciers of Switzerland, so the primitive man may have lived in Southern California during the ice-age. We know only that here, as everywhere else on the earth, his bones appear contemporary with the bones of the mammoth. His rude, flaked flints and his refuse heaps are in the river gravels. He was low and savage, but he was on the ground. At last California was inhabited, inhabited after ages of creative agony and rapture.

CHAPTER III

CORTÉS, THE ANIAN STRAIT AND THE PLACES OF MYSTERY

WE have now seen California ascend out of the creative abyss of ocean, and grow beautiful with the multitudinous melodies of life. How long she waited for man to appear—that is a mystery locked in the silence of the ages. All we know is that when, in 1542, she was discovered by the Spaniards, her territory was inhabited by rude tribes, a people living a life that was at once sylvan and grotesque.

But how and when was California discovered by our race? The adventurous Spaniards touched upon her shores when one of the great romantic eras of the world was opening, and when the splendor and pride of Spain were in full flower.

For years the Spanish explorers had been feeling their way along our western shores. Let us look briefly at the old " chivalry of the sea " from which they came, for it was this chivalry that led on to the discovery of California. Let us glance at that old era big with passion and ambition, an era that in our land was lorded over by those bold conquistadors, Cortés and Pizarro. It was an age of large and daring adventures, an age when a new continent was being measured and apportioned by the nations, an age when the hazards of men, when the thick disasters on sea and land, were making populous the shores of death.

It was the policy of Spain to force two things upon the native tribes in the new province—her military government and her religious belief, her temporal power and her spiritual yoke. And she sent out leaders like Cortés, men of the order of Richard the Lion Heart—men with the strange blend of religious ardor and bitter cruelty—men who marched with blade and brand, with cross and rosary—men who left behind them a track of fire and blood, of tears and curses. These men laid the foundation of another civilization: was it a higher and better civilization?

But the ships of Spain did not bring to our shore only these men of blood and tears, of cruelty and carnage. They brought also a few noble souls, men like Bartolomé de las Casas, who accompanied Velasquez during the conquest of Cuba, and raised his prophet voice against the Spanish enslavement and plunder of the Indians. This bold Dominican friar, with tender heart and enlightened brain, rose up with the sword of heaven in his hand to confound the conquerors and to comfort the oppressed. He is worthy of all love and reverence, this humble yet high-erected soul.*

And now turn back the pages of the calendar to the sixteenth century, when California was first charted, fifty years after Columbus broke the sea-road into the new world. It was in 1542 when Cabrillo was the first to steer a ship up our Californian shores; and it was only twenty years before this that Cortés, whose memory is associated with those shores, had begun that spectacular march into Mexico with those iron strides that shattered and shook down the kingdom of the Montezumas. That was a pageant of terror and triumph such as the world had not seen since that red epoch when Genghis Khan flashed across Russia with his meteor train of barbaric Mongols.

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* In 1552, Las Casas published, in Seville, his "Brevisima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias" ("Destruction of the Indias"). His "Historia de las Indias" was not published until 1875.

Cortés knew no defeat; no turning, nor shadow of turning. Ignoring all authority, using sword and bribe and lie and plot, playing tribe against tribe and superstition against superstition, he kept his ruthless way and gained his coveted goal. What was that goal? The realm and the riches of the Montezumas. And, after gaining that goal, he paved his way to favor in Spain by convincing gifts to king and church. So we need not wonder that he was soon made the supreme ruler in Mexico.

Cortés had access now to the treasures of the Aztec kings. Nevertheless, he was hungry for more riches and avid for more adventure. So he lent a greedy ear to the rumors of the existence of rich islands to the north, toward California, islands that could be reached by way of the Anian Strait, an imaginary channel that came at last to be a world-wide "fixed idea." It was believed that somewhere to the north this open channel ran from east to west.

The conquest of Mexico by Cortés is closely woven with the early history of California, for she existed as a province of conquered Mexico, or New Spain, until 1821—three centuries. And California will carry for long centuries the vestiges and memories of Spain. For the blood of Spanish soldiers mixing with Aztec blood gave us the modern Mexicans; and these Mexicans, their soldiers and sailors, were the first settlers of the Pueblos, or communal villages, of California. In addition to these, a host of Mexican working people were soon gathered about the haciendas or estates of the patrician Spaniards, who had been given large grants of land in the new province.

But in that early time of the conquest no one had any knowledge of the size and shape of Mexico, nor any knowledge of the lands that joined her borders.

It was believed, however, that Asia was close to her shores—perhaps was a part of her domain. It was also believed that out somewhere in the unknown circumjacency was a cluster of rich islands. For had not Marco Polo, the great traveler, a sprinkle of the salt of truth in his words when he told the world that along the Asiatic coast, in the neighborhood of India, lay more than seven thousand islands, "abounding in gold and precious stones and all manner of spicery, but hard to reach"? Columbus also had given out the idea that over in the islands fringing the lands he had discovered, lay the Aurea Chersoneai of the ancients, the islands whence, according to Josephus, came the gold of India that built the Temple of Solomon. Moreover, the couriers of Montezuma had stated that the gold of their master had come from an island toward the west. Such chance remarks and rumors in those days had the place we now give to the seasoned reports of investigators.

The Name California

It is at this time that the name California seems to have come into existence. What was the origin of it? Let us listen a moment to the guesses of the linguists concerning that melodious name, the loveliest as well as the oldest name of any State save only Florida. Was it, as Vallejo and other Californians suggest, a telescoping of the Indian words *kali forno,* meaning "high hill," or "sandy coast"? Or was it the riveting together of two Latin words, *calida fornax,* meaning "hot furnace"? (Remember this was Lower California, so we don't mind a slam at the climate!) Or, again, did the beautiful name come, as a recent romance declares, from two Sanscrit words, *kali purna,* meaning "time fulfillment"?

But I think that we can turn with most confidence to the theory advanced by Edward Everett Hale—the theory that the name had its origin in that old Spanish romance, " The Deeds of the Most Valiant Knight, Esplanadian, the Son of Amadis of Gaul." This story by Garcia de Montalvo was published in 1510 as a sort of sequel to " Amadis of Gaul," the famous medieval romance of chivalry, the center of a cycle of romances. The sequel, like its prototype, turned out to be a " best-seller ": it ran through eight editions. Its pages gave names to children and titles to princes and princesses. Doubtless every ship had a copy of the volume, for Spain was still saturating herself in romance. Indeed, in 1543, the king forbade the importation into " the Indies " [New Spain] of any more of " those disturbing volumes of fiction that feign history."

Cervantes knew of this delectable romance of " The Deeds of the Most Valiant Knight," for in his " Don Quixote " he makes it add a touch to the hilarity of the hemispheres by calling it the first book of " disadventure " pitched out of the window for that celebrated bonfire of the books of ten thousand thrills. Surely you recall that merry blaze when, after the first sad sally of the knight-errant of La Mancha, he had to be put to bed, sore-wounded and black and blue, while the priest and the barber, the niece and the housekeeper, turned into smoke and ashes the hundred romances of chivalry whose tales had spurred him forth on his glad, sad, mad adventures.

Now, the name California occurs for the first time in this rosy romance by De Montalvo; and it appears there as the name of " a wonderful island on the right-hand of the Indies, an island rich in pearls and gold, and very near the terrestrial paradise." The queen of this island is Califria, a beautiful black Amazon, a foe of all Christendom, who with her warlike women permits no men to enter her island kingdom, guarded by the griffins and walled in with steep cliffs and rocky shores. These warrior women carried spears of gold, while harness of bright gold gleamed on their battle horses.

It is easy to believe that Cortés, or some one of his romance-reading captains, snatched out of the old story the name California and clapped it upon the great peninsula, which they had assumed to be an isle of pearls and thus kindred to the isle of the Amazon Queen.

The Search for El Dorado

Many romantic rumors running out of the north had their counterpart in romantic rumors that had long been floating up from South America, rumors of a fabulous city of wondrous wealth, with its still more wonderful chieftain El Dorado, whose kingdom was in the heart of the Cordilleras on the upper heights of Bogota. The lips of romance were assuring the world that the chieftain anointed his naked body at times and then sprinkled himself with gold-dust till his whole body was glorious; whereupon, with lavish hand, he threw gold and emeralds into a sacred lake, and then went down to bathe himself in the waters.

Beginning about 1532, many expeditions set forth in search of this magic land. We are told that in a single year three expeditions met unexpectedly on the plain of Cundinamarca in northern South America, and there joined in a terrific encounter. Charles Kingsley tells the story in his "Westward Ho!"

Like dry leaves from a whirlwind, the rumors of El Dorado took flight in all directions. South America was alive with the story, and its glories grew till they outshone the legendary splendor of ancient Cuzco, the city of the Incas, the city of the Temple of the Sun. Even Sir Walter Raleigh was lured to penetrate into Guiana to search for the fabled El Dorado and for the strange kingdom with its provinces of Emeria, Amapaia and Aromaia. Four voyages he made to the Orinoco, and finally was led to the block through the intrigue and adventure circling around this No Man's Land.

The Seven Cities of Cibola

We see in all this a little of the rainbow tradition and chronicle that hung over New Spain and her provinces like an iridescent veil. So when Cabeza de Vaca came wandering out of the north the hero of long and hard adventures, the Spaniards of Mexico were ready to believe his story of the rich and wonderful cities that lifted their walls in the unknown north. Ha! were they the Seven Cities that all were dreaming of?

In the midst of the babble of this returned adventurer, he told of having heard that "there were pearls and great riches on the coast of the South Sea [the Pacific] and very opulent cities there"; and this story seemed to be only a variant of an old story told by an Indian—that there were seven splendid cities to the north, with houses many stories high, and with whole streets where men wrought beautiful things out of silver and gold. Here was confirmation—evidence enough!

Moreover, had not seven Spanish bishops, seven hundred years before the time of Columbus, fled from the Moorish invaders, sailing with many pious folk far out beyond the Sea of Darkness [the Atlantic], where they built the walls and towers of seven noble cities? "Here were these seven cities heard of at last!" cried the credulous hidalgoes. Strange cities and rich treasures had been found in early Peru: why not in the north out of which the Peruvians and Aztecs had drifted?

Now there was a blaze of excitement among the gallants, the cavaliers, the explorers. They must be off forthwith in search of these cities of wonder, these Seven Cities of Cibola.

Here were the dreamers in search of the dream. The Seven Cities of Cibola! Who would not want to break his fetters and go forth to find them? Who would not want to pass through the ivory gates of their high-erected walls? No wonder that the poets have loved these cities that never were. Arthur Guiterman, for one, sings in this spirited fashion of the Spanish adventurers:

"Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded spur at heel,
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile;
While High Emprize and Joyous Youth, twin marshals of the throng,
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks with trumpet-note and song."

And Ridgley Torrence, in his drama "El Dorado," also depicts the romantic company going forth to seek with April hearts the place of "rose-born air," while their only fear is that they will be struck suddenly blind when the glories of the cities break upon their sight. Can mortal eyes behold

"Jewels that welter like great fallen suns!
The living heat that smolders in deep rubies,
The endless April of cool emeralds
And chrysoprase within whose heart the sky
Kisses the sea! The sullen mystery
Of opals holding captive sunsets past!
And diamonds fashioned from the frozen souls
Of lilies once alive."

These wonder-cities were never found, save in the mockery of rude adobes. Still, California owes her discovery to this iridescent dream and to that other dream of the Anian Strait. For out of men's faith in these dreams came the unveiling of her hiding-place on the North Pacific.

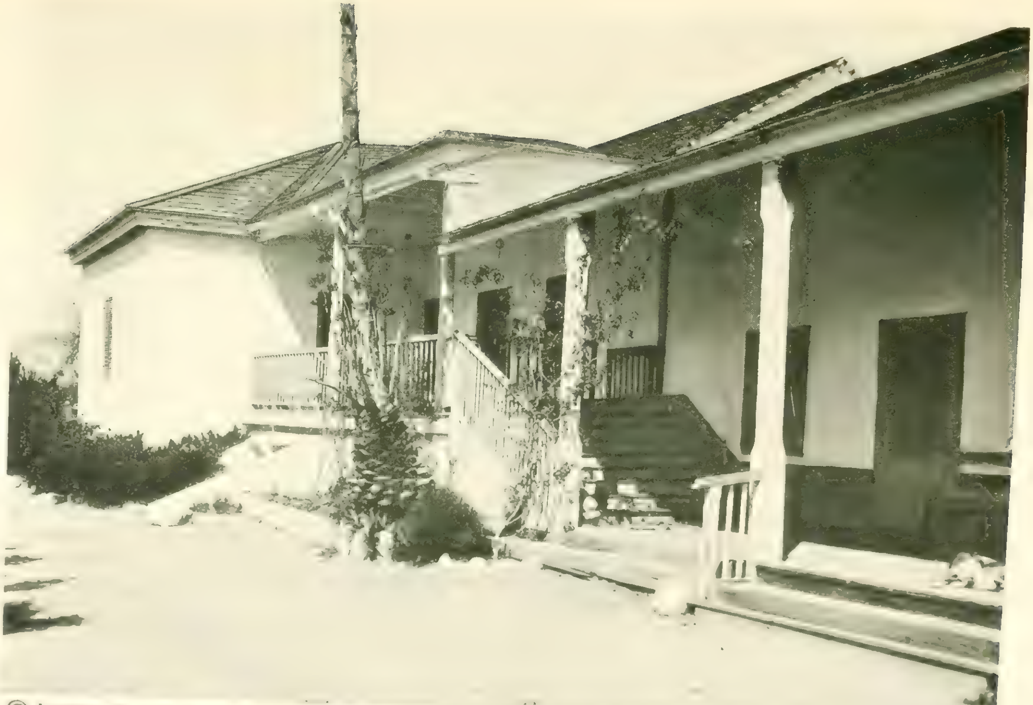
Upper California Discovered

Hard upon these events, Pedro de Alvarado, the famous follower of Cortés, made ready his ships to go forth in search of the Seven Cities; but, dying suddenly, his ships were sent out to feel their way up the western coast under Cabrillo, who in 1542 reached at last the shores of Upper California.

The ships turned homeward: one of them anchored in San Diego Bay and rested six days. But the other one had wilder fortunes. It ran into breakers so terrible that the crew "without reserve," and in token of their mere desire for life and of their utter dependence on the Star of the Sea, promised solemnly to go "in procession, naked, to her church if Our Lady would deliver them."

With this naïve, this artless, vignette, I leave these explorers of 1542, who, driven by wind and tide, kept their word and their way, more desperately tossed by fate than were the Pilgrims, who in 1620 anchored their ships on the wild New England shore.

But during the long, slumbrous years that elapsed after Cabrillo's discovery of the coast, one strange and splendid thing happened: it was a spectacle to draw the eyes of the world. In the midsummer of 1579, Sir Francis Drake, an English naval captain and the first English commander to see the Pacific, sailed up the coast in the *Golden Hind,* loaded with loot of "Volpariza and proud Peru,"



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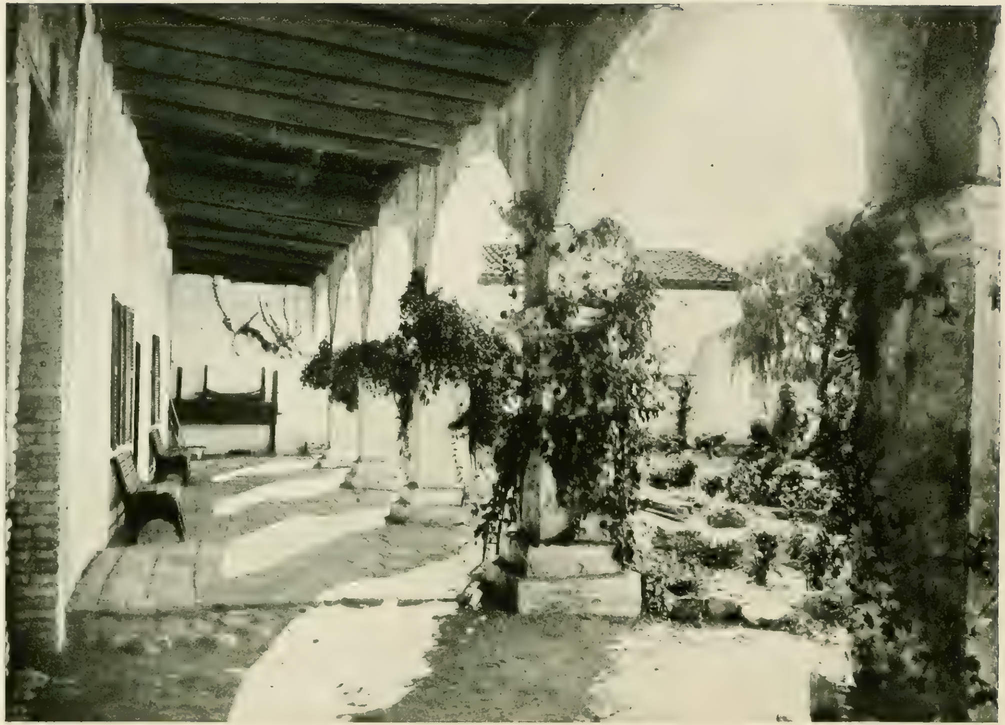
RAMONA'S HOME, CAMULOS



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The Outer Corridors of the Mission San Juan Capistrano and swept into the little harbor (Drake's Bay) on the shores of what is now Marin County; and there, in sonorous proclamation, he called the land New Albion and took possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

And here he and his hardy seamen were on the coast of California taking a brief respite from their long wrestle with the sea. Strange to the peering and listening Indian must have been their ringing oaths, their hearty staves of English song, their rollicking stories that stirred all lips with laughter. Perhaps some one of them spoke with hushed interest of their mutinous comrade who had been beheaded at the foot of the gibbet which Magellan long before had erected on the lonely storm-driven shore at Terra del Fuego. Perhaps among these sea-rovers was a gallant or lordling who had at some time flung a bridle-rein for young Will Shakespeare to hold at the door of the Globe Theater, and may have remarked his dome of brow, his Jovian glance. And perhaps, too, there were lips to tell of the old courts and taverns in London where gathered betimes the bright galaxy of English genius:

> "Verulam, Burleigh, Sidney, Spenser, More
> Clustered like stars; rare Jonson like the crown
> Of Cassiopeia; Marlow ruddy as Mars."

And these seamen, resting from the sea, were planning to set sail for the tropics in the far southwest; so they may also have been dreaming of luxuriant shores,

> "Cocoanut islands, parrot-haunted woods,
> Crisp coral-reefs and blue shark-finned lagoons
> Fringed with the creaming foam—mile upon mile
> Of mystery."

Yes, the *Golden Hind* was now about to set forth to complete her circumnavigation of the globe. Let Herman Scheffauer tell the story in his sonorous lines:

"West, west—on, on—to the ports of day,
The Golden Hinde through the virgin main,
From West plunged into the East again,
Toward shores of the odorous, dim Cathay,
With her hearts of England and ore of Spain.

"The spume uptost by her dogged prow,
And the yeasty, whispering wake that burst
From her keel in that absolute flood immerst,
Engirdled the world. Oh, glory enow
For honor's high hunger and valor's thirst!

"Veered South to the Afric Cape, and then
Bent North once more, like an osprey home
She hurried to clothe her in Channel foam,
While Drake on the deck with his tattered men
Saw Devon, and tears to their eyes did come." *

Drake and other English privateers were pillaging the Spanish galleons loaded with plunder from the Americas and the Philippines. Royal piracy was sweeping down upon royal piracy. So in 1602, New Spain sent Sebastian Vizcaino with ships to explore the shore of California and to find a "port of call" for their pirate-hunted galleons. He discovered Monterey Bay, made a map of the coast; but, by a strange fortune, he failed to find the Bay of San Francisco. New Spain waited fifty years before sending more ships to these new shores.

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* See "Drake in California: Ballads and Poems," by Herman Scheffauer.

CHAPTER IV

THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE CALIFORNIAN TRIBES

THUS far we have followed the slow march of discovery, and California has at last taken her sure place among the provinces of Spain. But before we tell of the permanent incoming of the Whites in 1769, let us take a few hasty glances at the strange Indian tribes that were found within her borders and that had dwelt among her hills and valleys from ages immemorial.

At the time of the discovery of America, the Indian tribes were still in the Stone Age. Whence came these tribes? It seems certain that they came hither from some other continent of the world, that indeed they came as migratory fragments of mankind that broke away from the world's aboriginal people, a people who were anterior to the Aryan race that had its ancient seat in the highlands of Asia.

Man in the Youth of the World

Let us now descend into the abyss of the centuries, let us return to the youth of the world. There is strong reason for believing that the first created man and woman were savages, but were " divine savages," innocent and virtuous, not degenerate and cruel. This must be true, because all seeds come perfect from the hand of God: " the first intention " has no evil in it.*

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* We need not of necessity connect the word "savage" with brutality. It is from the Latin *silvaticus*, 'belonging to a wood, wild.' So savage in its root meaning is merely a dweller in the woods, a sylvan man.

If we study all the known facts, we seem forced to believe that nobler epochs than ours, nobler civilizations, existed in earth's remote antiquity.

Those were the world's prehistoric people, whose shadowy history survives only in our traditions of the Golden and Silver Ages. Still, it *does survive* in them; for we find an assertion of the high origin of man and his fall from virtue, not only in the antique Scriptures of peoples like the Greeks and the Hebrews and the Persians, but also in the ancient legends of all savage tribes, however widely scattered over the globe.

In other words, the primitive prehistoric race stood on high ground; but, letting go of the fine nobilities of the spirit, they sank into the easy way, the evil way, dissolving at last into the incoherent tribes and nations—savage and " civilized "—that now possess the planet.*

There is not only good reason for believing that there was a primordial mankind of a nobler type than any now on the planet, but there is also good reason for believing that when that ancient mankind lost their high spiritual ground, lost their primitive oneness, they broke into groups that went wandering over the globe.

Some of these wanderers seem to have become a Sylvan Race at first, making their earlier habitation in the hollows of great trees, but afterward building huts from the branches, becoming hairy like the animals, and gathering the wild fruits for food. Other groups, wandering away, became the originals of the Mongolian, the Turanian races. These groups enlarged into vast populations, grew fond of observances and rites, were civil and courteous, and turned with reverent faces to cherish their ancestors. Indeed, they called God the Great Ancestor.

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* There are also many scientific opinions to support this paragraph. I take this one (it happens to be at hand) from Louis Figuier's " The World before the Deluge ": " We are, it will be seen, far from sharing the opinion of those naturalists *who represent man at the beginning of the existence of his species, as a sort of ape, of hideous face, degraded mien, and covered with hair,* inhabiting caves like the bears and lions, and participating in the brutal instincts of those ferocious animals."—Figuier will be remembered as the author of " Tableau de la Nature," a notable work in ten volumes.

Still other groups wandered westward by the way of the north, where they became the founders of great nations, which existed of old on the plains of Western Asia, nations whose relics may still be found in a certain association with the later ruins of that continent. In their wanderings toward the north, they encountered the iron cold, and a long struggle with the winds and snows called forth their militant forces, the primitive vigors latent in their constitution. The seers of Hellas lifted a little of the curtain from the dryads and the other lovely romantic races; but the seers of this northern people drew toward the deep abyss of Nature, toward her realm of splendor and terror, and they recounted what seemed to them the epic careers of the giants and the gods engaged in eternal battles. This gave rise to an ancient religious cult in which were the roots of our Scandinavian myths of a later epoch.

It appears that other survivors of the cataclysm journeyed into equatorial Africa, a realm possessing many features of the paradisal home of the primitive forefathers of the human race. It is believed that the last feeble remains of this group of survivors are still extant in certain of the Negro tribes of Central Africa. Another and greater group of the primeval survivors laid the foundations of Egypt, creating an earlier and nobler culture than the one that we find in the civilization that survives in the records of the Pyramids. Those first early Egyptians were in close affinity with the direct progenitors of Arya.

Now, it seems well-nigh certain that there were other groups of migratory mankind, who passed through Africa and pressed westward into our American continent by the way of the stepping-stones, now nearly all submerged, a chain of islands which in that early period stretched from the west coast of Africa to the American mainland. Thus by slow degrees, and after long centuries, our continent was populated by the more restless and adventurous groups that pushed westward, as though the Earth Spirit herself were urging them to explore all lands to the last rim of the world.

I will not pause here to expound the logic of history that is behind this doctrine of world migrations. It is enough to say that this doctrine accounts for the various tribes that reached our shores—for the Indian nations of North America; for the Toltecs that thronged the Mexican plateau; for the Aztecs that drifted out of the north into the valley of Mexico; for the Mayas of Yucatan who preserved in hieroglyphic records the legends of their earlier greatness; for the Incas who organized in Peru a remarkable civilization, one that surpassed in many ways our civilization of the twentieth century.

The Tribes on the Pacific

And this doctrine of migration, coupled with the primitive decline of the race, will also account for the decayed and degraded Digger Indians—the Piutes, the Chinooks and other tribes—who retain a feeble and crumbling life-hold on the shores of the Pacific. In some ways they seem to be the most degraded savages on the planet, save only the Australian blacks and the aboriginal inhabitants of the Andaman Islands. That these Californian tribes are decaying is sufficiently proven by the fact that the samples of their tools which have come down to us from the earlier times are much superior to the tools they now possess.

Lower California (only a continuation, of course, of the northern land) offers in graves and caves also a mute evidence of a vanished elder people "less barbarous," and of more heroic stature, than those the Spaniards discovered.

The Débris of Ancient Races

These degenerate tribes on the beautiful Pacific offer a deep problem to the thinker; for in the midst of all the riches of the mountains and the valleys and the sea they lived a stagnant life for ages, taking no note of time, caring chiefly for the fill of their bellies and the feel of the pillowing ground after their fishing or fighting. This was their round of life, diversified perhaps at times by combats with wolves and lions and swooping condors and saber-toothed tigers and crashing and crushing mastodons—creatures that have been found entrapped in that ancient tar-pool, slowly baking into stone, near Los Angeles.

Here were these tribes in bounteous California, having none of the inclemency of Alaska nor the languor of Hawaii, and yet they were slothful and swinish and improvident. What starry tincture did they lack? What fire of heaven had they lost? For it is clear that they are an arrested and crumbling race—not a branch of a young, unwasted people moving upward in the path of evolution.

In fact, as was said before, all barbaric peoples—the Eskimos, the Terra del Fuegans, the Bushmen of Africa, the Indians of America—are only *the débris of an ancient and nobler civilization.* They have never invented an alphabet: they have no literature, no science, no national aspiration, no religious vision. They are an exhausted race, arrested in their evolution. They are moving in death: they crumble at the touch of civilization.

We have now traced the Californian Indians to their last milestone in the march of the Destinies. Let us turn, then, to their ways and works in that early epoch of California, while yet the bears and deers were munching down the wild valleys that are now deep in orchard and vineyard; while yet the tule marshes where the warehouses stand were alive with otters and with clamoring water-fowls; while yet there were no bridges, except those formed by prostrate trees or by nature's slippery stepping-stones; while yet the only artistry was the squaw's basket woven of roots and willow shoots and grasses; while yet the only sort of a building was a crow's nest of a wigwam made of mud or rushes, or bark or river reeds; while yet the streams were flashing crystal where trout and salmon sprang brightening into air; while yet the plains and hill slopes were unfenced fields of wild oats and wild flowers, were trembling acres splashed with yellows and reds and purples; while yet our highways, cushioned now with asphaltum or ribboned with steel, were only dim trails leading to hives of wigwams or to nutting groves or to dancing grounds, or perhaps were little paths printed with tracks of quail or squirrel and leading to sheltered spring or sequestered pool.

For many generations, this was California. There was no human life in her domain, except long undulating files of Indians on their marches from mountain cliff or lava bed or valley covert or desert sand or ocean shore. For they seemed ever on the march, summering in the highlands, wintering in the lowlands; following the season of fish or nut or grasshopper; feasting, fighting, mourning, eating, sleeping —chiefly a dull colorless round of existence.

At the earliest appearance of the whites these

Indians, these men of the Stone Age, filled all the valleys reaching from the shores to the snow-line of the Sierras. The men went naked or else daubed themselves with mud; but the chiefs had robes formed of skins and feathers. The women wore skirts made of reeds or skins. All these Indians wore chains formed of shells or bones, and they frequently painted their faces and bodies.

Their huts were carelessly flung into form from any chance material at hand—bark, branches, reeds. Sometimes their huts were mere holes dug in the mud, with a mud roof stilted or pillared above the pit. Their food was the chance harvest of seeds, nuts, berries and roots, together with easy catches of lizards, gophers, squirrels, grasshoppers, worms and fishes. Their habit of digging into the earth for roots and other food gave rise to the name Digger for the Indians of California and Nevada.

The mortars and pestles—those used in this present era and those used in earlier eras—bear testimony to the fact that crushed nuts and seeds have always been a staple food of these Indians. And samples of these grinding instruments dug up from the graves and shell mounds of the Channel Islands, and at the Robles Rancheria and elsewhere, make it plain that the craftsmanship of the earlier ages was superior to the craftsmanship of the present time. This points to the fact that these tribes are in decay, crumbling toward extinction.

Those mortars of the earlier eras were shapen in two or three standard ways and were well finished on the outside; whereas (excepting the superior Channel Indians, now extinct) the Californian tribes of historic times hammered out, for the most part, only rough, crude mortars when they did not content themselves with the chance hollows in granite ledges. Sometimes a huge glacial bowlder afforded as many as eight mortar-holes, where a group might work. But the chief point is the fact that the prehistoric Indians used a pestle and a smoothing stone that had been carefully shaped and polished; whereas the historic Indians used only such stones as they gathered at random from stream or roadway. Indeed, such stones were used for chopping off their hair and also as weapons in their hand-to-hand fights. Hollow bones were made to serve as pipes for music and pipes for smoking. These Indians in their earlier eras inlaid these bones with iridescent shell.

Reports of the First Explorers

On his way up the coast, Cabrillo spent some time in the neighborhood of the Channel Islands, off the shore of Santa Barbara, where he met the higher sort of Californian Indians. He found them timid but friendly, always eager to bring him gifts of fish and fruit. One woman went out to his ship in her canoe to traffic with the sailors. He tells of " a great quantity of Indians," all yelling and dancing and making signs for the Spaniards to come ashore. These Indians used nets and bows and arrows, and they sailed in large well-made canoes. The men went naked, while the women wore only skirts of reeds or skins.

Afterward, the Spaniards found out that an Indian thought it degrading to wear clothes. Venegas tells us that " a monkey dressed up does not seem to us so ridiculous as a man in clothes appears to an Indian."

Certainly there was some means of communication among the native tribes when Cabrillo and his men were making their way up the coast. For wherever he came to anchor the Indians, with excited interest and with many signs and gestures, " gave notice " that men like the Spaniards, men having beards and wearing clothes, men riding on horses, had been seen traveling in the remote interior. Perhaps these bearded men were the gallants of Francisco Coronado who fared forth, in 1540, into what is now New Mexico, in search of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola: or perhaps they were the followers of Francisco de Ulloa, that Spanish captain who fought under Cortés in the conquest of Mexico, and who in 1539 went forth to explore the Gulf of California, going far enough north to find the mouth of the Colorado River. Be this as it may, the advent of the whites thrilled the Indian to the center. It was certainly the most momentous thing that had happened in his principality since the last of the mastodons had been laid asleep with arrows.

Thirty-seven years later, Sir Francis Drake sailed up this coast, anchoring near San Francisco Bay to mend his ship; and here he came in contact with the Indians of this central region. They were a docile and friendly people, "ravished with admiration" of Drake and his men and ready to worship them as gods. These astonished natives brought gifts to Drake: the men prostrated themselves, laying down their bows and arrows; while the women beat their breasts, tore and disheveled their hair.

Once the whole tribe came in from their remotest boundaries to express their fealty. A scepter-bearer took the lead; the chief followed with his guards, all clad in skins; then came the naked "common people, children not excepted," all with feathers in their hair and with faces tattooed in many colors, and all bearing baskets of presents—fishes, plumes, seeds, quivers of arrows. The scepter-bearer and others made long speeches, with impressive vociferation and gesticulation. Then the chief and all the men joined in dancing and singing, the women being silent. And now the chief put his own crown of fine feathers upon

Drake's head, and placed a chain of beads around his neck, calling him "Hiho," or king.

Would that "civilized" men had proven worthy of such devotion! America was their opportunity for a moral adventure. If all explorers had been noble, if they had come to these shores seeking to build up the welfare of the world, they could have become a social providence to these simple and believing tribes. But too often they brought to these shores only selfishness, treachery, sorrow, hideous disease.

When Drake and his soldiers of fortune sailed away, the Indians uttered deep stentorian lamentations; and they ran to the tops of the hills and cliffs to watch the departing sails, and there they lighted "many fires of sacrifice." Here were a welcoming and a leave-taking, here were ceremonies of devotion and fires of farewell—solemnities that did honor to the sincerity, simplicity and poetry in these aboriginal children of the Far West.

In 1602, the Spaniard, Sebastian Vizcaino, with his ships tormented by scurvy, plowed his way up the Californian coast. The recorder of the voyage had a pen that shed a glamorous light, for he describes the natives as "handsome and decent, the children white and ruddy and very smiling." Here is another touch of his pen: "Of these Indians, many wished to come with the Spaniards. They are so loving as all this."

After these hasty glimpses the curtain falls, and stays fallen for a hundred and sixty years, leaving these kindly and credulous people alone in their splendid solitude beside the sea, wandering the melodious shores, the fragrant valleys and the stately forests where stand "the green-robed senators of mighty woods."

The Chronicles of the Friars

From Fray Geronimo Boscana's monograph, "Chinigchinich," we get our most adequate chronicle of the southern Indians of California. This scholarly friar, who had been in charge both at San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano, two populous missions, was the only missionary who had both the time and the skill to write an extended account of the Indians.

The friar dwells upon some of the sturdy training bestowed upon the Indian children. In order that the boys might have fortitude, they were taught not to sit near the fire; and in order still further to increase their power of self-denial, they were commanded to forego certain foods and pleasures. At a given age and as a test of endurance, an herb was pounded to pulp and placed upon a boy's arm or leg, ignited and allowed to burn into the flesh: the limb was left to heal in its own good time.

The girls were taught not to roam about in idleness, but to stay at home, learning to collect and clean and cook the seeds. This training in cookery savors of our strict New Englandism; and yet it grew out of the wisdom of the Indian women, for travelers all agree in saying that these women were always cheerfully and continually busy. I myself never saw an idle woman in any camp; and considering the anaconda nature of the Indian appetite and the long process in preparing food, it is clear that the calls of the larder kept the women continually at work.

As to Indian morals, the boys and girls of the San Gabriel Mission had an insistent regard for the truth. Every messenger was taught that he must repeat not only the words but also the tones and gestures of the message he was carrying. Ruskin, who says that the essence of lying is not in the words but in the deception, would have been delighted by the exactness in this Indian custom.*

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* In addition to this chronicle by Boscana, we have other important accounts of these tribes. The student should not overlook the connected and authentic volume by Stephen Powers on "The California Tribes," nor the invaluable gleanings of H. H. Bancroft to be found in his "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast."

CHAPTER V

THE TRIBAL AND HOME LIFE OF THESE INDIANS

IT is estimated that there were seven hundred thousand Indians in California at the beginning of the nineteenth century. But they have faded before the advance of the Caucasians. Kit Carson found the mountains and valleys full of Indians in 1829, but very much emptied in 1859. The natives had been wasted by wars and epidemics, and especially by the frightful vices of the white race.

There were some twenty linguistic stocks among these Indians of California; but there were many more than twenty tribes, some of whose names are still on our maps in the names Colusa, Tehama, Shasta, Yosemite, Siskiyou, Mariposa, Suisun and many another name melodious.

The isolation of each tribe on its own territory was almost equal to incarceration. Twenty miles was about the radius of the territory explored by any dusky and daring Livingstone or Stanley; and each tribe was wont to tell strange Marco-Polo stories of the customs and beliefs of other tribes.

In the earlier era, a watchman was kept posted on some peak or elevation. Signal fires, blazing up, or darkening down when covered with wet hides, sent instant tidings from hill to valley, from cliff to cliff. At other times, the swift runners of the tribe carried news of friend or foe, of feast or funeral.

The tribal organization was of the patriarchal type. The family, the village and the language were the three bases of unification, there being no general law nor government. The sweat-house was the social center, as far as there was such a thing; for it was used for dancing and for burning the dead, as well as for curing disease. The women, the mahalas, as they were called, were admitted to the sweat-house during certain ceremonial dances: the medicine woman was also allowed to enter it while undergoing initiation into the mysteries of healing. Otherwise the women were not admitted to its sanctuary. Still, it was used even as a dormitory " for men only " during the coldest weather; and it was always the place where the high councils of the tribe were held.

There were always tribal boundaries, and there was no trespassing upon a neighbor's domain unless a tribe happened to be in militant mood, or happened to be driven by a desire to go forth into the domain of a neighboring tribe to steal their young women for wives.

Each tribe had its chief, and each village its captain. The chief, the richest and also the wisest man, was supreme. His word was invincible. No one dared to disobey or to deceive him. He wore his hair long, and he carried a seven-foot, flint-pointed pole in token of his authority. He had two manners of speech—one for every day, and one for feasts and councils. When approaching death, he appointed the man to succeed him.—Here we get a glimpse of a central authority, a thing essential to the life of the tribe. What better thing can any people do than to select their wisest and best and lodge authority in his hands?

Marriage: Other Customs

Polygamy was practiced in most of these tribes; and the wives did not object, since an increase in the number lessened the labor for the family. Some of the chiefs took a wife from each of the several tribes in order to increase the tribal harmony.

When the ancient ideals crumbled for these native tribes, romantic love crumbled with the rest. So we find little if any courtship among these Indians. A wife was nearly always bought outright from the mother. If a wife were not secured in this way, the lack of barter put a stigma upon her children. When the wife-hunter followed good form, he came to the girl with a gift, which was to go to the mother or father as an indemnity for the loss of the girl's labor should she marry.

The mahalas appear to have been the drudges of the camps. I remember once seeing a newly married couple going home over the hills from the town where they had bought groceries. The husband lashed the load to the wife's back and let her go in advance, while he sauntered on in the rear. In a certain battle in the Modoc War, the women in a body were seen going in advance as a guard to the men, who marched behind with bows and arrows. These things are almost incredible; but we must remember in connection with them that a custom grows with the years from small to great, grows until it becomes a monstrous shell, which crushes out the high nobilities in man. "Custom is the great deadener." There is no doubt that we of the white race are going on obliviously supporting customs that would seem abhorrent and incredible to a higher and more brotherly civilization.

But in the midst of the degradation of these tribes, there was sometimes a gleam of beauty—the jewel in the toad's head. For instance, the greeting and the farewell of many of these Indians was the fine word, "Friendship!" And the early visitors to the coast testify to the fact that friendship was manifest in all the words and ways of the early natives. The Indian atrocities were too often provoked by the causeless cruelties and treacheries of " civilized " men.

Their Social Philosophy

And now a final word as to the sense of social solidarity among these Indians. We have ground for believing that a noble form of socialism existed among the prehistoric and primitive people on this planet, the people that broke into restless groups after the ancient Deluge and went wandering over the globe. For we find a socialist tendency in all the barbaric tribes of earth. Under the Incas in Peru, the lands and much of the other property was held in common. The Peru of the Incas " was an extreme form of state socialism with a despotic head." No tribe of Indians, indeed, seems ever to have utterly lost their hold on the humane and brotherly principle.

Hence, in turning to the Californian tribes, we find that many of their social customs crossed ours at right angles. Their socialist (or should I say communist?) practices tended to eliminate the fear of starvation, the specter of civilization; so they saw no use in hoarding food and other forms of wealth. Why kill more game than is needed for the day, they would ask, and thus reduce the supply in the hills and forests? Once an Indian thinker derided the hoarding and anxieties of the whites. " Why," said he, " should a man slave all his life that his son may be idle all *his* life? " Thus far there has been no seasoned answer to the question of this untaught, unenlightened savage.

The socialist idea among these tribes found expression in the doctrine that the land and its riches were free for the use of all. No one (as with us) ever acquired exclusive ownership in a thing *simply by being the first person to lay hands on it:* even extended labor in acquiring a thing did not give exclusive possession. After a hunt, therefore, the chief, in the presence of all, divided the spoils of the chase into portions corresponding to the number of families in the village. Then a man whose back was turned to the apportionments, called out the names of the families, one by one, some member coming in his turn to take without complaint his portion. And those who had borne the heat and burden of the hunt received no more than the others.

In this procedure we have a glimpse of the divine social philosophy that makes the *need* of the worker, and not the extent and nature of his work, the measure of his apportionment. This poetic fraternalism is in keeping with the social philosophy of Jesus as set forth in the story in Matthew, where the laborers called into the field at the day's end received as much reward as those " who had borne the burden of the day and the scorching heat." *

The Art of the Indians

Baskets were the most important articles in the Indian household. The same sorts of baskets that Cabrillo, the first explorer, found the Indians using in " a thousand forms and graceful patterns," were used by every tribe of California, and they are still made at all Indian rancherias and reservations.

Indeed, the weaving of baskets was the one great art of the Indian tribes, but the woman, not the man, worked at it. Into this basket-weaving, her chief delight, the woman put her long patience and affectionate interest, expressing frequently a notable nicety of taste and a fine sense of line and color. With the simplest materials, she combined use with beauty in a degree that would be a credit to a civilized race.

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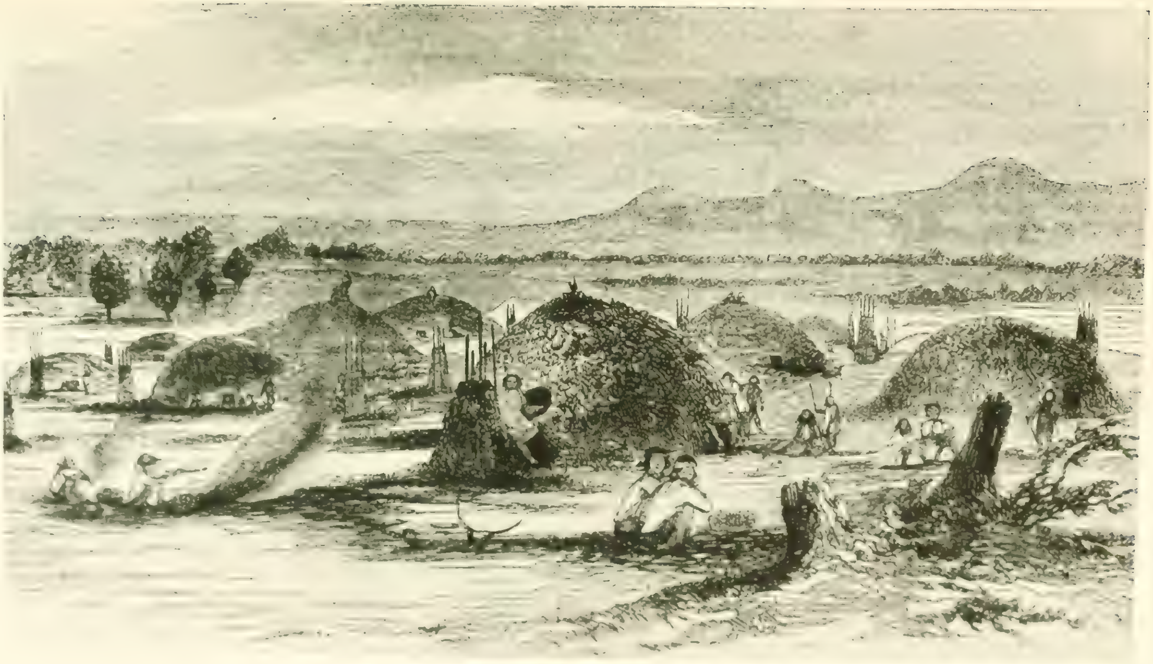
* See Matthew XX, 1-16.

These baskets were used as vessels for eating and drinking; also as gifts for the living and for the dead. A babe was cradled in a long narrow basket, which, strapped to the mother's back, became a perambulator. The arched head-shield of a baby-basket was so constructed as to show the sex of the child. The basket of a chief's baby was hung with shells and beads, and was decorated with the gay feathers of the mallard duck and the red-headed woodpecker.

Baskets, water-tight, were also used as cooking vessels. Porridge or soup was boiled in them by dropping hot stones into the mixture of water and crushed nuts or seeds within the basket. Meals were also served in the cooking basket: it would be placed in the center of the group and serve as a sopping basin into which fingers or acorn loaves were dipped at pleasure.

These baskets were made on a foundation of young willow shoots, and were woven with roots of grass or fern and sedge or digger pine. The willow shoots were peeled, and the roots were split by the use of a blade made of obsidian or of some other flinty stone; or, as I have observed in the foothills of the Sierras, by the use of a sharpened thumb-nail grown three inches long and hard as horn.

The decorative patterns were curious variants of a few stock ideas, ideas that were perhaps the possession of all western tribes in the remote antiquity before the dispersion of the primitive group that landed on our shores. Some interpreters find in these patterns certain symbols of race and religion, reminders of the great deeds of ancestors, the lighting of signal fires, and other tribal rites. Other interpreters declare that these patterns have no occult significance, and that they are merely the free artistic expression of old decorative forms.



View of an Indian Rancheria, Yuba City
From an old print

A PATHFINDER'S PACK TRAIN

The Foods of the Indian

Economic pressure, which is so large a part of our earthly fate, caused the acorn to become the staple food of the Indians of California. Great oaks grow everywhere; so acorns became the universal food for these non-tillers of the soil.

Indian cooking was a very simple affair: the bread was baked between two hot stones, and the fish was cooked on a big flat stone or it might be wrapped in big grape-leaves and left covered all night with a heap of hot ashes. This all-night cooking appears to be an anticipation of our flavor-saving fireless cookers.

Manzanita berries, the " little apples " of Spanish chronicle, make tasty morsels when green and juicy or when mealy and ruddy ripe. Many a time in my boyhood have I eaten these wild " apples " on the Suisun Hills. The mahalas prepared from the crushed berries of the manzanita a bread, and also brewed from them a decoction of tart cider. They prepared a more intoxicating beverage from the wild cherries.

The Indians had other wild fruits—wild strawberries, blackberries, thimbleberries, chokeberries, service berries. These gave a harvest that extended over many months, beginning first in the valleys and afterward reaching up the mountain slopes.

The multitudinous grasshoppers were also Indian delicacies. I am told that they taste like shrimps, and they certainly are as pleasant to contemplate. Moreover, they have something of a Biblical sanction in the fact that John the Baptist came out of the desert, eating " locusts and wild honey."

Once a hospitable Digger gave Frémont's men a mess of pottage that was new to these travelers, and they ate it with keen relish, until someone (a fatal investigator) found in the mixture the uncrushed wings and legs of a grasshopper. Suddenly this grasshopper pottage lost its soaring popularity at that banquet.

In gathering the grasshoppers, the Indians beat them down into pits with branches, somewhat as children chase and capture butterflies. Sometimes they were encircled by a ring of fire on some convenient tableland, and despite their braggart chirp were caught in basketfuls within the blazing circle. The grasshoppers were roasted among hot stones, or else were mixed into a grass-seed soup or perhaps an acorn porridge—a fine oyster-stew effect!

A close rival of the grasshopper was the acorn; but the acorns were in highest favor in a year when they happened to be wormy, for, in Digger gusto and good cheer, the portly worm added a rare savor to the nut. But it may be argued that the dainty nearest the Indian heart was the larvæ of a certain fly that chooses for its incubating place the foam of Mono Lake. Crowds of Indians flock to Mono even now to gather this rarity, for this fat grub, " kit-chavi," is the whipped cream in Digger gastronomy.

The Indian made a fire by rubbing together two dry willow sticks till a little dust pile had gathered. Then he struck two bits of flint together till they sent a spark down into the dry dust. Some dry leaves were now dropped on the burning dust, and then some twigs; and, lo, there was a blaze.

The Cryptic Medicine Man

The early Californian Indians were in one thing like their civilized contemporaries in New England and Great Britain: they all believed in witchcraft.

Every tribe had its medicine man and its medicine woman, who were initiated into the occult mysteries with pomp and ceremony, with fasting and prayer. They were sorcerers indeed, and were supposed to be able to influence rain and drouth, able to call fish into the streams, to blow death upon an enemy.

These cryptic personages claimed to practice supernatural as well as natural means of cure. Their therapeutics were reënforced by a faith in the willingness of the powers of good to help in the cure—a faith that is a strong assistant to any school of healing. So we need not wonder that the medicine man brought frequent relief to the sick Indian.

A medicine man was paid in advance for his services. The sick man, or perhaps a friend, brought a fish, sometimes a piece of venison, and laid it at the doctor's door as a token that the sick man wanted the worth of this fee in treatment. If the patient did not recover, the fee had to be returned—a custom that points to a needed but neglected reformation in our own medical procedure.

A favorite treatment by the Indian doctor was to cut the skin with a piece of sharp obsidian over the spot where the pain was, and then to apply suction till the blood came in profusion. He sometimes used a tube of hollow bone for the suction, but on other occasions he applied his lips directly over the part afflicted. Stopping at times to blow his sorcerer's pipe to the air, he would claim that he was blowing away the disease, and at the same time drawing the radical cause of the disease into himself.

It is now clear that the medicine man had knowledge of the power of mind over body: he was an incipient mental healer. But he did not neglect external measures of cure. He administered cold-water application; brews of herbs and barks: plasters of hot ashes or hot sand; stimulating massages consisting of a slapping of the body with nettles. He also prescribed at times the sweat-bath and the cold dip—

something akin to the Baths of Caracalla, a luxury that made glad the heart of ancient Rome.

The sweat-house was a resort in health and in sickness. It consisted sometimes of a large circular pit dug into the ground and covered with a roof of branches daubed with clay: it consisted sometimes of tall willow poles planted in the ground and bent over to the earth forming half circles and covered with branches and skins. In a hilly region the sweat-house might be a tunnel dug into a hillside. In any case, the house was walled tight against air and rain, wholly closed in except for a smoke-hole and for another opening for crawling in and out. A fire was kept burning in the center of the house, and never allowed to die out in the cold season.

A person could swelter by the fire in the sweat-house or melt in the steam that was produced by pouring water upon hot stones. The bather might be any sick person, or a person desiring the mere luxury of cleanliness, or a hunter purifying his body for the chase so as to throw off no scent to alarm the hunted animals. After a thorough parboiling and perhaps a vigorous scraping or rubbing, the sweat-houser ran —or was carried—to a pool of cold water, into which he plunged. If he happened to be a sick man, this heroic treatment obviated any long lingering malady; for after this sweat-house episode, there was forthwith a convalescent Indian or else a dead one.

Indian Amusements and Festivals

The spirit of hilarity, the spirit of the youth of the world, has nowhere died out utterly from mankind. So we find that these western tribes had their amusements and festivals.

Even their work was made a sort of play; for the Indians did not take their work with the hurry and anxiety known to the white man. Frequently, on a spring morning in the mountains, I have seen long files of women and children with baskets on their backs, laughing and chattering as they wound their way into the thickets to gather roots and leafy shoots; and later in the year I have seen them in the same happy spirit, winding their way to some hidden glen to gather a harvest of wild rye or wild oats, shaking the seeds from the tall stalks into their tall burden-baskets.

Frequent were the gatherings for Indian dances—dances of mourning and dances of rejoicing. Some of these fandangos, as the white man called them, were dinner dances, ball and week-end party all in one, each festivity having its meaning, its ceremonial sacredness. A dance might be in celebration of the spring-time or of the harvest-time, and it might be in memory of dead friends or of great events in the history of their tribe.

Now, we must admit that there is a dignity in these ceremonial ideas, although of course they were crudely expressed by the Indians. They seem to be the vague remains of some long-vanished greatness, a greatness that is whispered of in the traditions of all peoples. It appears that the Indians in their simplicity have held on to these few faint remains of the lost social life of humanity; also that we in civilization are losing even these dim reminders; so that we have only a meager social life, have only a few bonds that bind us together as a people.*

Some of these symbolic dances of the Indians were named after birds, others after animals; and the dancers, by their costumes and cries and movements, tried to indicate the creature that gave name to the dance. The bear-dance was a favorite, and in the performance of this measure, the dancer wore a chain of clinking oak-balls around his neck, and while lunging and plunging, he held a cow's horn full of teeth that were shaken fearsomely so as to sound like the snapping and gnashing jaws of an infuriated bear. To the Indian imagination the bear seemed to be half monster and half buffoon, like the Devil in the morality play, when he rushes upon the stage, shaggy, bottle-nosed, betailed, and shouting, "Ho, ho, ho!"

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* There was a time in our America when we celebrated our Fourth of July in such serious and picturesque fashion as to leave a deep emotion in the heart. But in recent years the observance of the day appears to be sinking into a colorless convention. In this juncture, we should all look with keen interest on the efforts of Mr. Percy Mackaye and others to establish in our country a series of annual pageants expressive of our historic memories and our national aspirations.

But at times the Indian fandango became a sort of mad orgy, ending in unspeakable dissipations. A white man, who wishes to remain anonymous, has described for us one of the milder forms of such a fandango:

> "There were four and twenty squaws *en déshabille* on one side of the sweat-house, and as many *hombres in puris naturalibus* on the other. The music bursts forth: it was a legion of devils broken loose, screaming, shrieking, yelling, roaring. A thousand cross-cut saws filed by steam-power, a multitude of cats lashed together and hung over a clothes-line, innumerable pigs under a gate—all combined would produce a heavenly melody compared with this uproar.
>
> "Yet this might be endured. But another sense is also saluted. Talk of the seventy and seven stenches of the city of Cologne: here are at least forty thousand such stenches combined in one grand overwhelming stench, and yet each odor distinctly definable.
>
> "Round and round the roaring fire in the center the Indians go capering, jumping and screaching, with the perspiration streaming at every pore. The spec-

tators look on till the air grows thick and heavy, and a sense of suffocation creeps over them. Then they make a simultaneous rush to the door for self-protection. Judge of their dismay and terror to find it bolted and barred on the outside. They rush around the walls, trying to discover some weak spot to break through. But this is vain: they must stay and see it out, hoping that this troop of naked, screaming, gyrating fiends will soon fall down from sheer exhaustion.

"See that wild Indian, a captain with glaring eyes, blazing face, and the complexion of a boiled lobster. He tosses his arms wildly aloft, as though in pursuit of imaginary devils. Was ever the human body before subject to such contortions? Can the human frame endure them longer?

"The temperature is five hundred degrees, Fahrenheit, and the steam pressure is one-thousand pounds to the square inch. The reeking atmosphere has become almost palpable. To suffocate here in a solution of human perspiration, human exhalation and charcoal smoke is horrible.

"The spectators are sinking into insensibility, when with a triumphant crash, like the crash in which the ghosts ceased their orgies when they doused the lights and started in pursuit of Tam o' Shanter, the uproar ceases, and the Indians all vanish swiftly through an aperture opened for the purpose.

"And the spectators, the half-dead victims of their own curiosity, totter out and draw in the electric frosty air. They are in time to see the Indians plunge into an icy stream, creep out and throw themselves utterly exhausted on the bank."

The Religion of These Tribes

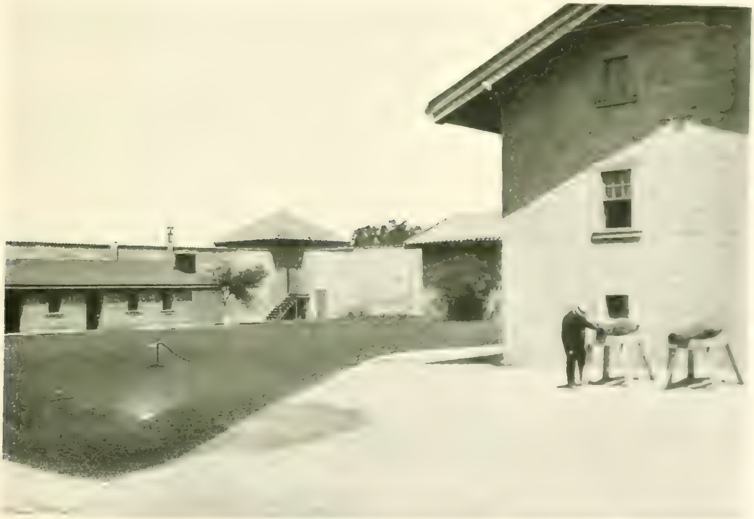
The early missionaries to California likened the Indians to herds of swine that " neither worshiped the true and only God, nor adored false gods." These were wild and whirling words, for the Indians had a true feeling (though an imperfect one) concerning the Higher Power, and the thought of the Hereafter was much in their minds. One of the north-Californian tribes, one never under the sway of missionaries, called the Good Spirit " the Old Man Above," and in certain legends this spirit is described as carrying " a medicine bag " as a symbol of power. El-o-win (meaning " the far-distant place ") was one of the names given to the heavenly region in the far west " where the sky comes down to the ground."

Chinigchinich, the Almighty, was the deity of the tribe described in Boscana's chronicle; and His abode was among the stars, where He beheld all the movements of mankind. We are assured that He taught the medicine men how all people should worship Him. These Indians had an inclosure called " Vanquechs," where the tribal fetish was kept; and this was a sanctuary, and a malefactor reaching it was safe and absolved.

But perhaps the crowning fact in this Indian worship is its strong tendency to placate or worship the Evil Power. The Indian believed in a good spirit in the sky and in an evil one in the caves of the sea. But his worship was devoted chiefly to an effort to cajole and thwart the strenuous and ever-active spirit of evil: little time was allotted to the non-aggressive and ever-amiable spirit of good. He seems to have caught a glimpse of one of the deepest insights of the great thinkers—that the Good is not yet the commanding force in the world.

Nearly all the religious ideas of the Indians are

General Sutter
From the bust at Pioneer Hall



Sutter's Fort at Sacramento

The Falls of Yosemite Pour Through a Gap in the Wall, Plowed out by a Glacier Ages Ago connected with the veneration of animals, and with an obscure veneration of the spirit of good and the spirit of evil. The savages of the Andaman Islands, you remember, displayed their humility before the animal by hanging tails to their own backs. The Californian Indian was not so abject, yet he believed that the animal has a spirit as well as himself. Indeed, he looked on the animals not as inferiors, but as superiors.

Why? Because the animals nourished life in him by supplying food, and gave aid to him by their precious gifts of feathers and skin and sinew. He was also impressed by their sure instincts, their strength, their swiftness, their fearlessness of storm and darkness. He felt that by some sad sorcery he had been stripped of these fine powers; although he possessed them all in a degree that put to shame the civilized man. We see, then, that the Indian did not worship the animal, *per se,* but worshiped the power and wisdom of the animal. And what is worship but a recognition and reverence of something higher and nobler than ourselves?

The Indian held in special reverence the white owl and the white eagle. His myth made Coyote the creator of the world; and the story of the council of beasts summoned by Coyote at the creation of man has a grim humor. Each beast clamors for men to be dowered with its own peculiarity of face and form and action. In short, the bear would make of man a sublimated bear, the deer make of him a sublimated deer, and so on to the end of the catalogue. And forthwith each animal makes, after its own idea, a model of uncreated man. Coyote laughs at all this egoism; and, when the disputatious animals are asleep, he smashes all their models and proceeds himself to make man, using the voice both of the lion and the mouse; the deer's eyes and ears; the nakedness of the fish; the claws of the eagle; the bear's power to stand upright, omitting the tail which only gathers fleas; and using at last his own cunning and dexterity in worsting other animals.

Thus was man made a composite of all the animals, in the far beginning of the years. Coyote (Quatuk he was called by the northern Indians) would in one aspect seem to be a sort of understudy of the fox of Æsop and of the fox of Uncle Remus. Certainly this story of the creation of man is worthy of Æsop in his inspired moments. For there is good reason for believing that man was intended to be an epitome of all the animal instincts and powers, mixed of course with a starry tincture handed down from Above.

But Coyote was also the hero of other great exploits. Once, when in a starvation trance during a locust famine, he went out in spirit to spy upon the dead folk, and was thus enabled to give forth to the Indians a scripture of the next world. Coyote was the hero of another great adventure, wherein he becomes a fire-bringer after the manner of Prometheus in Grecian legend. Assisted by all the animals, except the snakes and the other cold-blooded creatures, he stole a burning brand from the Eternal Fire, which, on a high and remote mountain, was guarded by the family of Pains. He brought the precious fire down into the cold world. But in revenge for this robbery the Pains have taken up their abodes in the bodies of men and beasts, where they torture all they can.*

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* The alert reader will see in this Coyote fire-myth a variant of the famous fire-myth of Prometheus, the culture-hero of Greek tradition. The Hidden Powers, for one reason or another, had intended to withhold fire from men; so Prometheus ascended into heaven and stole it, bringing it down to earth for human use. The angry Jupiter would punish men for accepting the Promethean fire; so he created beautiful woman (Pandora) and sent her to earth, where she soon lifted the lid of the jar that held the plagues and let them out upon mankind.

We find this myth of the fire-bringer widely scattered over the

The medicine man (sometimes called the Coyote man) was the medium between the Indian and the spirits, which terrorized all his days from his cradle basket to his funeral pyre. This healer was a sorcerer. He wore a tall, bristling head-dress of reeds covered with rattling ornaments; and he claimed to have power to bless or to blight a harvest, power also to send death upon an enemy.

Their Funeral Rites

The burning of the dead was a custom among many tribes, especially among those in the mountains where fuel was plentiful. Other tribes, especially those along the coast, buried their dead; and it is to this custom of burial that we are indebted for the tools and ornaments which have been dug up, disclosing to us all that we know of the remote past of these Indians.

Among the Indians of the Sierras, a man's property was all burned with him, all save some memento perhaps for an absent friend. There was a superstitious dread of keeping back from the fire any of his earthly possessions. So the earth was swept clean of him. Besides this, friends of the dead man brought presents of pipes and baskets to place upon the fu-

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globe. In the traditions of far New Zealand, we find that the god Maui stole fire from Mauika, the Lord of Fire. We find the story repeated in the legend of Ioskeha, the deity of the Huron Indians; in the legend of Wainamoinen, the hero of the Kalevala, the folk-epic of Finland, and in many others. Among the Australians, this culture-hero takes the form of an eagle hawk; among the Melanesians, the form of a spider; among the Bushmen, the form of another insect. And yet the revered object is always endowed with human or superhuman powers, and it often shades off into a deathless god.

We observe that these variants of the Promethean tradition are found among peoples as widely sundered as the Algonquins and the people of ancient India. Do we not see in all these curious facts new evidences that these scattered traditions had a common origin back in the prehistoric ages of the world? Do they not point to some ancient but forgotten unity of the human race?

neral pyre. Some of the finest baskets were woven especially to be burned in order to serve the departed spirit in his new abode in the After-world.

The ashes of the pyre were gathered up and mixed with pitch as a mourning memento for relatives. This was usually spread over the shaven head of the wife, over her face also—her eyebrows having been pulled out. Other women relatives daubed their faces only. Often have I seen a file of these grotesque, black-tarred women going to their root-digging or their nut-gathering during the six months or more that elapsed before these hideous marks of mourning wore away.

Once a year, or oftener, a runner was sent out by the chief to summon the tribe for a Big Cry over the dead. From twenty miles or more they would gather; and the first days were devoted to resting, and to the psychological working up of the proper emotion.

There was a Death Dance for the Yosemite indian who was hanged for the killing of the medicine man. Two professional wailers were hired, and all friends invited. There was a big bonfire blazing to the sky, and dancers were ranged around in a circle, each one having a choice basket. To the low singing of a medicine man the dance began. The baskets held in the arms of the dancers kept rhythm with their swaying bodies, now sinking to the feet, now moving across the hips, now poising above the breast, now soaring high above the head. All the while the tears were trickling down every face. Finally, at a signal, all the baskets, some of them exceedingly rare and costly, were flung in unison upon the fire. There was a sudden blaze that went heavenward, and all was over.

Stephen Powers gives a memorable account of these Dances of Weeping among the Yokuts who lived in the meridian of Tulare Lake. Some three hundred Indians had been summoned by the chief to lament for a week the death of a sister of one of the tribal captains. In a deep, remote ravine a booth of branches had been made, and the floor had been swept clean and beaten down for dancing. In one corner burned a fire with an embankment around it for the leading mourners.

It was now the evening of the third day, the first days having been spent in visiting and in story-telling. The great hour had now arrived for their barbaric requiem for the dead. And so, by ones and twos, the mourners trooped into the rude pavilion, moving spectral against the rosy glow of the fire, and there they crouched them down in a half circle. By and by from some mourner rose a wail, a wail long and eerie, a wail that had in it the despair of the hopeless dust. Another voice took up the cry, and then another. Now silence fell upon the half circle, and the chief in solemn voice began to utter an old tribal exhortation:

"Let us all mourn and weep. Oh, weep for the dead! Think of the dead body lying in the grave: we shall all die soon, all die. We were a great people once; we are weak and little now. Soon we shall all be gone. Be sorrowful in your hearts: let sorrow melt your hearts. Let your tears flow fast. We are one people: we are all friends: all our hearts are one heart. Let all our eyes weep tears like the waters of a living spring.

"Make ready for the mourning: all make ready: everybody make ready. Prepare your offerings for the dead: have them ready. Show them to the mourners: let them see your sympathy. The mourning time comes: it hastens. Make ready for the mourning."

After this high command, all the friends begin to dance, holding in their hands the gifts for the dead—shawls, feathers, chains of beads, plume-decorated baskets. Each dancer approached and offered sympathy to the mourners, the women tenderly stroking the faces of the weeping relatives, and everybody crying genuine tears.

After midnight new relays of young women rushed in through the boughs of the wall and joined in the dance in a whirling circle of frantic energy. Their dance consisted of two leaps on each foot while swaying and writhing and stretching the arms toward the fire and toward the west. Men singers sat near, and all chanted in unison a rasping and gasping "Heh, heh, heh!" Through smoke and dust and sodden heat these corybantic women leaped and swayed and panted. From midnight until dawn the dancing and the wailing went on and on; for there must be no cessation of the cries and the sorrow.

For an hour at the break of daylight there was quiet, and the mourners slept in sheer exhaustion. Then the impresario of the mourning rite roused them from their slumber, for there were yet two more days to weep and dance and remember the dead.

The courteous visitor of to-day may still witness a Death Dance or Big Cry in some of the far recesses of the Californian mountains. Often have I heard the death-wails carried on the midnight by wind and echo. Even at the Reservations, under the modification of All Saints' Day, you may still hear the weird cries as the children of the Mission Indians gather at *campo santo* to wail in unison for the spirits of the departed.

CHAPTER VI

THE ROMANCE OF THE OLD MISSIONS

I

NOW these wandering tribes, these remnants of ancient and nobler races, were responsible for the unique curve given to the early Spanish civilization in California: they were responsible for the advent of the Franciscans and the rise of the Missions for the education of the Indians.

Spain held the doctrine (and was right in holding it) that every human enterprise should stand on two pillars—the temporal and the spiritual. To depend upon one of these pillars alone is to call down final failure upon any undertaking.

But the idle cavaliers and the blood-drunk conquistadors who had no industry but fighting, as well as the rabble of brutal soldiery frequently drafted from the jails—all these, "boiling with cupidity," had power usually to frustrate the nobler purposes of the sovereign. So Catholic Spain soon called to her aid the missionary orders of the Church.

Las Casas, Priest and Hero

Among the early monks was one who stands high above the others, like the Peak of Teneriffe above the sea: that monk was Bartolomé de las Casas, whose heart was filled with holy rage against the enslavement of the Indians and the causeless massacre of them. He tells of their dead and murdered bodies "piled like sheaves." He was a soul touched with the holy anger, a true priest of the Lord. He had in him the stuff of the heroes—consecration to humanity, long patience. A blend he seemed to be of the kindly tact of William Penn with the practical ideality of Tolstoy and the fervent eloquence of Savonarola. For years he flung all his powers into a fight for the cause of the oppressed, demanding of both church and throne that the Indians be treated with common humanity. He was fighting against the " vested interests " of the Mammon-mad Spaniards who had seized on thousands of simple and kindly Indians, all unused to work, and flogged and flayed them to ceaseless labor, till they died like midges in the sun. Four thousand of them, for instance, were sent as carriers on one hard expedition and only six arrived.

Yet so closed was the mind to the brother-principle at the heart of religion that it is likely that these brutal masters would have been quick to say that they were faithful to the Church and that they were helping to bring " the true faith " to these " benighted pagans "!

Finally, Charles V, wishing to reward Las Casas for his many labors, appointed him to the rich bishopric of Cuzco. Las Casas declined this appointment, but accepted a much poorer bishopric at Chiapa, in Mexico. But he was still faithful to his vision, still fought for the rights of the Indians; yet this only called down upon him the iron opposition of the officials and the passionate hatred of his countrymen. " Having refused the sacraments to those of the colonists who reduced the Indians to slavery, he drew down upon himself not only the hostility of the planters, but also the disapproval of the Church. Abandoned by all, he returned finally to Spain in 1551, after having during fifty years in America signalized his zeal and his virtues." * So ended the career of one of the noblest souls of all time.

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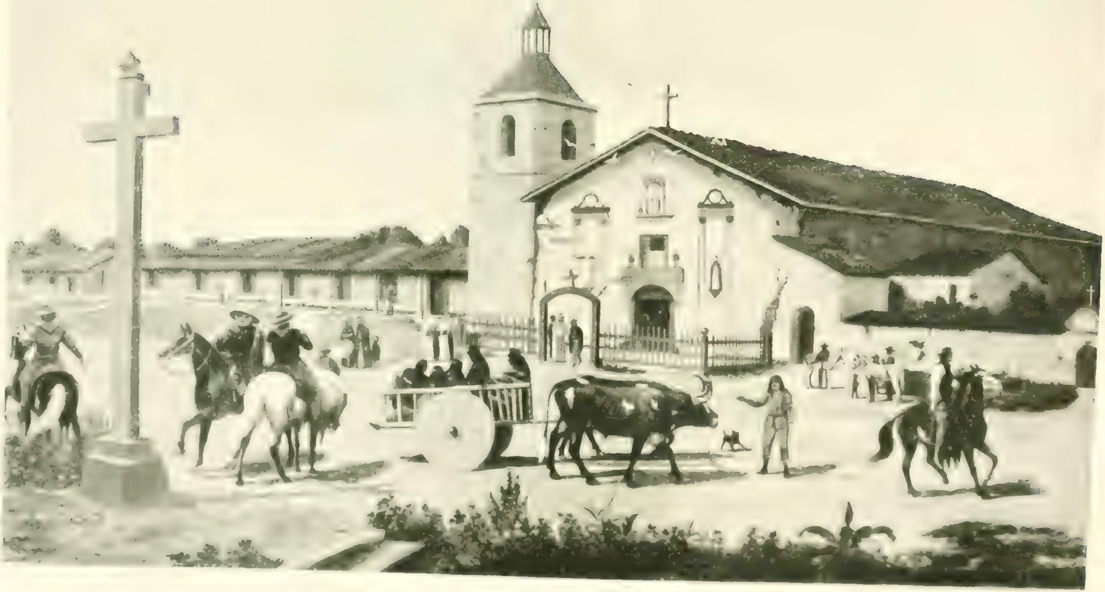
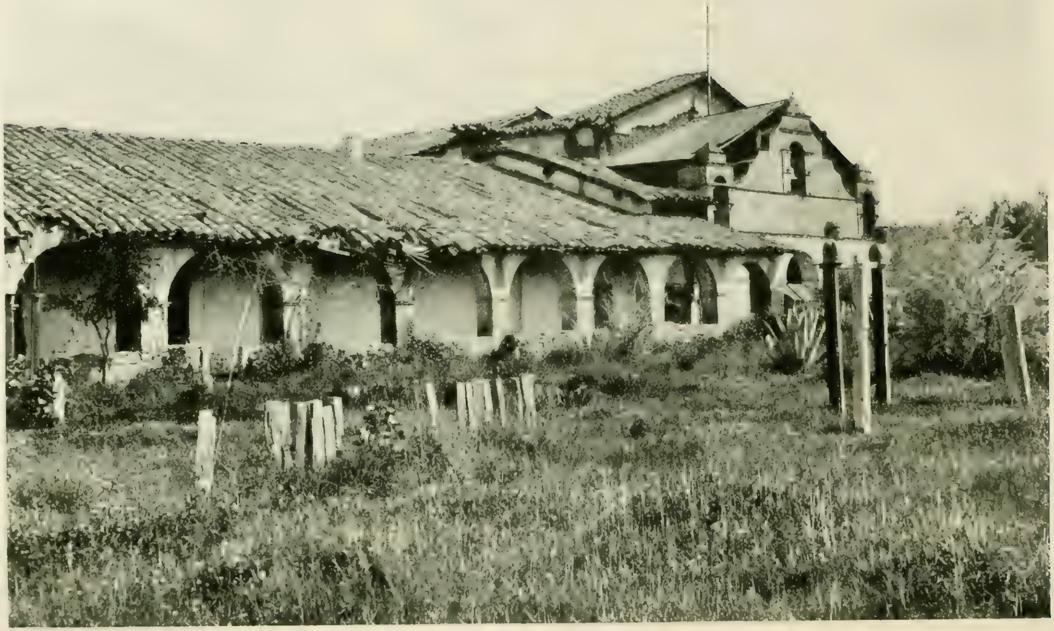
* See " The Life of Las Casas," a monograph by Sir Arthur Helps.



Mission Santa Clara in the Old Days
From the painting by A. P. Hill



The Mission of San Antonio

Now, the work of Las Casas was not altogether a failure; for, after many efforts and many obstacles, he and his earnest associates worked out the central idea of the Mission System, and it is this achievement that sweeps him into the current of my story.

In the midst of all the villainies and barbarities of those times, we have paused a little space to refresh our spirits and fortify our faith with the memories of the noble Las Casas. Somewhere, on this continent that he honored with his presence and his passion, I hope that a monument will some time be erected in his memory. It might be a colossal figure of the great friar, with his cross and his compass hanging at his side, his hands reaching out in brotherly affection to groups kneeling at his feet—Indians of the north and south and east and west, the Apache laying down his bow and arrows, the Aztec offering his pearls and gold, the redmen of Cuba and Yucatan presenting their fruits and flowers, and Indian mothers lifting their babes for his benediction. Here waits a work for a great sculptor.

The Ardent Junipero Serra

In consequence of this early work of Las Casas and others, New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, as well as Upper and Lower California, were all colonized under the Mission order, an order that was designed to give the Indians the rudiments of religion and the practical arts, and then to pass them over to the civil order (the pueblos) with homes of their own.

About this time José Galvaez, one of the ministers of Charles III and a member of the Indian Council, came to America with powers extraordinary "to examine and reform all branches of government"; soon afterward he was given orders "to fortify and occupy San Diego and Monterey for God and the King of Spain." Why this sudden interest in Upper California? Because the Russians were slowly inching down the coast from Alaska, and the English and French were pushing westward from the Atlantic. There was no time to lose. So Galvaez fell to his task with a will, and began to look for men and means to establish missions, presidios and pueblos in this northern territory. To finance the project he appropriated the "Pious Fund" established by the Jesuits, the income of an endowment of lands, mines and money given by the faithful to spread the gospel. And suddenly his eye fell upon one of the most remarkable men of that era: it fell upon the Franciscan friar, Junipero Serra.

"God needs strong men," said Martin Luther: here was a strong man. All growths are from centers: here was a center for the new movement. It was decided finally to leave the Dominicans in charge of the Missions of Lower California, and to send the Franciscans into the north, with Junipero Serra as the Father President of the enterprise.

Let us pause a moment in the rush of events to look on and salute this Fray Junipero, this great yet gentle spirit who took the fate of California upon his resolute shoulders.

As an orator, he was singularly modest, deploring his lack of the "internal fire" that other speakers flung out "to make men burn for Christ." He might have stayed in Europe and risen to high place and power as a prince of the Church. But Serra did not seek this sort of distinction, since he belonged to that higher order of souls to whom honors and station and power *in themselves* are nothing—nothing *because they are valuable only as tools in helping us to serve the good, to serve God and the people.* To see this truth is to get a glimpse of the spiritual fact of our existence, is to get a sense of life's true values.

And Junipero Serra had this deep insight into the things worth while: so we find that he had no self to serve, and that he longed only to spend his days in the service of his fellows, and to find his one reward in the good accomplished.

It was January, 1769, when these two men, working with high hearts at "this infinite business" of preparation, found that all things were ready for the new departure. Three ships were to take men and supplies; and two companies were to go by land to gather flocks and herds and seeds from the Lower Californian Missions along the way. The whole expedition consisted of some two hundred and thirteen souls—six or seven Franciscans, a number of Indian neophytes, and a goodly number of soldiers. All were to meet at San Diego. But never on earth did they all meet again: one ship never arrived, and death took heavy toll from the rest of the travelers.

Father Serra, the leader of one pilgrim band, insisted upon sharing the hardships, so he walked all the way. We see him leading his pilgrims into the far north, see him going barefoot except for sandals, dressed in a coarse gray robe with hood and hempen girdle, and picking a way for his company over the bleak and broken desert land, "a land that is lonelier than ruin."

It was an hour of joy for Father Serra when from the hights he caught the shine of the sails in San Diego Bay and the gleam of the tents on the shore.

II

Discovery of San Francisco Bay

The company that set out for Monterey was headed by Don Gaspar Portola, who had come up from the south with Serra's group as the first governor of California. His pilgrimage is a historic one.

celebrated in art and song and story because it ended in the accidental discovery of San Francisco Bay.

It was on June 14 of the year when this company of sixty-two souls headed toward the north—soldiers, sailors, friars and Indian neophytes. There were the officers with short velvet jackets, slashed breeches and gay scarlet sashes: there were the soldiers in drab breeches and leather jackets: there were the Indians nearly naked doubtless to sun and shower. But riding at the head of all we see in fancy our governor, Don Gaspar, a spectacle to send amazement into the savage breast as he rode forth with wide-open eyes and swarthy face under that broad-brimmed hat with nodding plumes. There was also amazement for peering natives in that slashed velvet cloak trimmed with gold-lace, and in those jingling spurs and creaking saddle bands and stamping hoofs. Thus equipped and caparisoned the little company set out upon the path of adventure.

For three hundred miles all went happily as the procession tramped on over fields sprinkled with strange, bright flowers, passing green thickets scented by wild roses, disturbing the meadow-larks shouting in the tall and trembling oats. At times the friendly Indians danced for their delight.

Soon after our governor, Don Gaspar, set forth into the north, the good Serra, the Father Superior of the Franciscans, raised their cross and hung their bells, dedicating the first Mission to Spain's patron saint, San Diego de Alcalá. When the governor's party returned in January, 1770, having discovered San Francisco Bay only, they received warm welcome from the infant Mission.

The Rise of the Missions

With an incipient Mission at San Diego, and with hope once more aflame, it was determined to make another search for Monterey Bay. Two parties set out to the north, one by land and one by sea, Serra among the number. With clearer skies this time, they found and recognized the harbor even from the shore.

The Monterey Mission was to be dedicated to San Carlos Borromeo and the first structure of green boughs was erected under the ancient oak where Vizcaino's crew had attended the first mass ever celebrated in California one-hundred-sixty years before. There on a perfect day in June, a day that was "the bridal of the earth and sky," assembled the little company of friars and soldiers; and there with uplifted cross and clamoring bells, with sonorous prayer and Gregorian chant, Serra dedicated the new Mission to God, calling on all gentile tribes to come to salvation. Then with salvos of echoing artillery our governor, Don Gaspar, flung to the morning air the azure banner of Castile and Aragon, taking possession of that region as the property of the king of Spain. This spot was chosen as the center of civil affairs. Hence, Monterey became from that hour the second Mission of California, and her first capital.

Now the vessel sailed away, leaving Father Serra and a brother friar, with a few soldiers. The news of these achievements on the coast of the North Pacific went flying back to the viceroy and the king. All Spain was soon in a blaze of excitement: at last their northern lands were to be peopled with the children of the Church. Cathedral bells rejoiced through the night; rockets soared to the stars; guns thundered to the hills. Ladies vied with one another in flinging into melting pots their gold and silver ornaments to be molded into bells for far-off Mission towers.

For over thirty years Serra was consecrated to the service of the Indians. Sixteen of these years were spent in California, building up nine great Missions.

where nearly six thousand Indians were taught the rudiments of religious doctrine and were trained in the beginnings of an industrial and ordered life. The last half of this mission work must certainly command the admiration of all persons, whatever their creed. No one can fail to admire at least the great social service rendered by this earnest and patient friar. When, in 1784, he passed on to the rewards of another life, he left behind him picturesque buildings to take the places of the old-time huts of reeds and mud—left gardens and orchards and granaries and flocks and herds to take the place of the improvidence of the Indians that called down hunger and suffering.

Fray Junipero was evermore the spirit within the wheels. He organized the Missions, he inspected, he encouraged. He visited the Indians in their huts and haunts, teaching them, loving them, winning them. But there was also a grim side to his preaching. In imitation of St. Francis, he would sometimes lash his shoulders with a chain, tear his bosom with a flint or burn it with a brand. These things were done doubtless to impress on the listening natives the reality of the pains and fires of perdition. Thomas Walsh, my poet-friend, puts the matter in this favorable light:

> "Junipero, ha, ha! you wept and shouted
> And tore your bosom with the jagged stone
> When the poor Indians at your sermons doubted
> The clearest things philosophy had shown.
>
> "You lasht your shoulders and to blazing torches
> Laid bare your breast—to make the brutes believe;
> Junipero, you limped to heaven with scorches,
> But took their souls like scalps upon your sleeve."

Of course this idea of a literal hell-fire was a part of the intellectual bondage of the age. The religious leaders had not reached the ground of the great truth, that Religion stands on Law—therefore, that there is no arbitrary divine punishment, that the fire of Hell is the fire of evil desire; so that men create their own punishments, both here and hereafter—so that the final fate of the soul grows out of the nature of things. Deeds build the destinies.

Fray Junipero's philosophy was narrow in some of its phases, but he had a glory in his heart that makes us forget his twisted dialectic and all the warped polemics of his time. He had love in his heart, love the great miracle, love that finds in brotherly service the root meaning of all creeds. Uncomplainingly, he shared the privations of his people. They found him true and tender in all things, so they were able to believe in him and in his gospel.

Here was a man who had at least the wisdom to see that the spiritual must take hold upon the material: he had a glimpse of the great truth that a conquering religion must become secular, must seize on practical affairs. He believed in the gospel of grading and gardening, of baking and blacksmithing. The good friar believed in visions; but he tried to build his vision into the hard, firm Actual. He believed in miracle, yet he based his work on inspired common sense. To put it briefly, he had a glimpse of the Divine Practicalism that must come, that social order that believes in the body as well as in the soul, a social order that will be a working-form for the Golden Rule.

When Serra died the Indian neophytes refused to be comforted. As he lay in the last silence on his plank bed, they begged fragments of his brown robe as mementos of their friend: others asked for a hair of his head. The sailors begged his sandals, worn by many steps of devotion: mayhap they would serve as amulets against the perils of the sea. George Sterling, my poet-friend, living at Carmel, almost within the shadow of Serra's dear San Carlos, apostrophizes in verse this ardent builder of the dream:

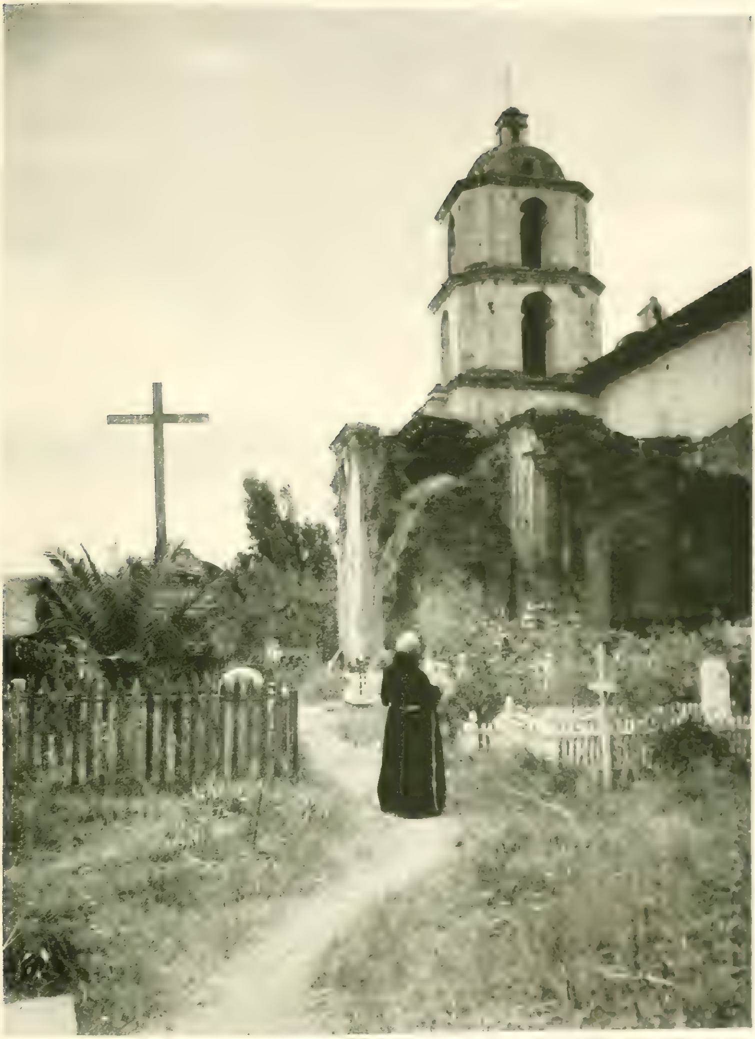
> "O heart,
> Flaming audacious heart, so long in dust!
> 'Twas thy reward to die, ere died thy works—
> To perish ere the vision too was fled.
> The vineyard and the orchard and the fold
> Have passed—and passed as well that other flock,
> Thy tenderest concern, O spirit pure,
> Who in an age of infamy and gold
> Saw souls alone."

A Glimpse of the Mission Method

With ceaseless labors and in fewer than seventy years, Junipero Serra and his circle of fraters built twenty-one great Missions, where tens of thousands of Indians came under their care; and the property —lands, flocks and harvests—ran up into millions of dollars.

Each settlement had three phases—the religious phase, or the mission; the military, or the presidio; the civil, or the pueblo. The Mission was to draw in and attract the Indians, who (as soon as they advanced to the standing of *gentes de razon,* reasonable beings) were to be made citizens of the pueblos: the Mission lands were to be turned into parishes for them. The soldiers were to guard the Missions as well as the coasts; and when honorably discharged they were also to be given homes in the pueblos. It was expected that the colonists seeking admission to the pueblos, and the hidalgos coming to occupy grants of land, would fill up the long waiting province; but no one had a vision of the great era that was about to descend upon these shores.

At the time of greatest prosperity the Missions gathered in some thirty thousand Indians. Live-



The Cemetery at the Mission San Luis Rey

Glenwood Mission Inn

stock multiplied into countless numbers, doubling every two years. Harvests were abundant: the land was virgin and richly productive. At times there were insurrections: sometimes the Indians mutinied against work; but still more frequently the lewd and lawless soldiers provoked by their outrages the very troubles they were supposed to suppress.

There has been criticism of what has been called the slavery of the Indians drawn in from the wilds to work for their living, obedient to the will of the Mission. But I think this has been a misuse of the word slavery; for only in the beginning was there any force used in recalling runaway neophytes. The idea that force could be used to advantage in spreading the teachings of the Church was one of the mad fantasies in the time of the Spanish conquest. Force cannot transmit a moral principle: moral ideas can be received only through the reason of the heart. But this fact did not seem to be known to the ruthless conquistadors who strode hither and yon over the continent, seeking to force their religion upon the affrighted tribes at the point of the sword. So it is good to find that the use of force was not a custom in the Mission life.

Yet in the Missions all things were pervaded by a martinet movement: things were done at a certain time and in one particular way. This is excellent training for neophytes, for beginners in the ordered life. But if it becomes a fixed custom extending through long years, it clamps and binds: it does not give room for the inspirations: it checks growth: it affords no space for expansion. There should come a time in everyone's life when he stands on his own feet and moves under his own intuitions—a time when the voice of outward authority becomes secondary to the authority of the Inner Voice.

It is perhaps true that this idea of self-determinism as the chief fact in education could not be carried out by the friars—perhaps these Indians had to be dependent on external authority. And it does not seem that the discipline was too severe; although it may have seemed severe to the Indians accustomed to a life made up largely of indolence and improvidence. They were required to put in only six hours of work in winter and seven hours in summer; and this was long before the eight-hour day was heard of or even thought of.

The Decline of the Missions

Only sixty-three years were granted by the Fates for this remarkable experiment in primitive education. By 1821, Mexico had revolted against Spain and set up an independent government. The Franciscans in the northern Missions, far from the turmoil of battle, kept their allegiance to the Spanish crown. Mexico, jealous of this allegiance, began to talk of dispossessing the Franciscans and of turning the lands and flocks over to the Indians.

This was the first step in what is known as the Secularization of the Missions, a project that was urged on, it was said, by Mexico because she had an itching desire to get her hand upon the rich Pious Fund, whose income was flowing to them. So she claimed that the Indians needed to have their " freedom."

Since the Mission Indians raised nearly all the farm produce of the new province, and carried on nearly all the manufacturing, and as there was doubt whether the Indians would lift a hand to work if the influences of the friars were removed, the civil authorities did not issue the final decree of dismemberment till 1833. But as soon as the high sign was given, the Mission properties began to be rich pluck-ing for hungry officials. Of course some of the Indians were granted land and stock, but they soon lost these possessions through their ignorance, indolence and passion for gambling.

Some of the friars stayed on to the end of life, doing what they could for the Indians; others retreated to far-off monasteries. The Indians, knowing now neither the savage nor the civilized life, frequently became more debased in this second state than they had been in their first brutishness; and they died under the harrow of progress or they retired to little rancherias or to reservations, where their descendants still retain an ever-weakening hold upon existence.

The Remains of the Missions

Now the remains of the Mission buildings are among the wistful curiosities of California.

There is a road that runs from Mission to Mission: it is *El Camino Real,* the king's highway, which ran from Dolores to San Diego in the old days. It is the road that Serra traveled, again and again, the road that he and his fraters kept plainly marked by flinging mustard seed from side to side as they traveled it, for by this device they had a trail that was ever bordered by yellow blossoms, shoulder-high.

The names of these missions have soft, silver cadences, and they commemorate illustrious saints in the hierarchy of heaven. Indeed, this can be said of a host of our Californian names: hence, we find Dr. Charles Gayley saying of them in a little poem:

"To name them is to pray;
For their names fulfill the chorus
Of a thousand saints that o'er us
Swing their censers night and day."

But the memories of them are still in many hearts, and at times the traveler can hear the Angelus still sounding from some broken belfry of the old days. Bret Harte heard the sounds, and they grew into a song:

"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance!

"I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
Girdle the heathen land.

"Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

"Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

"Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

"O solemn bells, whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinkling bells that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

"Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!"

CHAPTER VII

THE TWO MOST IMPOSING OF THE MISSION REMAINS

AND now let us turn for brief glimpses at our two finest remains from the Mission era—the one at San Juan Capistrano and the one at San Luis Rey. These still express in some perfection the highest ideal of the mission architecture.

The mission architecture everywhere followed the Spanish-Moorish type—one-story buildings ranged about a rectangular open court, the rooms being surrounded by a corridor rising from massive arches. Occupying one corner of the court, stood the cathedral or chapel, which was built of stone quarried out of the neighboring hills. The walls of the cathedral were frequently five feet thick, and the structure was dimly lighted by small, square windows high up the sides, placed high perhaps as a safeguard against the attacks of unfriendly savages.

The mission San Juan Capistrano (named in honor of a warrior-saint of the Crusades) was perhaps the most magnificent of the missions—the one most nearly approaching the Franciscan ideal. The span of this stone church was ninety by one hundred eighty feet. It was in the form of a Latin cross, and carried seven superb domes, eighty feet from ceiling to floor, the foremost dome being surmounted by a massive tower. The five-foot walls were built of irregular stones held in place by cement. The inner arches and cornices were made of soft sandstone. Inside the cathedral were the five deep arches of the roof, the hollowed niches for the statuary, the receding panels of the walls. Four of the ancient bells still hang in place.

In the book of deaths which lies beside the book of marriages and the book of baptisms in the little library, you may read the tragedy of the ruin of the church. Six years after its consecration, an earthquake one Sunday morning hurled the Roman tower down upon the front dome, and both fell crashing into the church, killing forty communicants, mostly Indians. And there on the floor still lies the heap of rock and clay, perhaps undisturbed since before the battle of Waterloo. The old altar still stands. High above it on the ledges and crannies of the broken roof the swallows build in the delicate air. Tufts of wild tobacco flare insolently from the hundred crevices in the crumbling walls.

Leaving the old church, you come upon the court in and near which went on the work-a-day life in the mission. All about this pillared court runs a portico whose roof made a promenade, affording a survey of the country for miles around. At Capistrano, the front of the rectangle adjoining the church made the apartments of the padres. These rooms were mere cells with floors of colored clay, each cell containing a narrow bed, with a stretched hide for a mattress, and a mission blanket for a covering. Passing down the front of this rectangle of buildings, you come to the guest rooms and the library.

Missions, by the way, were in their time the only taverns in California, and friend or foe might bide and break bread in them at his own desire. It was esteemed a discourtesy to pass without dismounting; and, in the first pastoral days, a handful of unreckoned silver was always left in the guest's chamber to relieve his need if his purse was light. A fresh horse, too, always waited exchange for his jaded one.

Next to the library came the quarters of the unmarried overseers and soldiers. Rounding the corner and going down the sides, you come to the shops where smiths, cobblers, chandlers, carpenters and coopers plied their crafts and taught the redskinned apprentices—all working together on clear days in the open square.

About the southeast corner were the women's quarters, where the wool was carded, spun and woven, where the clothing was made, and where, under charge of a trusty matron, the Indian maidens were kept secluded until their early marriage. The rooms along the rear were for the mission produce—beans, peas, tallow, soap, wine. The granary was around the next and last corner; and adjoining it was a small, dark room used for a donjon. The dining-room joined the church buildings. A walled garden, into which no woman might ever step, was near the padres' apartments. Here under these tall palms, beside a murmuring fountain, the friars could retire into silence to meditate and to pray.

The Daily Life in the Mission

They built these walls with rude tools, and with no skill save only that which springs from heart's desire. The women and children dug the clay and fetched it in their reed and willow burden baskets. Then came the making of the bricks, the tiles and the adobes. The kneading of the clay with the wild-oat straw, the mixing being done by barefoot Indians dancing and singing in the long troughs—this was the first process, followed by the slow baking in the rude kilns or in the hot beat of the coppery sun. There were the cutting and the carrying of the rushes for lathwork fastened by leathern thongs. There were also the long expeditions to the far mountains to fell trees for beam and rafter; and there were swift home-comings with the unwieldy timbers. Ceremoniously blessed by a padre in the forest, the timbers, one by one, were lifted to the patient backs of a line of Indians and transferred from relay to relay; the timbers were not allowed to touch the earth until deposited on the mission grounds.

It was years before the buildings were completed—cathedral, court and corridors—years before the mountain waters were led in aqueducts to fountain and field—years before the orchards and ranchos were set apart by cactus hedges and adobe walls spiked with crooked cattle-horns.

At each mission the neophytes were numbered by hundreds. Punctuality, order and industry were virtues sorely needed by the Indians, hitherto as irresponsible as squirrels; so a system of signals and bells regulated the movements of the day. The morning Angelus summoned high and low to rise and pass to prayers. After this came breakfast, each neophyte bringing his close-woven basket for his portion of *atole* or parched barley mush. Bells then summoned all to their work—the artisans to their shops, the herders and tillers to the fields, the women to their cloth and basket weaving; the alcalde of each department giving his orders in semi-military style, the major-domo watching over the little industrial monarchy. At eleven, bells rang for a dinner of mutton, beef and succotash. At two, labor was resumed until the peal of the evening Angelus. There was an early supper of maize; and later on there were vespers in the chapel.

Churchly decorum was enforced by beadles, and the women sat apart from the men after the fashion of the Plymouth meeting houses of that day. The Indians proved to be quite skillful in church music, and travelers speak with praise of the old Gregorian chants by the young barbarians who made their own instruments and copied their own score upon sheepskin pages, printed in notation visible across the chapel.

So perhaps the greatest legacy left by the Franciscans is their chain of stone and adobe buildings, noble even in their ruins. "One large and several smaller things, bound well together—a monarch with a lovely train—this makes a harmony in architecture," says Ruskin. And here, at every mission in the pastoral solitudes, the cathedral rises in austere dignity with an attendant group of minor buildings carrying on the cathedral lines.

Beautiful and harmonious is this architecture, built of humble materials, shaped with rude tools or patient handicraft, all planned in loving sincerity by unskilled builders who had joy and faith in their work. It has the fine harmony that springs from the seizure of the simple means at hand, and from the echo of form to use. Ornamentation was not often attempted, but, huge and bluff, every building was in daily use, and with proper care would have stood far into the centuries. These buildings have also the beauty that rises from adaptation to environment. Balanced, unified, symmetrical, crowning gentle mesa or valley slope, they are of the never-failing proportions that seem to multiply and melt into the mystery of the changeable hills beyond—hills sometimes tawny and soft as deerskin, sometimes rich in color as the burnt summer hues of Persian praying rugs, sometimes irised like the rosy lilac of the wild dove's breast. Built of the earth, these old structures seem at times as if not made by man, but by Nature. For they repeat in long stretches and long swells the contours of the girdling hills about them, and give back their color-tones of buff and dun and tan and warm purple and rusty red. Indeed, under the wizarding of the night they seem as if they had dreamed over the dim fields since antiquity, even as the Sphinx has brooded for centuries over the gray sands of Libya.

Now Comes San Luis Rey

San Juan Capistrano has its ardent votaries, those who think it the loveliest of all the Missions; but there are those who declare that old San Luis Rey is even more sumptuously beautiful. This is the Mission that comes next to San Juan as you journey into the south. It stands four miles from Oceanside, up toward the hills; and it rises with noble massing and mellow coloring upon a slight elevation in the center of a lovely valley opening toward the west.

The old church (still standing) extends backward one-hundred-fifty feet, affording a stately approach to the altars in the rear. The superb arcade that once sheltered the living rooms along the front of the court has vanished with the straw huts of the Indians that stood facing it from the other side of the road. But the fine arches of the corridor still hold their ground against the invading years.

The outer stairway ascending to the four-square tower was, when I saw it, worn into hollows by the chafing of thousands of footsteps. I hear that the stair is now walled away and that the tower is packed with clay. One bell only, green with age and with a cross imprinted upon it, survives. In the beginning there were eight bells that sounded their evangel to the sky; and they were said to be the sweetest in the two Californias, having gold and silver mixed with their metal—molten ornaments that were the gifts of Andalusian ladies, who in the old days wished in this manner to speak to the Indians by the far Sea of Peace.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PASTORAL ERA FROM THE PADRES TO THE GOLD-SEEKERS

THE Franciscan friars, concerned more for the salvation and moral safety of the Indians than for the settlement of the province of California, did not encourage the incoming of settlers to the pueblos and to the ranchos.

However, in 1824-1828, Mexico (she now being the mother-country) passed laws granting to each settler the right to take eleven square leagues of land; and as a consequence the plains and valleys were soon beginning to be dotted with pleasant *haciendas.* By 1840 there were at least six hundred of these ranchos, or grants of lands.

A Glimpse of Arcady

Had there ever before been such an epoch since the light of the Golden Age faded from the hills and valleys of earth? There was everywhere a sense of leisure, of plenty, of a large serenity. Colonists had crept slowly into the new land, and they were as deeply sequestered as though they were on some island in the lone sea; and this fact seemed to suppress the customary jealousy of men and to draw them all into a little kingdom of friends. There were stately homes in that Arcady; yes, and lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen and troops of little children.

There was a touch at least of the divine comradery in the hearts of that evolving people. We are told that the chance traveler stopping overnight at some friendly house on the highway was charged nothing for entertainment. Instead of a charge, he would find in his bed-chamber a plate of money, from which he was free to help himself for his future needs. It was a time when there was a friendly look on all faces, when men took life with a lightsome and joyous spirit that may never come again—never until the world rounds into her lost youth and we have the world for which the hopes of the heart are waiting.

Those early Spanish days in California were days when no door needed to be locked, although the householder (in the absence of commercial banks) kept his gold uncounted in open pails in some upper chamber. That was not the day of bulky ledgers: the cattle-man tried to avoid all books of accounts: he didn't want the burden of them. So, when selling his steers and heifers, he took a coin for each one as it trotted out of the corral—and the transaction was ended. There was no need of lawyers; nor any need of the labyrinthine law erected with so much labor by modern civilization. Those Arcadian Spaniards were content with an alcalde (doubtless a descendant of the Arabian vizier) who was something of an autocrat and who dealt out justice in a direct, parental way.

Those old Spanish homes were simple structures of one or two stories, built about the open inner square that constituted the living-room of all the household. Let Helen Hunt Jackson light up the picture with her pen:

> "The house was made of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on the three sides of the inner court, and a still broader one across the entire front, which looked to the south. These verandas, especially those on the inner court, were supplementary rooms to the house. The greater part of the family life went on in them.

Nobody stayed inside the walls, except when it was necessary. All the kitchen work, except the actual cooking, was done here, in front of the kitchen doors and windows. Babies slept, were washed, sat in the dirt, and played on the veranda. The women said their prayers, took their naps, and wove their lace there. Old Juanita shelled her beans there, and threw the pods down on the tile floor, till toward night they were sometimes piled up high around her, like corn-husks at a husking. The herdsmen and shepherds smoked there, lounged there, trained their dogs there; there the young made love, and the old dozed."

Pride of the Señors and Señoritas

But certain phases of this Spanish life in the province of California were touched by some of the common frailties of man. Gambling was a common vice whose false excitement flushed many a day and night. Too often the ranchero spent time at the green of the gaming table that he might better have spent on the green of his fields.

The province had always been forbidden to trade with any other ships than those of Mexico; wherefore, there had now and then been some smuggling in order to be sure of getting necessities and luxuries. In this way silks and satins, limes and spices, as well as fine furniture and dishes, found a quiet way into the " open " ports of California. And in this way all ladies of fortune had their rich dresses and mantillas for gala days; but when they went to church they must forsooth set a good example of humility, so they wore plain dark dresses and shawls in order to join in a brief democracy with the serving-women at their sides.

But in what follows it will be seen that there were many days when the satin shoe and the high comb came out of their hiding to add to the glory of the silken gown. For the Spaniards, both men and women, were a proud and showy people. Indeed, they did not seem to live for business: they seemed to live chiefly for pleasure and spectacle.* Take this brief sketch of the old days in Los Angeles from the pen of Samuel D. Woods, who as a youth saw this life in the '40's:

"The young Spaniard and Mexican was proud. His outlook upon life was unmarred by commerce or care. Business to him was a means, not a pursuit; his possessions, the means from which he derived his pleasures. The tireless energy of these days had not touched his spirit. Romance was the wine of his life, and when necessity drove him to trade, he exhibited no modern thirst for dollars. Personally he was in form and apparel a fascinating figure, and, except when under the sway of hot passions, smiling and debonair. He was fit to be a model for the sculptor, a character for the novelist, and to the painter an inspiration. In manner he was full of courtesy.

"The señorita—who can hope to describe her with her exquisite grace of form and delicacy of feature? Her step was as light as the fawn's; her eyes, dreamy with the joy of life. Her coquettish joyousness was the despair of lovers. In her moods she was a riddle; and, when she chose to be, she was as evanescent as the lights and shades of dawn. Music to her was the breath of life, and without it she was in despair. She was too sweet for vanity. She robed herself in fine linen and laces because they were delicate. She was a fashion unto herself, and no Parisian modiste could add to her adornments. A white gown, a delicate rebosa of lace, a rose in her hair, made her a dream of sweetness and grace. She was a fascinating creature, and could it be wondered that men, made mad by her beauty, fought sometimes to the death? * * *

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* Here comes in an old problem: is pleasure-hunting an evil thing? Assuredly it is not an evil: it becomes an evil only when it is made *the all of life,* when it blots out the serious purpose of our existence, *when it deadens the nobilities.* To live a life of *mere* pleasure-hunting (especially in this needy world) is to sink into the darkness of the self-life, the darkness of the diabolical.

"There are splendor and beauty in the great city that has displaced the little pueblo of long ago. The dead past has buried its dead, but, with the passing, much that was fragrant and beautiful and sweet beyond expression has passed away forever." *

The Bull-Fight

This is one phase of the picture of those times. But, alas! I am forced to record the fact that the crown of Spanish joy seems to have been the bull-fight. But bull-fighting in those old Californian days was sometimes pushed aside for the still more exciting spectacle of bull-and-bear fighting. On one occasion two bears and twelve bulls were rushed into the arena; unhappily, four men were killed.

Look on one scene. The hour arrives for the brutal sport. The bear, with polished black claws and shining ivory fangs, is ignominiously prodded out of his cage into the ring, his small eyes burning with rage, his surly temper roused to the uttermost fury by stinging darts and pebbles hurled at his shoulders. To meet the harassed beast, the bull, of a lean, lank fighting stock, with long dagger-pointed horns, is also prodded from his corral into the arena of battle. His pent-up anger surges out in hollow bellowings and in fierce pawings up of the earth. It is all a splendid threat, a brazen challenge, as the bear rises on his hind legs, shakes himself, opens his grim arms, utters a huge, carnivorous growl and waits. The bull stiffens his neck, his eyes glare and his back arches: sword-pointed horns are rushing upon defiant claws and teeth. There is a deadly impact, a rending of flesh, spurts of blood, followed by the mad cheers of the audience drinking in the battle. Suddenly now vaqueros dash into the arena, lasso the victor and the vanquished and drag them both away. Thus the beast in man is satisfied for a time by an exhibition of the bestial.

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* From "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast," a volume filled with entertaining facts and picturesque details, by the Hon. Samuel D. Woods, the old-time friend and teacher of my early boyhood.

The Romance of the Cattle Ranges

Cattle-raising was the chief industry of Spanish California. Some of the hills were alive with herds and flocks; and as these were cared for chiefly by horsemen, well-nigh every early Californian was a rider, and he mounted a horse if he had only a hundred steps to go. Even children in their tender years were taught to ride the horses.

Beef was the staple food of every household; but, after taking from the herd the cattle useful as food, the rest were valuable only for their hides and tallow. A passer-by if hungry was at liberty to slaughter a yearling and eat his fill, providing the hide was left behind. Indeed, the cattle grew so numerous that they were often killed by running them over cliffs, skinning them afterward on the beach below and giving their carcasses to the waves. The tallow was saved and tried out in great vats; then poured into holes in the sand or clay and left to harden; and finally it was sewed into skins ready for shipping. Horses were also abundant—so abundant that a traveler was free at any time to exchange his jaded horse for a fresh one taken out of any roving band.

These flocks and herds of the many ranchos mingled together on the hills; so at stated times (usually once a year) the owners, or *rancheros*, of each locality went out with their vaqueros into the ranges roundabout and drove in all loose and wandering cattle to some central valley or plain, in order that each *ranchero* might brand the calves of his herd. This was called the rodeo, or round-up, of the cattle; and it constituted one of the exciting events of the year: there was nothing more picturesque in the many spectacles of the Far West.

In my boyhood, cattle-raising ran almost neck and neck with grain-raising. In my secluded little valley in the Suisun Hills, the rodeo was the most exhilarating spectacle in the round year. I well remember that some time in the spring or the summer, word would go flying from lip to lip that the cattle-king of our meridian had fixed upon a certain week for the great event. Early on the first morning of the appointed week I vaulted into my saddle (for I was the young vaquero of my mother's cattle-range) and I was soon ascending the ridges above the canyons to the heads of the streams in the far hills, where the cattle loved to gather and graze in the sheltered hollows.

Frequently on the way I would fall in with some comrade of the ranges bent upon the same business, and we would go on together in quest of hoofed and horned adventure. Wherever we found cows or steers or heifers we started them down the canyons toward the little valley with the lake in the heart of it. The cattle might be grazing on the hillside or they might be lying down at their ease under shady trees, or in the high cool oats in some happy covert. But our advent was the end of their idle roamings and ruminations. Seeing our whirling lassos and hearing our loud halloos, they were soon flying before us down the long canyons, crashing through the tall mustard, scattering the manzanita berries, startling the quails in their hiding-places, skirting the buckeye groves and setting a thousand boughs astir. I fancy that the fleeing cattle enjoyed it all as much as the young vaqueros on their snorting, smoking mustangs.

A Rodeo of the Older Days

Thus it was in my romantic youth; yet the rodeo had certain unique features in the early pastoral era when the temperamental Spaniards, wearing their many-colored costume, made the round-up a yearly pageant in all our hills and valleys. Imagine the spectacle. First there was the judge of the plains, a man elected to his office and armed with certain autocratic powers. This functionary sent out the call for the rodeo week; and at the appointed hour from every rancho galloped forth the vaqueros in their scarlet and golden raiment. Here were pomp and circumstance that were kindred to the ostentation of Don Quixote.

Alas, I must put into cold, sober prose this lyric flourish. Even the saddle perched upon the snorting mustang deserves the poet's pen: it was a creation as graceful as a violin. The neck of its pommel had the long delicate curve of the neck of the Arabian steed; and the lasso or lariat coiled upon the pommel (and sometimes blessed by the padre) was a long rawhide rope, dressed like a glove, braided like a lady's hair, tough as steel, yet pliable as rubber.

Astride of this swanlike saddle sat the vaquero like a cavalier, his head shaded by a huge sombrero. He wore a tight-fitting buckskin jacket, long side-laced pantaloons, or else short breeches ending in high leather boots and Chilean spurs with rowels two inches long. A gay kerchief was tied loosely around his neck; while a crimson sash enzoned the waist, its long ends floating to the morning breeze. The saddle made a creaking sound at each step of the mustang, and the long *tapaderos* that covered the stirrups not only protected the feet from entanglement, but they also reached down their long points, disturbing the grasses and flower-bells as the horseman went upon his way.

Over the valleys, up the long ridges and down the echoing canyons swept the gallant vaqueros on the day of the great event, with many a dark-eyed señorita gazing at them from her vine-clad porch or peering from her latticed window. Each rider sat slim and erect upon his skittish mustang, his saddle cinched tightly, his coiled lariat circling his saddle-horn, his bridle-chains holding continual parley, his silver spurs jingling and gleaming.

These vaqueros coming in from all the ranchos of a region were converging to some rallying ground appointed by the judge of the plains; and as they swept along on their ever-narrowing circle they drove before them all the straying horses and cattle found upon their paths.

After reaching the central place appointed (usually a spacious valley) the master of the rodeo sent out the vaqueros in a hundred radii extending in all directions toward the far rim of that region of ranges. As though performing the evolutions of some mighty dance, they galloped away from center to circumference. After reaching the rim of the great circle, they would sometimes wait to hear the crack of a gun as a signal to gallop back, exploring every mile of territory and driving in the wandered bands. One by one the groups would come in, the thundering of the hoofs and the neighings and the bellowings and the bells making tempestuous uproar on the roads.

All these collected bands made an immense multitude in the valley. And there they were detained and herded by the vaqueros, who took turns in gathering around the monster camp-fire for a season of rest and refreshment, frolicking and feasting. For the barbecue had already been made ready for the hungry men. A pit ten or fifteen feet long had been dug and lined with stones heated hot in beds of glowing coals; and beeves had been suspended on huge iron skewers across this red-hot hollow. Here the ruddy-faced, strong-armed cook had stood all night, turning the huge spit over and over till the desired shade of brown and the well-known aroma announced to all that the feast of the plains was ready.

Finally, however, the captain announced the real business of branding and counting. Each owner was on hand to claim the calves that followed his cows; and the branding-iron men were there with his branding iron ready to brand his calves as fast as they happened to be lassoed, head and heels, and stretched out upon the ground. As soon as a calf or a colt was branded it was hurried off the ground, forever afterward to bear the owner's hieroglyph; sometimes the initial of the family name, sometimes a cryptic character of unknown significance.

These maneuvers lasted a week at times, the herdsmen camping in the valley at night. As the stars dropped into the sky, one by one, a few vaqueros were detailed to parole the *parada* in order to guard the cattle; while the rest of the company circled about the camp-fire, using their saddles for pillows, and listened to the playing of the mandolin, the singing of folk-songs and the telling of stories.

CHAPTER IX

CALIFORNIA ON THE HINGE OF CHANGE

THE Spaniards, and the Mexicans after them, were bent upon keeping all foreigners out of California. So the Russians, that pushed in at Bodaga Bay and built a fort, spread consternation up and down the coast. They spread an equal joy when in 1841 they abandoned the fort, leaving the territory forever.

Sutter in Sacramento Valley

About the time the Russians were abandoning their fort on the north coast, there appeared in the Sacramento Valley a man whose work was destined to throw a long shadow upon the history of California. I refer to Johann August Sutter, a German, a man who loved to wander. He built, on the present site of Sacramento City, the famous structure known as Sutter's Fort.

Whispers of California were going out over the world; so immigrant trains began in the '40's to find their slow and difficult way into the new land. The fort stood directly in the path of travel from the Missouri and the Willamette trails—one from the east and one from the north; therefore, it was the goal of many immigrants, the rendezvous that gave help and comfort and a certain home-feeling to the newcomers, most or all of whom made their homes as "squatters" upon the Sutter grant.

With the first overland train came a notable man, John Bidwell, who became Sutter's first lieutenant and who rose to be a commanding figure in the history of California.

The Iliad of the Immigrants

But the Bidwell train was only the beginning of the epics of the Overland Trail. Many of them will never be known, but there are a certain few which cling to the memory of the world because of their pity and terror. I heard one of these tragic stories told frequently in my young boyhood; and thousands of times has it been told in half whispers in mountain cabins, when the wind was wailing eerily down the pine-watched canyons—told also in hushed cottages in the great valleys, during the long evenings when the world was whitening with mysterious mist blowing inward from the sea. This was the story of the Donner Party, the Iliad of the immigrants.

The Donner family (persons of fine culture and ample means) were going into the new land to open a school and establish a store. They and the rest were unusually harmonious and happy till they reached Utah. Then happened one of those chances that carry fate. It was decided by some of the wagons to take a cut-off, which a babbler had proclaimed would save eight hundred miles. The greater number of the train kept to the regular traveled road, and reached California in safety; but eighty-three persons (mostly the Donners, the Reeds and their friends and relatives) swerved from the main body, taking the supposed shorter route to the south of Salt Lake.

This newly-chosen road proved to be an obscure trail; and the cattle were exhausted with their desperate struggle by the time they reached the alkali desert in Nevada. Food also was growing ominously scarce: the supply could not last long. This sent a new terror on the far wanderers, at the edge of winter, on an untried road in a strange land. After a council two volunteers pushed on ahead to seek for help from Sutter's Fort. And here I wish to record the name of Charles T. Stanton, the name of the heroic volunteer who made his difficult way to safety, and yet was moved by humanity to return with the guides to give further help to his comrades locked up in the awful cold and desolation of the Sierras.

Soon the roads were all blocked; so the weary travelers abandoned their wagons, packed their animals as heavily as possible and pushed on. But the ever-falling snows obliterated every vestige of the trails; and in one terrific night they buried all the cattle and soon buried pines and spruces up to their first branches. Certain branches chopped off for fuel show the snow to have been twenty-two feet deep. The intrepid guides who had come to the rescue of the party were also caught in this awful coil of circumstance.

Here was the little company in their last desperate camp, pitched near what is now known as Donner Lake, and here for four months death and sorrow were the only sentinels. Each family dug out for themselves a cavern-cabin in the deep snow. The food was doled out; it ran low; then . . . it was exhausted. Now with long poles the starving men began to probe into the snow, under shelter of the trees where the cattle had been wont to huddle, and sometimes a trace of blood showed where to dig for an ox. Even the hide was cooked and eaten.

The final party of rescue went out through almost fathomless snows, and they found one survivor in the Camp of Death, one who had kept his life as the vulture lives—a huge cripple with a coarse sensual countenance, a being that seemed half animal, half man, seated alone like a ghoul in a charnel house. He took a sort of fiendish satisfaction in his grim feasting, and the rescuers found it difficult to drag him from his den. No one of the creations of Victor Hugo's genius is more darkly terrible than this ogre of the mountains.

Thus the four long months in this tragic camp were ended. Only one-half of the snow-bound company ever passed over the Sierras to find the sunny valleys of California. The other half escaped out of this Malebolge of misery by the way of the Valley of the Shadow.

The Rise of a New Star

There was now, in the early '40's, a spirit of disquiet in the new province: everywhere there were bickerings and factions and a sense of smoldering insurrection. Many Spaniards were uneasy at Sutter's growing power east of the Coast Range, a power that was ever strengthening from its contact with the inflowing immigrant life. There was universal uneasiness: the inhabitants (fewer than ten thousand) were alienated in spirit from Mexico. There was no centralization, no effective unity.

It was clear that the psychological hour had arrived for something to happen. It seemed as though pent-up forces were about to explode, breaking California into a group of straggling and petty states, or else projecting her into the protective sphere of England or of the United States. Both of the countries were in the attitude of watchful waiting, hoping to get the prize.

In the midst of this social unrest, a new hero rose on the horizon: he was John C. Frémont, a gallant young Southerner, a surveyor and explorer, who rose into national fame because of his exploits in two or three historic expeditions into the vast, untraveled West. Frémont was destined to be the strong hand in the approaching revolution in the fortunes of California.

With about sixty armed men, Frémont arrived in California just before the outbreak of the Mexican War; and it seems likely that he had been sent to the coast with the purpose of having an alert American officer on the ground in case of a conflict with Mexico.

In July, 1846, the American squadron in the Pacific, now that the Mexican War was under way, steamed up the coast under orders to seize the Mexican forts, while " preserving the most friendly relations possible with the inhabitants." Two-hundred-fifty men were landed at Monterey: they raised over the custom-house the American flag, and nailed up a proclamation declaring California annexed to the United States. Within a few days the Stars and Stripes floated also over San Francisco, Sutter's Fort, Sonoma and Los Angeles.

For three-hundred years California had lain stretched out like a Titan woman asleep with her head upon her strong right arm. Now, as though touched by the sword of an angel, she suddenly sprang full awake upon her feet, ready for her new destinies.

Now the unexpected happened: something was discovered that changed the vibration of the world. A handful of yellow metal found in a ravine in Coloma swept all other happenings out of the thoughts of the men in the Far West. It was gold! And suddenly the word *gold* fulmined thunderously over all the continents, and soon the gold-seekers began to pour into California from all nations; and in 1850 she put a new star upon the Flag!

CHAPTER X

THE GOLD THAT DREW THE WORLD

IN the year 1848, our Captain Sutter needed a flour-mill: that need was the small lever, that, later, moved the world. Now, this need of a man caused James W. Marshall to rise upon the horizon of world events.

So the bargain was made: Marshall was to go up into the Sierra foothills and find a grove of pines at a point on some river that could float the lumber down to Sacramento. Thus would the flour-mill take form—also other buildings that existed in the dream of Sutter. A spot was chosen at Coloma on the south fork of the American River.

But there was a special obstacle: the mill-wheel rigged up by Marshall did not have a tail-race deep enough, so every night he let a big current of water rush through it to wash out more sand and gravel. One sparkling January morning Marshall, following his custom, went down to shut off this current of water and give directions for the day. As the water slowed down he saw a particle shining on a muddy stone. It was about half as big as a pea. Was it gold? He reached for it, bit it, hammered it: it was malleable. Yet it seemed to his eye too dead yellow for gold.

He strided back to the house where the men were at breakfast, and asked the wife of the foreman to try it in saleratus water to see if it would tarnish. She was making soap at the time, and plunged the bright particle into her lye-kettle. It came out as bright as ever.

And now Henry Bigler rises into our ken as a member of the working force and a writer of chronicles. He was an impressionist in orthography (a forerunner of our spelling reformers) and a realist in narration, as is shown by the following entry in his laconic journal: " January 24, 1848: this day some kind of mettle was found in the tailrace that looks like goald, first discovered by James Martial, the Boss of the Mill."

By March the California papers were telling the " secret "; and packets of the Coloma gold were being offered for sale in some of the ports. Then a sudden brain-storm swept the coast, and men of every calling began to rush for the gold mines. Newspapers were stopped; churches were emptied; stores were abandoned; ships were deserted by both crews and officers. No hope of reward and no fear of penalty made any contracts binding. Indeed, " the party of the first part " and " the party of the second part " were frequently off together, making rapid strides and far away. Those who stayed behind demanded and received soaring salaries, which compensated them a little for the gold they were losing!

He Filled the Coffers of the World

But how did things go with James W. Marshall? His story is one of the ironies of fate. The man who touched the spring that filled the coffers of the world got little or nothing for himself.

I knew Marshall for many years, and made several visits to his grim little cabin on the hillside above Coloma. It was a dingy hut, some twelve feet square, made of logs and picked-up lumber; and it was typical of thousands of miners' cabins scattered through the hills in the early days. The interior of the cabin had none of the home-touches a woman so often gives even to the rudest shack. In one corner was a cracked and greasy stove; at one wall was a grim, narrow bunk for sleeping; in the center was a grease-marked, melancholy table; and looking sadly on all the spectacle were three or four tottering and disheartened chairs. There were also one or two sad little windows that the dust darkened and the flies haunted.

Marshall spent his last years in the little scoop in the hills where he discovered gold. He had a large bony frame, stooped shoulders, a broad bearded face. His clothes, dingy and brown, hung loosely upon his body. He was " a drinking man," but not a drunkard as some writers have said. Yet he dealt in ceaseless volumes of vapory talk; and he could frequently be seen on the street of the little village, holding some neighbor with his glittering eye, gesticulating the while, and ending every other sentence with a meaningless, " You understand me? "

Yet it must be said of Marshall that he was good-natured and neighborly. I soon discovered that he was inclined to tamper with Spiritism, and this habit appears to have " rattled " his mind. He once loaned me a queer manuscript from his pen, which purported to be " a communication from spirits." On certain important pages of western history he is called " half spiritist and half Mormon." As a further light on this curious personality, I may say that he presented me with a strange volume on " Biblical Archeology," one that included an elaborate discourse on the Hierophants of Baalbek and Persepolis.

Thirty years or more after his discovery Marshall was found in his dark little cabin dead " in his boots," lying full-dressed on his barren bunk, his hat drawn over his eyes. Thus alone and in poverty died the man whose discovery had filled the coffers of all nations.

The Crash of Sutter's Dream

Nor did the discovery of gold and the coming of the locust multitude increase the final fortunes of John A. Sutter. He had dreamed of lording a little principality in a happy but sequestered valley; but the ancient quiet was being broken continually.

The feet of hurrying hosts were drifting by his doors. The Fort became a hotel and a saloon. A pinch of gold was the lowest medium of exchange; and men paid for the entertainment of a day what they would usually pay for the entertainment of a month. Here met high hope and grim despair: here came the eager seekers for fortune, touching elbows with the sick and disheartened who had tried and failed.

Sutter was bewildered by it all. Yet he felt that it somehow fit into the fabric of his checkered career: it was only one more part to play, this time a prince dispensing favors. For Sutter was one of those complex natures loving pomp and circumstance, yet able to be all things to all men. An aristocrat in feeling, he nevertheless boasted of coming from Switzerland, the oldest republic of the time; a soldier of the French army, he doted on the Empire; a Mexican alcalde, he flattered and evaded the Spanish authorities; a pioneer of pioneers, he yet avowed his love for Yankee institutions.

It is difficult to seize and pigeon-hole so shifting a personality; and the most careful investigation cannot decide whether self-appropriation or self-abnegation was the man's chief characteristic. Essentially Gallic in spirit, with Napoleon perhaps for a model, there seems to be in the character of this adventurous captain a suggestion of Tartarin de Tarascon. Always a picturesque figure with a certain grace born of force and culture, he was now the generous donor, now the smooth and smiling debtor, now the genial and generous host.

By a strange and mocking fortune none of the Coloma gold poured into his purse. The wheel of the Fates kept turning till he found his flocks stolen and slaughtered, his fields laid waste and even his lands wrested from him by some juggle of the law; and he died at last, robbed even of the niggardly pension that had been flung to him in his last years.

It is one of the strange dramas of our existence, the story of this man whose name was known on every immigrant trail and in every miner's camp—this man who had fed thousands and given them courage for the long way—this man whose Indian vassals went at his word to till his vast leagues of land or to guard his uncounted flocks and herds—this man who built a fort, who dreamed of founding a principality in the West and who staked out a city that afterward took form and became the capital of the commonwealth. And yet with all these dreams behind him he died in an obscure village in Pennsylvania, died unnoted and in poverty.

Mid-West Touched by the Wander-Spirit

The first call of the Far West was a call from Oregon; and that call was heard when, early in the nineteenth century, five Indian chiefs traveled out of Oregon, covering the long leagues to St. Louis in order to learn more about the white man's God.

Tidings now were continually coming from the lands by Balboa's Sea. In 1845 and after, "Frémont's Reports of Exploration" were being distributed over the nation. Everywhere in the Mid-West one could hear on almost any road long discussion of the new realms,

> "The talk of bearded men who chanced to meet,
> And leaned on long quaint rifles in the wood."

So we need not wonder that some of the fine spirits on the frontiers, thousands of them, were stirred by the wander-spirit when they heard this call of the Far West; and we can well believe that it was not long before the wheels of their ox wagons were creaking over the vast plains and snailing through the long canyons, many of them headed for the unknown land

> "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings."

The Sudden Call of the Gold Spirit

But a new and wilder call out of the Far West was about to shake the hearts of men. If in the years just before and after 1850 you had sailed in an airship over the planet, you would have everywhere looked down on the surface, beholding a spectacle that was new to human history. You would have beheld a ceaseless procession of caravans on land and a ceaseless procession of ships on sea, all heading for the shores of California. One word was singing in every traveler's brain—"gold, gold, gold!"

Never before, not even in the immemorial dispersion of the Aryans, nor in the medieval outpouring of the Crusaders across Europe, was there so spontaneous and so wide a convergence of humankind to a common center. They were all moving toward San Francisco; whence they would hasten up the Sacramento and out into the canyons of the Sierras—

going afoot, ahorse, in wagon, aboard boat—any way to reach the hills where fortune awaited them.

The world was full of wild rumors, and the Marco Polos of the time rose on the hour with misinformation.

Prentice Mulford tells us that cock-and-bull stories led many to believe that the Californian Indians stood ready to hand out gold and furs for guns and brass rings: also that miners might be chased by alligators on the Sacramento River! An example of one of the milder sort of circulars given to the four winds in that era may be found in a faded old pamphlet issued in New Haven, in January, 1849, by one Elmer Roberts, who proclaims himself the head of The Joint-Stock Mutual Insurance and Merchandising Company. He warns us against the Horn and Isthmus routes, and he recommends the Overland Trail. He seems to combine Yankee thrift with a spirit of prophecy; and he begins with this rosy dithyramb:

" It would seem as if Providence designs to humble the pride of man by now bringing within the reach of all the article [gold] whose [unequal] distribution has been the cause of lifting one man above another." And now in a true Henry Jamesian sentence, one that twists and turns in its elaborate evolutions, our genial Roberts swings on toward his climax:

" At a time like the present, when the public mind is turning with intense interest toward a region of land whence treasures, adequate for the wants and open for the appropriation of all, are presented, any intelligence which puts those who feel interested to avail themselves of the golden advantages which nature is so richly developing cannot but possess the character of a public benefaction. And, since the existence of an El Dorado capable of enriching to their hearts' content all to whom its golden sands are accessible is no longer a problem, it is especially grateful to those contemplating migration thither to be advised of a safe, feasible and expeditious route by which they can reach this land of promise, which will put them in possession of a sublime country, a salubrious climate and the most fertile land and richest mines in the world."

CHAPTER XI

THE EPIC OF THE OVERLAND TRAIL

MANKIND was now shaken in a way they had not been stirred since the caravels of Columbus dared the unknown sea and opened to men the doors of a new world. And the gold-seekers were pressing into the new El Dorado by three routes —one going directly across the continent to California, one circling around South America by way of the Horn and one cutting in between these by way of Panama.

The story of those days of 1849 and after can be told only in broken sketches: it was for us the movement of a continent. Those that went overland were accustomed to meet in the neighborhood of Independence, Missouri; for, in order to be safe against the attacks of Indians, it was necessary to have at least forty wagons in a train. The tribes of the plains—the Pawnees, the Sioux and the Arapahoes—were alarmed and bewildered by these wagon trains breaking the ancient silence of their realm. They believed that they were about to be swept away from their graves and their hunting-grounds.

So travelers tell us that by April, 1849, the shores of the Missouri were mushroomed with tents and covered "prairie schooners," waiting to join trains and waiting also for the grass to be high enough to feed their cattle on the broad expanses of the Plains. A little later, train after train took form and departed from the frontiers of civilization; and it was not long before the trail from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Laramie at the foot of the Rockies was one long but broken line of ox wagons and mule wagons. Some of the emigrants settled in the rich meadows of the Nebraska (the Platte) but others pushed forward, drawn by the lure of the El Dorado beyond the setting sun.

Some of the Happenings on the Way

In setting out upon the long trail, some man was elected captain, and usually his word was law. Ten to twenty miles was an ordinary day's travel of a train. The men walked; and some of the children, helping to drive the loose cattle, walked nearly all the way. A number of young men were selected to ride as scouts ahead, to trace the road and to find river fords, also to secure game and to find watered places for camping.

Often have I heard my mother tell the story of her train, of which my father was the captain. As soon as a wayside well was reached at or about sundown, the captain would sound the shrill horn or bugle, a signal to those behind to hasten on to the camping-ground. One after one the wagons would creep in, forming a circle, leaving a goodly space inside for the women and children and the big blazing camp-fire. This circle of wagons formed a sort of breastwork, behind which the men could fire their guns when attacked by the Indians.

And now came two or more busy hours. The men unyoked their oxen or unhitched their mules and horses, and staked them out on the good pasture, while perhaps seven or eight armed men were appointed to guard them. It was rare indeed to find a train without its jew's-harp, its accordion and its violin. And, if a train was headed for California, well-nigh everybody was ready to whistle or to sing the tune of the time:

"I soon shall be in Frisco,
And then I'll look around;
And when I see the gold lumps there,
I'll pick them off the ground.

"O California,
That's the land for me:
I'm bound for San Francisco,
With my washbowl on my knee."

There were tragic happenings also, many of them. Cholera laid its heavy hand upon the earlier emigrant trains. Sometimes it ascended the Mississippi, from New Orleans, and overtook the emigrants as they were entering the wilderness. The early rains reinforced the plague, so that the first three hundred miles of the trail were marked by graves—graves now long obliterated and forgotten. Bayard Taylor tells us that in some instances "the sufferer was left to die alone by the roadside, while his panic-stricken companions pushed forward, vainly trusting to get beyond the influence of the epidemic."

Of course, an overland train was in constant peril from the Indians. It is a notable fact that in the first early months of overland travel they were not hostile, but looked on wonderingly. As the months wore on, however, the Indians began to attack, provoked doubtless by the folly and injustice of the emigrants. So the trainmen were ever on the alert: at night the camp was always guarded by armed pickets. For at any hour the Indians were likely to swoop down with wild whoops, discharge their arrows, stampede and steal the cattle and horses. Many a time my father and his men fought off the savages, sometimes in the day, sometimes in the dead of night.

There were other hardships on the plains of Nebraska and beyond. Frequently the wood was wet; frequently the water was scarce or muddy or brackish or poisonous. But worse than these perhaps was the

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"
From the painting by Leutze

The Discovery of Gold in California
From an old painting

fact that the plains, as far as the eye could reach, were frequently black with herds of buffaloes. As they advanced with the humps upon their backs, they seemed like the coming of the waves of a great sea, and they were indeed as irresistible as the rise of the tides. It was frequently necessary to start a prairie fire in order to turn their course and save the train.

If a company reached Salt Lake on the brink of the winter, they stayed over (if not foolhardy) till the fires of the new spring had quickened the grasses and melted the snows. For, whatever the season happened to be, the direst part of the long journey now stretched before the travelers; for they now had before them the Great Basin of the Valley of the Humboldt River, a basin that stretches from Salt Lake westward to the Sierra Nevada, a basin belted with sandy wastes and rugged mountain chains.

Many who entered this region in midsummer found the grass scarce and fast burning up in the scorching heat. Every train made all possible haste to cross this dreaded land, " a land that is lonelier than ruin." There is a story told of a man (he was a mixture of malice and cruelty) who set fire to the meadows of dry grass; and he did this, it was generally believed, for the sole purpose of blocking the progress of the travelers who were behind and who might otherwise overtake him. A posse of the emigrants on their fleetest horses pursued him and shot him from the saddle as he rode—" a fate scarcely equal to his deserts."

Nearing the Dreamed-of Goal

The train was now far out in the wilderness of the Great Basin: they were nearing the goal, and yet there were many long leagues ahead of the creaking wheels and the weary feet. They made slow progress along the valley of the Humboldt River. This is one of the strange streams of the world: it lies entirely within the Great Basin, a mighty region that sends none of its waters to the sea but hides them away in the sands, especially in the sands of the Humboldt Sink, where they fade mysteriously into the earth and—the unknown.

Here the weary emigrants plunged on into the Carson Desert, " forty miles of bottomless sand," a region that afterward grew white with the bones of oxen and horses, and was also strewn with old wagon tires, fragments of log-chains, sad wrecks of shattered vehicles. They were all silent and sad memorials of the struggles of brave men with the deserts and the storms. The desert has become a prodigious graveyard, a huge hieroglyph of the days that are no more.

But all emigrants climbed into a region of luxuriant grass and abundant game as soon as they reached the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. Still the dangers were not over for them; for there was also the chance of a deep snowfall at the end of the year, and there were always the cliff-hung canyons to cross at all times of the year. It is a long way over the mountains. The ascent is swift on the eastern slope, while on the western side there is a stretch of a hundred miles before the rocky ridges melt away into the Sacramento Valley.

Thirty miles of this descent of the Sierra to the west are a network of canyons and ridges, rendered almost impassable by streams and high cliffs of naked rock. The rivers wind through the bottoms of dark chasms. The Sierras at times have a strange and awful beauty. How did the emigrants in those early days make their way over these precipices and naked cliffs? They were frequently obliged to unyoke the oxen and lower the wagons with long ropes. Where the descent was less precipitous, the wheels were all locked, and sometimes wrapped with chains; then a small pine was cut down and the butt-end lashed to the axle-tree, leaving the branching top to drag on the earth.

Poets Try to Tell It in Verse

Scarce a family, and surely not a village, in the Mid-West, but had some representative out upon the Overland Trail. Hundreds of home letters and thousands of printed pages, prose and verse, have tried to tell the story. Here is a chance bit from the poet-pen of James Oppenheim:

> "Daylong the red and rolling prairies stretch
> Under the cruel circle of the sky.
> Up from the East the swollen copper sun
> Lifts through a copper smoke, and the burnt air
> Palpitates, and up and over the hillocks
> The long white line of our schooner-wagons
> That creeps like a worm from one huge sky-cocoon
> Into another."

In the early '50's, soon after the great discovery, the parents of Joaquin Miller, with their son, soon to become an illustrious poet, crept in an ox-train over the long trail; and in his poem, "Exodus for Oregon," he paints it all in fine sweeping strokes and in warm flushes of color.

> "The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
> The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
> Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
> And iron chain; and lo! at last the whole
> Vast line, that reached as if to touch the goal,
> Began to stretch and stream away and wind
> Toward the west, as if with one control;
> Then hope loomed fair, and home lay far behind;
> Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

"At first the way lay green and fresh as seas,
And far away as any reach of wave;
The sunny streams went by in belt of trees;
And here and there the tasseled tawny brave
Swept by on horse, looked back, stretched forth and gave
A yell of warn, and then did wheel and rein
Awhile, and point away, dark-browed and grave,
Into the far and dim and distant plain
With signs and prophecies, and then plunged on again.

"Some hills at last began to lift and break;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The somber plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretched its naked breast on every side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts; cattle lowed and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,
And left a long black serpent line of wreck and dead.

"Strange hungered birds, black-winged and still as death,
And crowned of red with hookéd beaks, blew low
And close about, till we could touch their breath—
Strange unnamed birds, that seemed to come and go
In circles now, and now direct and slow,
Continual, yet never touch the earth;
Slim foxes slid and shuttled to and fro
At times across the dusty weary dearth
Of life, looked back, then sank like crickets in a hearth.

"Then dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out of riven earth. The wheels went groaning by,
Ten thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and filled the train!
It seemed to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.

"They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and faintly called across the lands.

The babes, that knew not what this way through sands
Could mean, did ask if it would end to-day . . .
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
To pools beyond. The men looked far away,
And, silent, saw that all a boundless desert lay.

"They rose by night; they struggled on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their despair,
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
May man have strength to give you your due;
You faltered not, nor murmured anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning hell your double burdens through."*

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* From "Joaquin Miller's Poems," in 6 volumes: Whittaker-Ray and Wiggin Co., San Francisco.

CHAPTER XII

THE FORTY-NINE KINDS OF FORTUNE IN '49 *

I

THE Fall of 1848 saw six thousand men mining in the foothills of the Sierras. But 1849, the banner year of emigration, beheld the inrush of one-hundred-thousand newcomers: about twenty thousand were foreigners, the rest were Americans. Seventy-five thousand of these were soon at work in the gold gulches, while the rest were catering to the gold-seekers.

Men could make money outside of the gulches. Wood-choppers got $40 a cord for wood; managers of pack-trains were paid $3,000 a month. Boarding-houses, with canvas-covered booth for dining hall, long logs for seats, and long dismal tiers of bunks for beds, made good profit, charging $150 a week for board and lodging.

Settlements began to spring into existence along the tracks of travel; and earlier settlements took on a sudden magnitude. In the spring of '49 San Francisco contained barely fifty houses, some wooden and some adobe. But, when Fall had hushed the woods, these had multiplied into five hundred tents and cabins, straggling all the way from the waterfront at Montgomery Street up to Telegraph Hill and to Russian Hill.

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* The '49 here must be taken to mean more than a year: it signifies an era. The chapter might well have been called The Early Mining Times and the Aftermath.

The young city presented a strange spectacle when seen at night from the waters of the bay. Nearly all the houses were made of canvas, and these were rendered transparent by the lamps within; they appeared indeed like tabernacles of solid light. The tents were pitched on the slopes of three hills and reached to the very summits, giving to the whole the appearance of " an amphitheater of fire."

Ships from the ends of the earth, from long battles with the tempest and the sea, came plowing into the Golden Gate. They brought gold-seekers from all lands; and for a season nearly ten thousand people drifted daily through the streets of San Francisco, all of them following their bubble dream. The prices of food and all supplies soared skyward. Four bushels of apples from Oregon (wonderful apples they are!) brought $500. The menu at the restaurants had strange entries—roast grizzly, $1 a slice; jackass-rabbit, whole, $1.50; baked beans, greased, $1 a plate; hash, low grade, 75 cents; eggs (uncertified) $1 each.

It was expensive to be ill; for laudanum cost $1 a drop, and a grain of quinine called for a grain of gold; and the prices also discouraged intemperance, for it took $40 to buy a bottle of liquor.

Lumber which cost $1,000 in New York commanded $14,000 in San Francisco. Such a state of things disturbed the currency. It was not long before coins almost ceased to circulate: the smallest payment for anything was " a pinch." This was the amount that one could lift between thumb and forefinger from a bag of gold-dust, and it was reckoned as $1. But it was not long before slugs were coined, chiefly polygonal in form, and valued at $50.

Aspects of the Early Towns

In the beginning, on the site of Sacramento, the chaparral had been chopped out, the oaks had been left standing and the squares had been checkerboarded off. But the streets were frequently crisscrossed and cluttered with logs and stumps and black puddles of water, and were dotted with rows of tents and shanties.

Sacramento was now the distributing point for the mines to the north. The river was full of busy craft, all going and coming. The banks were lined with ox wagons—some of the ninety-thousand prairie schooners that had jolted across the plains in a single year. Boats and wagons were used as sleeping quarters. The tethering ropes of oxen and mules were continually tripping the feet of the unwary, as these staked-out animals browsed and drowsed, waiting to haul or pack supplies for the mines. Pedestrians were constantly hampered also by the tent-stakes and ropes and by the hornèd heads of cattle left on the ground wherever they happened to be slaughtered.

The days were filled with the uproar of traffic; the nights were raucous with the brawls of gambling dens and drinking saloons. Some of the populace stretched out as early as nine o'clock on their mattresses or plank floors or on the cold earth of their tents. But the reckless sporting element pursued their wild pleasures far toward the dawn. Bands of music, stationed at the doors of drinking and gambling dens, shattered the night with their brazen chaos.

Stockton was the point of delivery for the southern mines. At the discovery of gold the site of the town was marked only by a rancho in the marshes; but, when the magic word went over the world, the town sprang suddenly into a canvas city of a thousand dwellers.

Los Angeles in the south had been a place of quiet Castilian elegance; but, at the whisper of the magic word, she suddenly became a rough border town, a rendezvous of adventurers and outcasts exiled from the mines, a prowling-ground for cattle-thieves coming and going in their ceaseless activities.

In and out of all these towns (and of many another long forgotten) surged the human tides to and from the mines, mines that stretched north and south one-hundred-fifty miles across the Sierra canyons.

The Approach to the Golden Hills

As the gold-hunters left San Francisco and other towns, moving eastward across the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, they beheld the splendid wall of the Sierras with their long white line of ghostly peaks. There were the ramparts of gold, which held the hopes and the despairs of a mighty multitude.

Below the ghostly line of summits ran a belt of azure and lilac, marking the forest zone; and under this ran another belt of a warm rose purple, the zone of the great canyons and foothills, and in these lay the hidden places of the gold. These canyons of the mountains, some were chasms with steep walls that outsoared a thousand feet, some were sunny glades that ascended to pleasant uplands. And there were the places of the gold—there in the gravel drifts in the present gulches and river-beds—there also in the deep gravel drifts long covered by old lava-flow and buried in river-beds, ancient and obliterated. There the gold had waited for ages, waited since the upheaval of the continents and the slow grind of the glacier-plows.

Now imagine that caravan of 1849 creeping up from the great valley or winding down from the mountain passes, all eager to reach the canyons and the gulches, a belt of " low, tawny, waving foothills, roughened here and there with brush and trees and outcropping masses of slate, colored gray and red with lichens."

After the death and dolor of the emigrant trails, those hardy gold-hunters (nearly all young and strong and high-hearted) pushed on into the hills with pack and pick-and-pan, with road-song and jocund babble. They cooked under the trees beside the sparkling streams, the air keen with the fragrance of pine-tree and bay-tree and wild grapes. Ah, those meals of flapjacks and bacon and boiled beans, with fish from the river and with quail from the chaparral of the canyon! And always out in the pure, invigorating air!

Then, too, there was the sleep by the roadside under a kindly tree, or else in the friendly shelter of some great bluff. It makes me think of my boyhood when I was lost in the lonely hills at night:

> " I huddled close against a mighty cliff.
> A sense of safety and of brotherhood
> Broke on the heart: the shelter of a rock
> Is sweeter than the roofs of all the world."

Here were bed-chambers sweeter than the chambers in the palaces of kings. You do not know the full joy of night and sleep unless at some time you have crept in for slumber under a big pine that has shaken down a mattress of fragrant needles, and that extends above you its low green rafters and wafts upon you a soft incense of healing balm. Nor do you know the fullness of the night's content unless at some time you have crept into the shelter of a great rock, and stretched out upon the sweet warm earth, knowing that you are safe from all the winds that blow. Nothing else perhaps can give you so deep a sense of safety and of home.

On many of these hill-trails prospectors were testing the gravel in the gulches. Each man had to be his own assayer, shaking in water a pan of loose earth and pouring off the clay and gravel to see if there were black sand and gold at the bottom. At first the miners threw away the black sand; but after a while they found that with the help of quicksilver, that magic ally, the despised sand would yield four dollars to the pound. The pan was used for prospecting: after " pay dirt " was discovered, the real work was done with a rocker. At a later time, the rocker was supplanted by the " tom "; and this in turn was supplanted by the sluice.* Sometimes a group of men would dam up and turn aside the stream of the canyon, and wash out the gravel in the exposed channel. For the richest yield of gold was found generally in the deep chinks and pockets of the clay bottom or bedrock.

The huddling together of miners for labor and social purposes gave rise to the mining camp. There were thousands and thousands of these camps in the golden hills.

The First Winter

In this rugged way, in these wild early days, many a bag of gold was snatched swiftly up or dug out with pains and patience: in most cases only to be flung away in wild extravagance or in wilder gambling. But it appears also that many a man failed because of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Sickness was frequent, owing to the lack of hygienic order in the camps; sometimes it came as the aftermath of the many exposures on the emigrant trails.

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* It will be noted that the miners washed 'loose earth'—not 'dirt.' The use of dirt for earth, soil or gravel is an offensive Americanism. Dirt means filth: hence our word dirty.

Winter everywhere came blustering in only to find man and town unready for his coming. The copious rains drove the miners from their low grounds; and later in the year the melting snows washed away the flimsy shanties on the river-bank and set adrift the flumes in the gulches and canyons. The high waters routed out all those sleeping in dry beds of streams, and in the shadow of river cliffs, and they started a plentiful train of rheumatisms and influenzas. Many of the miners had no log-cabin shelter: these were driven to the towns and cities and especially to bacchanalian San Francisco, where the saloon and gambling dens afforded them light and heat, but spewed out perdition upon their bodies and souls.

What was the plight of the cities in those days in the season of rains and freshets? Sacramento was a sloppy and squalid Venice, her streets navigable only by canoes and scows. Where they were not flooded with water they were a mire of mud-holes, a place of miasmas and miseries. The city was all unprepared for the winter.

San Francisco also was a chaos. Her streets were filled with mires and pitfalls: wading up to the knees was the usual form of travel.

Lumber was too precious to be used for sidewalks. A cargo of tobacco coming into port found the market overstocked; so a generous merchant paved a street-crossing with his surplus boxes filled with the best plug. Certain streets were made passable by paving them with discarded machines that had been used for washing gold; for well-nigh every inventor had by that time gotten out " a peerless goldwasher," though it must be said that none of these peerless ones supplanted the primitive pan and cradle.

But when the streets and the roads were dry and the first hint of spring was in the world, all the gold-hunters were off again to the golden hills; and with them went the thousands that had newly come from many lands. And thus the wheel kept turning, year after year, till '54, when the "easy" surface mining was over and a new era began.

The Riches: the Big Nuggets

Fortunes were picked up easily in those first years, although the miners used only the wasteful methods of pick and pan, of rocker and sluice. Yet mining camps were busy places: "dig or get off the dump" was the iron law. Well-nigh everyone that worked made something, for the "auriferous detritus," in the language of the learned ("the pay dirt," in the language of the miner), was almost in plain sight in the beginning.

Thousands of course missed their heart's desire, but thousands also went home with their "pile." Certain ones made fortunes by selling goods. Some restless spirits, however, were never satisfied with the fortunes they were making. Said one of the miners at a later time: "It was no uncommon thing for one man to take out five hundred dollars a day or for two or three, working together, to have enough to make it necessary to divide the dust at the end of the week by measuring it with tin cups. Yet we were never satisfied: others were getting more: we were not making enough."

The Indians also caught the gold-fever; for did not this yellow stuff buy flour and fire-water? So it was not uncommon to find them digging in the gulches, and protesting hotly against any invasion of their especial domain. Some of the redskins were hired by the whites. James Savage of Tulare, a man with Mormon tendencies, had seven Indian wives, each taken from a different tribe. He also had a host of Indians working for him, and it was doubtless his ambition to become an Indian king. It is said that Savage counted his gold by sacks and barrels. In order to impress the Indians with the power of the white men, he took a group of his dusky followers to San Francisco and entertained them (and also the city) at one of the Plaza hotels. This James Savage was the man who, in a San Francisco gambling den, jumped upon a green table of a faro bank, put his foot on a card (probably the king of spades) and bet his weight in gold on the turn of that card.

No one was surprised to hear of big masses of dust and nuggets. Certain travelers tell of meeting a party of haggard and tattered Sonorians, "men who dug all day and gambled all night": they were going home to Mexico with five hundred pounds of gold loaded on their mules.

There is record of one nugget that weighed nearly two hundred pounds and was worth over $40,000. There was another lump weighing 133 pounds: many other "finds" ran somewhat under the hundred mark. The miner trained his eye to catch the glint of gold. One man kneeling at a spring to drink, discovered a twenty-pound nugget at his elbow. Another man walking in the dusty road kicked a stone out of the way, and lo! he had spurned a chunk of gold with his toe: another man turned his wheelbarrow aside to avoid a bump, and behold, he bumped into a thirty-five-pound nugget waiting to be carted away. Heavy rains sometimes uncovered gold in the gutters; and an industrious hog rooting about has been known to turn up pebbles of gold.

There are well-attested cases where a miner with a rocker has made $5,000 a day for days in succession. Nine acres of ground with the modest name, Coon Hollow, are declared to have yielded a million dollars an acre: one pocket alone disgorged $60,000 in two weeks. Two hundred acres on Shaw's Flat, Tuolumne County, disgorged $100,000,000. What wonder that men were driven on by wild hopes to find "the inexhaustible focus" of gold whose riches would stagger the world.

The Growing Disorder and the Cure

All observers unite in declaring that in many respects the first mining year was idyllic: there was in the mining camps a deep sense of honesty, an exhibition of human trustworthiness that sounds strange to us in our more "civilized" times. A miner did not have to lock his door against thieves: he did not need even to bring his gold in from his cradle in the gulch. There was a spirit of honor upon the hearts of men. Turn to this statement in *The Sacramento Transcript* of October, 1850:

"A year ago a miner could leave his bag of dust exhibited to full view and absent himself a week [in perfect safety]. His tools might have lain unmolested in any ravine for months, and his goods and bedding might have remained along the highway for an indefinite time without being stolen."

But in the fall of 1850 things began to darken: the Devil had arrived. A coarser grade of Americans, together with a horde of irresponsible foreigners, had drifted in; and worst of all, a throng of ill-born and ill-bred convicts had come from Australia, bringing with them all the evil arts and passions of the criminal. Disorder began to reign.

We now have an interesting example of the working of social forces, a movement that took on three phases. At first the orderly pioneers, following the easy law of let-alone, of *laissez faire,* stood decorously aloof, making no efficient protest and making no provision for a social providence. But after a time they rushed to the other extreme, and there was speedy lynch-law with all its many chances for the miscarriage of justice. So nearly every camp and town came to have a lynching tree, a tree that grew to be ominous and accursed, a tree that was ever after shunned by children at play and under whose shadow no trail ever passed.

The San Francisco Herald, a newspaper of the early times, printed a story showing something of the wild justice of that era. An emigrant arrived in California penniless, sold his oxen for one hundred dollars in gold dust, and then made his way into Placerville, where a buckskin bag containing a hundred dollars in gold dust had just been stolen. The newcomer took out his bag and paid for a meal, whereupon a bystander stepped forward and accused him of the robbery.

The gold in the bag was of the same quality as the stolen dust; so the emigrant was arrested and a jury was impaneled to try him on the spot. He could not produce the man who had bought his oxen, so he could not account for having the dust in his possession. The jury found him guilty and sentenced him to receive thirty lashes. They were laid upon his back with a will, the man all the while protesting his innocence.

As soon as the stranger was released he procured a pistol and deliberately placed it at his accuser's head, declaring that he himself was the thief and calling for a confession at once if he did not want a bullet in his brain. The accuser, cowering before his victim's rage and the weight of his own guilt, con-

"STAGING IN 1849"
By permission of the artist, John Gutzon Borglum

Shasta City, 1855

The Harbor of San Francisco in November, 1849
From a lithograph of 1850

fessed and handed out the stolen gold from his own pocket, hoping for exoneration. But the enraged crowd fell upon the accuser and swung him to the nearest oak. A subscription of $1,500 was at once collected for the maltreated stranger.

Order Under the Alcaldes

This lynch-law was only a stage of fermentation through which the people passed on their way to a more stable order. Under the force of a growing public opinion, legal forms everywhere came in at last to express the will of the law-abiding citizens. Emigrants, in their long first-hand struggle with material affairs, had found the need of a central authority to decide upon disputes and to direct the course of events.

Thus an Alcalde, a chief magistrate or mayor (usually supported by a sheriff) was elected by the people in each community. He was chosen as a man of cool head and sober judgment, was given arbitrary power and his decisions were to be final and unquestioned. Justice had to proceed by direct action, as there were no prisons, no ordered way to subpœna witnesses, no time for the leisurely procedure of courts. Even with the Alcalde in power, we hear of occasional lynchings and public floggings. But the main thing is that in the time of the alcaldes crimes became less frequent.

The Alcalde was not called on to give up his work as a miner. Nor did he need an office with a swivel chair and a mahogany desk, where he could keep his hand on the tail of a telephone. No, he stuck to his picking and prying and panning, and the law cases came in as a side issue.

The Alcalde decided all questions of right, all complaints of trespass; but he had power to summon juries for criminal trials. When a new placer or gulch was discovered, the first act of the miners was to elect officers and to ordain rules for the new domain. In this way order was instituted in a territory five-hundred miles in length, containing a population of 100,000.

"The capacity of a people for self-government was never before so triumphantly illustrated." And yet there was never a conglomerate of more lawless elements. It increases our faith in man to know that from this social chaos the resolute sons of law and order were able to create a workable cosmos.

In that early time, men did not have to suffer "the law's delay": the action was swift and final. There was the case of the two headstrong pack-train men who, riding muleback, met on a narrow mountain trail, each refusing to give way to the other. In the end, the muleteer on the uphill side plunged forward, riding down the muleteer below and scattering his packs and animals over the brink. At this the detrailed packer fell upon the bully, haled him before the Alcalde, who happened to be prospecting near by. The man of the law, wiping his brow with his red bandanna, turned up his water-bucket to serve as a judicial bench, took his seat and heard the case. We need not doubt that the judgment of the court was executed to the letter.

But even in those stern days mercy was not divorced from justice. We read of one Mexican who was severely flogged for stealing, and yet who afterward was given a purse collected from the crowd and sent upon his way. We read of a pickpocket who pilfered money from passengers on a river boat. This fellow was forced by the crowd not only to refund the pilferings, but he was forced also to make a large contribution to a certain sick man who was on board.

There was well-nigh everywhere a sense of justice and humanity. We in these later days delegate the administration of justice to certain officers, and then give the matter no further thought. Therefore when these officers are corrupt, it is easy for them to make an alliance with the predatory classes, with professional politicians and criminal business men, and thus give rise to an organized plunderbund for robbing and betraying the people. But in those early days of California there was no plunderbund, for each man took a personal interest in the civil affairs. It was a case where men governed themselves, and did not delegate government to a special class. In every social order there should be a close contact of the people with the law.

So we may look back to the Alcalde régime as a brief era when Justice was more direct and dominant than she is in our more " civilized " times. There are many testimonies to this fact: take this one from an old pioneer, a man who afterward became governor of Illinois: " There was little law [in those early days], but a large amount of good order; there were no churches, but a great deal of religion; no politics, but a large number of politicians. Crime was rare, for punishment was certain. I think I never before saw justice administered with so little loss of time and at less expense."

Social Chaos

The camps and towns were thronged with the sons of all nations. Americans were in the majority and decided the trend of events. There were Latins, Celts, Germans, Russians, Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands and Chinese from far Cathay—all jostled, elbow to elbow together.

In those days California was a melting-pot: her people were a motley multitude of farmers, merchants, blacklegs, barkeepers, editors, doctors, lawyers, preachers. And some of these men were the holders of degrees from Harvard, Trinity or Dublin or some other great university; and if one of them happened to take to drink the street would suddenly be shaken by the impact of ponderous polysyllables, "soldier-like words, words of good command." These men took up mining and other sorts of work that came to hand; thus it was never safe to guess a man's intellectual place and pedigree by his appearance or by his occupation at the moment.

In this whirlpool of the races we find another testimony to the fact that progress and poverty go side by side in this system of production and distribution we call civilization. Many are poor because of the selfish unbrotherly system; but it must also be said that many others are poor on account of their gross extravagance and improvidence. The boat of life is not well organized, still every man that is in it must make a wise effort to pull his own weight.

We are not surprised, then, to find the "hard-ups" and the "dead-brokes" drifting everywhere on the current of that early life. But it must be recorded that they seldom, if ever, resorted to beggary of any kind. As soon as their golden dream was shattered, they seemed ready to take hold of any sort of work that might give them another foothold. A Yale graduate began to sell peanuts on the corner of the Plaza; an ex-governor played the violin in a dance-hall; a doctor was a dish-washer.

Not *all* of them resolute of course, for mixed in with the resolute empire-builders was a sprinkling of weaklings, of derelicts, the defeated that drifted away from a thousand communities. These had to be assimilated or else rejected. Some of them doubtless were liberated and invigorated by the spirit of the times, and caught hold of an oar with the rest. There are many men and women who feel hampered by the shackles of conventional life: these, many of them, got a new inspiration in the free spaces of the new land: they had reached a ground where they could take a firmer hold upon their dreams. This liberation of course had its dangers: *it liberated some to a new freedom, while it liberated others to a new license.*

A Star in the Chaos

In long-established societies men and women build up false standards, create false distinctions: they form into classes, into exclusive sets and coteries: they found their life upon pharisaic moralism—spiritual death. I say spiritual death, for the true man makes no pharisaical claim that he is not as other men: he knows that he *is* as other men, one with other men.

Now, as by a divine magic, this brotherly consciousness spread out over all the men of '49. It broke down the old barriers: it smashed the smug respectabilities, the pride of family, the boast of position—the pride, the boast that is often the very breath of life in old communities. Yes, it swept them all away—the hard intolerance of "the perfectly proper," the hard moralism of those who have taken only a few weak steps on the divine path. For the true man, the evolved man, when he becomes fixed in the moral principle also becomes compassionate toward all those who break it: *as he hardens in his moral principle he softens in his humanity.*

So there was a touch of the divine magic upon those early mining days. Men were getting acquainted with one another's cults and customs, and were finding out that on the bottom fact all men are one. And the stern moralists, "the unco guid," the religiously inclined, were finding out that even a sinner has his virtues, as was proven in those days by the many and swift generosities of the social outcasts; and the good were also realizing that only for the grace of God (heredity, environment and the rest) they themselves might be the offenders. All this was an enlarging experience to them, a spiritual revolution: it was like "getting religion" for the first time.

Thus the old artificial lines of cleavage among men were disappearing: clannishness and sectionalism were vanishing. In the dance, at the funeral, and at the 4th of July celebration, as well as in the comradery of the gold gulches, men were uniting according to *the gravitations of character:* artificial class lines, church lines, race lines—all were passing away from the thoughts of men.

We find, then, that there was something original in the way men met one another on that new theater of struggle. A man was accepted at his face value: there was no inquisition into his past. It often happened, indeed, that a company of mining comrades would not know one another's last names, even after working together for long months. Sometimes they gave a man a new name, a name called out by some performance or by some idiosyncrasy in the man, and the name might stick to him for a lifetime.

Nor did a man's comrades ever ask him about his creed or his station. They seemed to feel that a man's creed is only a shell in which he thinks he lives, that he really lives in his daily deed. Hence we see in this mining life something unique and noble: there was no question as to past or pedigree. A man was accepted for what he was at the moment: *he was measured by the way he did the day's work.* This fine custom was the basis for a widespread comradery: friendship was almost universal. Here was a star in the chaos.

In a degree at least the men of that time touched upon a great principle: they seemed to want to throw off the humbug, the conventionality and to stand squarely on the vital fact of things. There was something fine in this phase of their life: there was a hint in it of that divine world of prophecy of which it is written, " Behold, I make all things new."

The Women and Children: Home

The women were notably absent in those early mining camps: entirely absent in the first year. Later, with the arrival of the convicts from Australia and the gamblers from Louisiana there came dissolute women that were a menace, women like those we find portrayed in Bret Harte's stories of those wild days.

Homesickness besieged the miner's heart. He longed for the social life he had lost. Sometimes men would go miles to speak to a good woman; and the coming of a child to a camp was always the signal for universal rejoicing. It is doubtless true that men are bad because they are unhappy. If anyone could give them real happiness, the happiness of brotherhood, they would all want to live the true and brotherly life. Hence much of the lawlessness of the miners was due to the fact that they had lost their happiness, had broken home ties and home responsibilities, and gone forth upon a lonely and loveless adventure.

This doctrine is supported by the story of the eagerness with which men looked and longed for home tidings. At every coming into San Francisco of the infrequent mails the post-office was besieged by a clamoring multitude. The doors were instantly closed and the windows darkened; but the impatient crowds kept knocking on the doors and tapping on the windows, hoping to hurry the clerks within. The assortment went rapidly on through the whole night, for ofttimes 50,000 letters came in a single ship.

One chronicle goes on to say that the news got out that the windows were to be opened next day noon; whereupon a goodly company of the besiegers came onto the ground in the middle of the night in order to have first chance to get letters. As the night was fresh and cool, they soon felt chilly and began a stamping march up and down before the portico of the office. One man came early, bringing a chair and refreshments, and he planted himself directly opposite the door and sat there quietly all night. One of the clerks got up about four o'clock to dispatch a mail, and on opening the door in the darkness he was confronted by this man in the chair, who shouted at the top of his voice, " John Jenkins! "

We can believe, then, what the chronicles tell us, that " Home, Sweet Home " was the favorite melody, even in the most wild and horrible dance houses. And next to this in popularity were such songs as " Do They Miss Me at Home? " and " Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

So the days and years swung on with their loneliness and their mad pleasures. Then came the dawning of a new era, when more stable towns upgrew and when family life began to take form, together with an increased sense of social solidarity. The haphazard pan and cradle now gave way to the more scientific ways of mining. Patriotic ideas began to take root, making the State a possibility; for it is sentiment, it is poetry, not the mass of wealth, that forms the matrix for home and country.

The Drinking and Gambling Dens

Something in the newness and strangeness of it all stimulated the wildness that is in men: they tended to grow reckless and daring. All too frequently they drifted into excesses unknown to them before. Drinking and gambling became the leading vices of camp and town. There was much drinking, but happily there was little drunkenness. However, there is a story of one man who drank till he tottered; whereupon his friends took the money from his pockets, placed it in the hands of the Alcalde, then tied the man to a tree and left him there till he became sober.

We must always bear in mind that two sorts of people pressed into California—a company of hardy and earnest men fired with courage and conscience; also a horde of human leeches determined to suck their living out of the blood of the workers. There were the Australian convicts with their hand against every man, but they were too blatant and brutal to attract many followers.

It was the "gentleman" gamblers, the Jack Hamlins of the Bret Harte stories, who formed the most dangerous element. And these smooth, smiling parasites pushed themselves into all the towns, raking in with white crafty hands millions on millions of the miners' gold. The gambler always wore immaculate linen: his jewelry was conspicuous and his manners always quiet, oily and persuasive. His politeness and his calm in the midst of uproar were his chief assets. His veneer of good manners was one of the strong forces that roped into his den the decent man. And now as a veracious chronicler I must record the fact that many of these professional gamblers "were really among the richest, the most talented and the most influential citizens of the town."

But it is good to know that only the minority of the miners sank into these whirlpools of vice. Most of the work-folk of those early days were in bed by nine or ten o'clock at night, tired after their toil, and having little joy in reading at the rate of three dollars a candle. Therefore the spectacular Westerner of the vaudeville stage, the man of bluster and bloodshed, does not represent the majority in that early time. He represents a certain class of course as he strides upon the scene, slouched-hatted, high-booted, red-shirted, with pistol and bowie in his belt, immense oaths in his mouth, bent on cleaning out the faro bank or gyrating in the fandango. But the roisterous revelers of the early day were usually the transients, on their way home or on their way to the mines; and these worthies were constantly being stripped of their money by the gambling houses.

Still the drinking and gambling dens were always crowded. It was easy for the early miners to drift to the gambling table, because they had learned to take risks in their overland struggle and in their daily digging in the gulches. Gambling with cards and dice seemed to them a thing kindred to the day's work, which was always pivoted on chance. Thus led on by one reason or another, tens of thousands fell into the pitfall, thousands who would have stood firm if they had remained at home and been held stiffly up by the props of conventional life.

But there were other causes that drew the miners in: the drinking and gambling house was a strong allurement to homesick, lonesome men, many of them unsophisticated villagers, whose wildest dissipations hitherto had been perhaps the husking-bee and the spelling-match. But they were now far from home, and they found in these dens the only means for tasting the pleasures of a social life. The open door to these vile retreats seemed to them the only escape from the burden of their drudgery and loneliness, from the mire of the gulch and the murk of the cabin. Then, again, it was often the spirit of comradery, the wish to stand in with the gang, that was at the bottom of both the drinking and the gambling vice.

Young San Francisco swarmed with gambling houses: they were easily distinguished on the street because they were brilliantly lighted by decoy-lamps and were always inviting attention with a ceaseless din of musical instruments. The gamblers are psychologists: they know that a glare of light and a blare of music help to intoxicate the senses and to lead the reason captive. The reckless music tends to make men throw prudence to the winds and to fill them with the reckless spirit, the spirit of the Pit.

A visitor to these vile dens in early San Francisco would see a large number of tables for faro banks; also for the monte game, a modified form of faro, and the general favorite because the dealer has fewer chances for cheating. These tables were thronged by copper-colored Kanakas, by Mexicans in their serapes, by Peruvians in their ponchos, by convicts from Australia touching elbows with bearded and sunburnt Americans. All kinds of bad liquors were dealt out at the bar. In a balcony a female violinist strove to turn dead air to music; or perhaps a group of negro minstrels were grinding out their folk-songs with the help of lusty banjos and wheezy accordions. At another place, perhaps, there would be a musician with Pandean pipes fastened to his chin, with cymbals in his hands, and a drum strapped to his back and beaten with drumsticks fastened to his elbows. This poor buffoon furnished a cheap entertainment for the cheap souls that drifted about him.

Hour after hour the dealers sat behind their tables, throwing out their cards with a cold nonchalant air; while the atmosphere kept growing rank with tobacco smoke and stifling heat, and the faces of the players were becoming more flushed or hardened or haggard. The poor victims, bewitched and spellbound, would sit for days and nights over the gaming tables, afire with the frenzy of expectation, looking to win fortune on the turn of a card, and finding a drugged delight in the mingled hope and fear. There was something Satanic in the fascination. Indeed, to the casual visitor the whole scene might appear as a mirage of Infernus, a panorama of magic shadow-shapes that come and go—a spectacle, unreal, unstable, fantastic.

In a night, perhaps in an hour, the precious stake a man had brought overland or the savings of long months of work in the mines would be swept away. The hope of years would lie broken as a bowl at his feet. Then the man would turn from the gambling table, heartsick, and cursing his folly he would totter out into the darkness or into the gray dawn.

Tragic Aspects of the Miner

I know of a little town in the Sierras, with a graveyard filled with the departed from those first grim years; and the rude headboards above the sunken graves record only the names of men who were forty years or under. They had been swept into early graves by the old enemies of man—accident, exposure, debauchery, border battle. Thus would a man drop on the path and his friends at home would never hear of him again: they would never know his fate. He would fall in the midst of the day's work: the rest would be silence.

But others of course lived on to an old age, and many a man ceased to write to his home-folk, till at last they were forced to believe him dead. He would grow silent perhaps because hard luck had taken the heart out of him, and he was perhaps too discouraged to go back home and begin again. But usually the disappointed miner held onto the gold-gulches because next week or next month or next year he expected to "strike it rich." Thus after the first years of bright fortune, thousands of men kept on searching the gravel-beds and the bowlder-beds in thousands of canyons and gulches, rending and riddling the earth again and again with pick and shovel and hydraulic pipe. These men, they could not give up their dreams, although they worked in vain for years and years.

Thus the slopes and gulches are peppered with little domes of soil or gravel flung out of the earth by the shovels: thus too the earth is burrowed into caves and scooped out into chasms. And winding among the hills are thousands of faded and broken paths, mute reminders of the pathos of the struggle. Yes, and those countless heaps of mined-out slate and pebble and bowlder—thousands of them are only bleak and lonely cairns that mark the broken hopes of men.

I have met many of these men in their grim mountain cabins, which seemed like wasp-nests clinging to the cliffs and ridges; and I have also seen these men, companioned only by memory and hope, gouging out holes in the gulches or sinking shafts into the slopes of the hills. They kept on and on till death came knocking at the door: let us hope that they have gone on to a better El Dorado beyond the Last Divide.—These were the men of '49: let these words of Joaquin Miller be their requiem:

"Yea, I remember! The still tears
That o'er uncoffined faces fell:
The final, silent, sad farewell:
God! these are with me all the year:

They shall be with me ever. I
Shall not forget. I hold a trust.
They are part of my existence. When
Swift down the shining iron track
You sweep, and fields of corn flash back,
And herds of lowing steers move by,
And men laugh loud in mute mistrust,
I turn to other days, to men
Who made a pathway with their dust."

And here is the tribute of Mark Twain to that early multitude:

"It was a driving, vigorous, restless population. It was the only population of its kind that the world has ever seen gathered together; and it is not likely that the world will ever see its like again. For, observe, it was an assemblage of 200,000 young men—not simpering, dainty, kid-gloved weaklings, but stalwart, muscular, dauntless young braves, brimful of push and energy, and royally endowed with all that goes to make up a peerless and magnificent manhood—the very pick and choice of the world's glorious ones.

"No women, no children, no gray and stooping veterans—none but erect quick-moving, strong-handed young giants—the strangest population, the finest population, the most gallant host that ever trooped down the startled solitudes of an unpeopled land.

"It was a splendid population, for all the slow, sleepy, sluggish-brained sloths stayed at home. You cannot build pioneers out of that sort of material. It was that population that gave to California a name for getting up astounding enterprises and rushing them through with a magnificent dash and daring and recklessness of consequences, which she bears to this day. And when she projects a new enterprise, the grave world smiles as usual and says, 'Well, that is California all over!'"

The Larger Issues of the Gold Era

We have had a glimpse of what may be called perhaps the most remarkable spectacle of the modern world. We have seen the opening of a new Golconda: we have seen immense treasures of gold sifted out of the rent and riddled earth, more gold than Alexander, "confiscating all the wealth of his time," was able to pillage at Persepolis, carrying the treasures away on 500 camels and 10,000 ox-trains. For, in the first five years of our gold era, the huge mining army, gouging out the river-beds and tearing down the hills, poured $1,200,000,000 into the coffers of the world.

And there was need of gold in that era if we are to believe the words of the social prophets. The Bank of England had been forced to suspend specie payments more than once, and Sir Archibald Alison was pointing all eyes to the fall of the Roman Empire and arguing stoutly that it was caused by a contracting volume of gold. He contended that the only way to save modern civilization was to issue paper to expand the currency. This was his serious message to all statesmen.

Suddenly, in the midst of this crisis (if it were a crisis) two gates were lifted, letting in two floods of gold upon the world—California in 1848 and Australia in 1851. The outrush from the gate of the West was soon answered by an outrush from the gate of the East. Here were golden treasures that outshone the riches of the Montezumas and the Incas. Here were riches that changed the trend of industry, reversed the currents of commerce, revolutionized economic conceptions, "allaying old apprehensions and raising new ones." Had the Guardian Fates of the planet opened a little the door of her secret treasures in order to save civilization?

But greater than the money interests of nations are the spiritual interests of men. What, then, did the gold era do for the men who were caught into its orbit?

An ignorant multitude drifted in from Mexico, Peru, Chile, China and the Sandwich Islands; and a depraved and worthless multitude drifted in from our own dominions. These legions were doubtless injured by the outpour of gold: it made them more egoized, more supercilious, more profligate. Big money is not a good thing for a little soul: it will only ensnare his feet, and he will fall to his ruin. Wealth is safe only for those who have a wealth of wisdom.

But there was another host that toiled into the new land, a hardy multitude of men and women, earnest and conscientious. The struggles of this multitude stiffened their moral fiber, and their entrance into the new life snapped the old social restraints and the old cords of convention, and they were thus set free to wider horizons of thought and feeling. The riches that came to these finer spirits helped to liberate them to a larger life and usefulness. Thus they were able to triumph over the perils of success, which are as great as the perils of adversity.

We find in early California a people pushed suddenly into primitive conditions and stripped of the trappings of civilization. They were a people hardened under the hammer of circumstance and tested by good fortune; and this was needed, for they were foreordained to build a new empire in the Far West, where they would be called on to remake in a measure the statute of the civil order and to rediscover and readjust the ethic of life.

This was the day's work for this new people.

They did not find it all music and moonlight: there were hot-head mistakes and bull-neck greeds to contend with. But the spirit of youth was in the people, youth with its nobilities and heroisms; and this spirit fought bravely and well for those principles of justice and humanity so necessary to the peace and happiness of men. So in a goodly degree our California is the creation of the Spirit of Youth.

II

The Golden Aftermath of '49

In the early '50's, families began to gather and towns began to find foothold. First, there would be a little huddle of huts around a good prospecting place. If the gold lasted in the gulches, there would soon be a beaten track in and out of the camp, and log huts and shingle shanties would spring up along the chance curve of the trail. Some of these incipient towns were on open flats, whose bedrock had been "cleaned up": others were under the dark cliffs of a canyon, often a thousand feet or more below the hilltop—in dim places where the sunbeams did not arrive till noon and then tarried perhaps only for an hour. Men might hold for months—they might hold for years—to these nests in the hills.

There were frequent floods in the gulches and canyons, and these drove the miners to prospect on the hillsides, and they soon found that there were gold deposits in the slopes of the mountains. So when the wasteful cradle and sluice mining, which caught only the surface treasure, came to an end, miners turned their attention to the mountain slopes; and it was found that any earth that assayed even five cents a cubic foot would pay if worked on a large scale.

Sword-Blades Hewing the Hills

A machine was now needed to tear and riddle the hillsides in a colossal way. So an ingenious Yankee invented the Cyclopean process known as hydraulic mining; and it was not long before this hill-demolishing, canyon-filling, valley-flooding labor of giants was filling the Sierras with its sword-flashes and thunders. At enormous expense of muscle and money, the needed water was brought in ditches and flumes, brought sometimes for many miles, around ridges and over ravines, from mountain lakes or from walled reservoirs; and then by the use of big iron pipes the water was directed in great volume and velocity against the mountain side already shattered with giant powder. Under the enormous impact of the sword-bright waters, the huge banks tottered and fell, tier by tier, carrying down the gold, to be caught and held in the quicksilver scattered in the riffles of the many sluices in the roaring gulch below.

All day long the columns of water leaped against the hill with boom and splendor; and in the mad revel of destruction, the ancient soils and bowlders wavered and fell, three hundred feet of perpendicular earth crashing down and sweeping out the blue gold-bearing gravel at the bottom. And at night big bonfires of pitch-pine blazed against the darkness, lighting up the huge cavern below, where the work still went on with rush and roar, the earth still falling in avalanches, the young trees uprooted and tossed like straws and the great bowlders hurled about like pebbles. In the dark hours as well as in the light hours the chaos of trees and stones and earth whirled onward in a yellow Tiber-tide, down the chasms, down the wild flumes to the deep canyons.

The Cry from the Valleys

The refuse, or "tailings," was washed on into the streams below, and millions of tons were carried down into the valleys, overflowing the levees of the rivers, raising the beds of the rivers a hundred feet or more in places and destroying of course the fields and gardens in the valleys. Thousands and thousands of acres of rich plow lands were buried by this downpour of débris spewed out of the mountains.

A great cry of protest went up from the valleys: hydraulic mining must be stopped. The question was carried into the highest court of the commonwealth; and after a long dramatic fight between the mining and the farming interests, the court decided that hydraulic mining must end, except in those cases where the débris could be held back by dams or otherwise impounded in the mountain regions.

This proviso of the court laid an arresting hand upon this sort of mining: it cost too much money to hold back millions of tons of tailings in their flight to the lowlands. Thus thousands of known deposits are lying untouched in these hills of Ophir. The big pipes with their swordlike waters are now in action only in a few far corners of the State, like the Klamath River region.

Deep Gravel Mining: Quartz Mining

By this time miners had discovered a new way of reaching the buried gold. It had been found that there runs a channel of gold-bearing gravel far under the Sierras. It is called "the blue lead," and it is supposed to be the bed of a dead and ancient river, which ran north and south, following the direction of the mountain range. It is, therefore, the problem of the miner to run a tunnel so as to penetrate the hard lava rock and reach the gold-bearing gravel bed that lies below. Only men with capital can open up these long, tedious drifts, or tunnels.

There is still another sort of mining in vogue—quartz mining. This is carried on chiefly in the neighborhood of what is known as the Great Quartz Vein, the Mother Lode, which is formed of a series of belts, all running north and south, parallel with the axis of the Sierra. This underground wall of beautiful white rock rifted with gold extends eighty miles or more from Amador to Mariposa.

The rock is crushed in a big stamp-mill, whose iron hammers trample the gold quartz into powder, and fill the canyons with a low, monotonous thunder.

The Comstock Craze

In 1859, the startling news of the Comstock mine in Nevada went out over the world: the mine was one of the richest lodes ever discovered by man. It caused a wild stampede of Californians into Nevada, and a yet wilder rush to the San Francisco stock-market, where Comstock shares were soaring, and where we beheld one of the maddest gambling deliriums of the world, a delirium that raged for years, beggaring multitudes, but also creating a brood of millionaires. It was a strange spectacle, that jostling of office boy and servant girl with master and mistress, all eager for stocks and shekels—all swept penniless together by the wicked juggles of bonanza sharps and gamblers working under the cover of law.

How was it discovered, this wonderful lode of silver and gold? A water-hole was dug by gold prospectors in a gulch of the Carson Valley, and a handful of friable black rock was turned up with the yellow sand. This was the clew, this handful of black rock: it was gold and silver ore, and it was a signal to dig deeper, and, lo! the shafts went down, disclosing thousands of tons of ore. The mine yielded a greater bulk of riches than any other spot of its size on the planet: it yielded $320,000,000.

But the finders got none of the wealth. For a keen-eyed trapper named Comstock happened to drift by the water-hole, and his eye caught the glint of gold in the handful of black rock; whereupon, we are told, he secretly staked a notice of ownership upon the ledge, then bluffed off the prospectors, claiming that they were trespassing upon his ground. But Comstock failed to hold onto these riches: he was afterward robbed of his millions, and died at last a suicide, a pauper and a lunatic.

When the ore was first found it was assayed in Placerville, and it revealed a value of $3,000 a ton: the news of this set fire to the imagination of California. On burro and mustang, the miners swarmed back again over the old emigrant trail, to pick up the treasures they had trampled on in their overland journey. Again, as in '49, the counting-houses were closed; clerks turned from their desks; crews deserted their ships; rancheros left their fields; mechanics threw down their tools. There was a stampede into Nevada.

Cities sprang up in the sagebrush where before that time the lizard had sunned itself on the crests of lonely rocks. New forms of huge mining machinery were invented and brought in from California to wrestle with the rich ores down in the hot honeycombed inferno of the lower levels. There were other epics of labor—the stringing of telegraph lines across the desert; the excavation of the big Sutro tunnel; and the plowing and blasting and grading of perilous mountain roads which rivaled the old Roman highways.

But it is all over now: the silence has returned to the trampled roads, and the lizard is back again sunning itself upon the crest of the rocks.

Dredge Mining Comes In

We hear little about the California mines these days, yet she has rich mines that are still active. Gold may be found even in the black sands on her ocean shores. There is gold also in her desert sands, and this is sometimes gathered by a process that is known as the dry-wash: the sand is poured into a machine that generates a strong blast of air, which blows the sand away and leaves the heavier scales of gold behind.

And abundant gold is still found in the hills and river-beds of California: indeed, she still leads all the States in the outpouring of gold. In 1913, she poured out a flood of $20,000,000. The Mother Lode, the most remarkable gold-belt of the world, has again begun to give out her vast riches to men.

But there is another sort of mining that is also yielding riches—dredge mining. This sort of work is going on in Yuba, Butte and Sacramento: it employs ponderous dredges that move over river-beds and elsewhere, scooping up the buried gravel fifty and sixty feet below the water level. A single dredge can scoop and wash from two to four thousand cubic yards of earth in a month; and the work can be done at a cost of two to four cents a cubic yard. This low cost makes it possible to work again many of the old discarded river-beds and river-bars. Many dredging fleets are in action.

Desolation Transformed into Gardens

All these picks and shovels and dynamite sticks and dredging fleets have torn and riddled the mountain slopes and valleys, and the lovers of beauty and order might well be disturbed at the thought of the widespread ruin of the landscape. But the benign Spirit of Nature has come to our rescue: it turns out that all these disemboweled and cluttered foothills, all these stretches of barren gravel lands, can be transformed into fine orchards and green alfalfa fields. Moreover, the stony ground tends to retain the heat, and so it proves to be very friendly to grapevines.

The shutting down of the hydraulic mines drove many families and communities to make experiments in agriculture. The results were astonishing: some of the best orchards and vineyards of the State sprang up about the old deserted mines. And it was these experiments that helped to prove that a warm belt extends into northern California, a belt friendly to the orange orchard and all its semi-tropical allies. Yes, a new beauty of leaf and bloom is creeping over the old desolation.

III

The Railway Ends the Old Era

During all these years of the changing fortunes of '49 and after, romantic exploits were going on in other chapters of Californian history. One of the most thrilling of these chapters tells the story of the Overland Stage and the Pony Express. Let us stand again for a moment upon the great trails creeping on toward the far Pacific shore.

Now, more than ever before, there was need of a swift, certain transportation for men and property. After ten years spent in beating around the windy Horn, after ten years spent in panting through the poisonous vapors of the Isthmus, the Overland Stage, in 1858, was started out across the continent to meet the clamor of the people. It ran first on the Santa Fé Route, penetrating California by way of Arizona; but, after the rise of the Pony Express, it was shifted to the Old Trail that winds into the West through Utah and Nevada.

The stages used were of the old thorough-brace variety that tipped and bobbed and swayed in a giddy rockaby, as they spurted over the levels or snailed up the mountain-sides. There was a boot in front and one in the rear for mail and express and baggage.

Rarely did the driver leave his box while the men at a ten-mile station were changing the horses. The "ribbons" were flung into the driver's hands; his right foot was on the brake-head; there rang out the sharp, pistol-like crack of the braided deerskin whip; there was a spring of the excited horses, a forward lunge of the coach, a quick scattering of pebbles, a sudden cloud of dust, and the stage was plunging down the canyon or careering over the plains. Day after day, a hundred miles from sun to sun, it dug into the distance.

The passengers were wedged together, sweltering by day, perhaps, and shivering by night—three on a seat, no vacancies, as seats were spoken for three months ahead. There were brief pauses for hasty meals; travelers slept bolt upright through the twenty-five days, swaying in unison from side to side as the stages sped on two thousand miles from the Mississippi to the far-away Pacific.

The sudden swell of the rivers and the sudden fall of snow, blotting out the road and blocking up the way—these were frequent obstacles. Sometimes the driver lost his reckoning in the snow-piled, featureless landscape; sometimes the horses fell exhausted in the drifts and sabering wind. Breakdowns, prairie fires, landslides, tornadoes, washouts, murderous Indians, desperate highwaymen—all these were within the horoscope of the traveler on the Overland Stage.

But the most picturesque figure on the Old Trail was the Pony Rider, whose horse's flying feet beat out the last thousand miles of the road. The Overland Stage proved to be too slow for mail and express in its flight from the Mississippi to the Pacific. It had cut down the months of the old ox-team to twenty-five days. Still the East and the West must be drawn yet closer together. It was done; space was shrunken; time was shriveled. "The Pony" did it, cutting the time to ten days.

The idea of a Pony Express was whispered to the owners of the Overland Stage. They decided to make the great endeavor. In two months the thing had taken form. The long trail from the Mississippi to the sea was resounding with the clamor of galloping horsemen. It was poetry in action: we can hear the sound of the hoofs in McGaffey's ringing lines:

"A treeless stretch of grassy plains,
  Blue bordered by the summer sky;
Where, past our swaying, creaking stage,
  The buffaloes go thundering by.
And antelope in scattered bands,
Feed in the breezy prairie lands. . . .

"A ring of hoofs, a flying steed,
  A shout—a face—a waving hand,—
A flake of foam upon the grass,
  That melts—and then alone we stand,
As now a speck against the gray,
The pony rider fades away."

The pony riders, flying along the edges of the sky, were the incarnation of the youth and daring of America, helping to build up a new empire in the Far

West. They were cutting out with their horses' hoofs the long trail down which the railway trains were soon to come shuttling and thundering. The feet of the ponies made the first survey for the great railroad.

Now, during the last years of the Overland Stage and Pony Express, another romance of achievement was beginning to be written into the life of California: I mean the Romance of the Central Pacific. It was then that Theodore Judah blazed a path over the high Sierras and the melancholy desert, a path for the first great transcontinental railway. Yes, even in those years, the drills and the hammers of the builders began sounding from the east and from the west, sounding on desert and cliff and canyon, calling forth the resolute horse whose mane is smoke and whose breath is fire. On May 10, 1869, the builders hammered down the last spike with blows that were heard round the world.

It was a day of victory for the men who, in spite of scowl and scorn, had gone on to do the impossible: springing over mountains; straddling chasms and streams; flinging aside hills, tipping them into ravines, or boring under them; crashing through snows; grinding through granite; carrying and caring for a cityful of men who spoke a babel of tongues. The pushing together of the oceans sent the names of the four railroad builders into the mouths of millions. California felt the thrill of this hand-clasp with the antipodes.

A door had swung open into an unfooted empire. A new power was building up the hope of the world.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GARDENS, THE ORCHARDS AND THE PLOWED FIELDS: OTHER INDUSTRIES

I

BUT during all those years of California while the gold of her mines was pouring forth to stimulate the industries of the world, the gold of her grainfields and gardens and orchards was increasing, until it is now being carried to many lands to help feed the hunger of the world.

California is a land with many phases of soil and climate, of fruit and flower. Think of all the Arcadias and Avalons and Ardens of the world, of the wonder-waters and the enchanted lands. Think of the hushed benediction of the skies of Italy, shining between Alps and seas; of the quick fruitfulness of Egypt's ancient sands nourished by the Nile; of the patient thrift of Holland's open plains rescued from the sea; of the yield of the Rhine-slopes of Germany sunning on a thousand hills; of the luxuriance of Sahara's chance oases watered by the desert wells; of the rich pampas plains of Argentina, bordered by the far horizons; of the color and perfume of the rose-gardens of Persia, scenting all the winds that blow—think of all these places of beauty and abundance, and I will show you a duplicate of any one of them in my California of the many moods. She produces under one sky all that those other lands produce under their far-scattered skies.

Why can she do this? Because of her rich soil and her unique climate. Her climate is a glorious possession. There is nowhere else a region where you can spend so many days out of doors, doing so many things in the line of work or play. Indeed, there are some parts where one can live well-nigh the whole year out of doors. It is the California climate that is getting the people back to the land in gardens and vineyards and orange groves. Here men, if they will, can make their Eden again, living at peace with the skies and at friends with the good green earth.

That California Climate!

History tells us that races are conditioned by their natural environment. Sunny heavens and golden weather helped greatly to make the Greek different from the Norseman, with his scowling skies and swordlike winds and long mysterious nights—helped to make the character and color of the Greek and the Norse mythology as different as April is from November.

Out on our Californian shores we have a people of a new ethnic blend, working out their destiny under highly favorable conditions of soil and climate. For California, in the large, is a replica in many ways of the Mediterranean regions of Europe. She is a grand Riviera, with a partial background of desert and with alluvial plains equaling in richness the delta of the Nile. The Riviera runs east and west from Nice to Spezia; but California is more fortunate in the fact that her three belts—her coast, her desert (a short one) and her watered valleys—extend in a free sweep from north to south.

Again, when traveling southward on the Atlantic slope, you meet with varying temperatures—the chill of Maine, the warmth of Florida. But to find such sharp variations in California, you would have to travel from her coast eastward, from the cool of Monterey to the heat of Mohave—not southward from Siskiyou to San Diego. In the north there is more rain, and there are hotter days in summer, than we find in the great central valley drained by the Sacramento and the San Joaquin; but the mean temperature observed for years in north and south reveals an almost even average. Thus we find that the isothermal lines of California run north and south; and (strange to say, but easy to prove) the fruit ripens earlier in the north than it does in the south; and yet Californians did not realize this significant fact till the sons of the Forty-niners were wearing a glint of gray in the hair.

The Beginning of the Orchards

Even before the news of the gold discovery, a few emigrants (fired by the Frémont Reports) journeyed into the Far West, intending to lay out farms and orchards.

In an early year the fruit-trees began to blossom everywhere in the Sierra gold region, lifting their kindly branches among the buckeye, the manzanita or the ceanothus. One woman in an early mining camp planted apple-trees bought in Oregon for five dollars each, and sold the yearly crop of each one for one hundred dollars.

Yet the early tillers of the soil thought at times that the climate was bewitched. They planted according to the Eastern almanac, according to old custom, but the seeds planted in April dried up in the rainless summer. On the Eastern coast, gardens were growing lustily from July to September; while in bewitched California they were parched and brown. Plainly this was not a grain land; so they went on buying flour from Chili, and using the beautiful valleys for cattle ranges.

After a while a light broke upon the minds of the tillers of the soil: they discovered that they were in a new land, that they must start their fields and gardens early enough to have them ripened and over with by midsummer. Where there is only a six-months' season of rain, wheat and barley must be sown in the late fall, and gardens be planted in the earliest days of spring. As soon as men adjusted themselves to the climate, the climate responded bountifully to their needs.

The Close of the Cattle Era

The completion of the Central Pacific Railway, in 1869, sent a new thrill of energy into the grain-growing industry, which had waned and wavered a little after " the dry year " of 1864, a year that had burnt and beggared the fields. I well remember the desolation of that year, for I was then a young vaquero on my mother's cattle range in the Suisun Hills. The skies refused their rains: the grasses whitened and withered in the canyons and the high valleys. The cattle starved and died by tens of thousands: beeves were sold at fifty cents a head. This year may be looked on as marking the decline of the Cattle Era.

But, as the herds of cattle lessened, the fields of grain multiplied. The railway system of the State increased thousands of miles, and thus the ground was cleared for a great adventure in grain-raising. The cattle herds were slowly but surely pushed farther and farther away toward the Shasta slopes and toward Tehachapi Pass, where the Coast Range and the Sierras meet in the distant south. Only a few cattle ranges remained in the great central valley.

A great cattle range is a sight to remember: its pastoral flocks and herds constantly remind us of the old Spanish days of the hacienda. Here can be seen a sight that was familiar to my boyhood—flocks of sheep following the lead of the grass from plain to upland. The grass grows dry and yellow in July; while it is still green on higher levels in the foothills; and later it is still green in the high glacial meadows where the rivers have their fountain-heads.

I shall never forget the patriarchal spectacle of the sheep as I herded my mother's flock on her mountain range. Pleasant it was to see them spread out over a stubble-field in the little valleys, all intent upon the business of eating: still more pleasant to see them grazing on the hill-slopes in the green of the year, all moving together in graceful undulation like a sea of gray, interminable waves. I can still remember the sharp oily fragrance of the flock, palpable above the scent of wild rose or mountain laurel; also the sound of the flock when moving to the corrals—one interminable din of blurred monotonous bleatings, " a babel of baas " from thousands of throats. Now and then there would come a sharp note cutting athwart the babel—the excited treble of some mother-sheep discovering all of a sudden that her lamb was not beside her; yet it might be only a rod away. The attentive listener could hear in that shrill bleat the old mother-cry of the world.

Cattle Ranges Become Wheat-Fields

It was profitable as well as picturesque to keep sheep in those days, as they caused little expense for food and shelter in winter. Moreover, the money put into them doubled every other year. But there came a time when economic determinism pushed well-nigh all the herds from the valleys, in order to make room for the greater riches of the wheat. And this was the time when men began to plow and sow on a scale in keeping with the vastness of the West. Ten thousand acres was the average of the great farms, and many reached up to fifty thousand acres. The floor of the great central valley became an emerald sheen in winter, a golden sea in spring, and a tawny vastness after the time of the harvest.

The prosperous ranchero bought up the land around him, for only by farming on a big scale was a big fortune possible. So he annexed homesteads by purchase (sometimes by fraud) until the small holdings and little settlements with church and schoolhouse began to be crowded off the map. Little homes were disappearing before the march of the wheat barons. Each lord of the manor had his fine villa and mighty barn, also long stark rows of sheds where twice a year he housed his labor vassals, in the time of the seeding and in the time of the harvest. But, between the sowing and the reaping seasons, his baronial wheat-lands appeared to be as empty and uninhabited as a Congo wilderness.

When the busy seasons began, however, the workmen were called in from the four winds. With tumult, like the noise of the wild geese filling the sky, came the motley gang of workmen, with roughs and toughs and a sprinkling of Chinamen, to help in the autumn plowing. And then, after the season of rains, they would come again to help in the summer harvesting. Thus the workmen were blown hither and thither on the winds of fortune. Alas! there is as yet no Organization of Labor: it is ever under the reign of chance. So, after the harvest work, this labor horde drifted away to swell the army of tramps walking the roads or riding the brake-beams, or else drifted away to the cities to fill the jails and the cheap lodging-houses and to stand in the winter bread-lines.

The Monster Machines

Here now in the great valleys were a million acres rippling with grain—vast savannahs for the blades of the plow and the wheels of the harvester. Here were realms for new epics of labor, epics that in the time of the old-fashioned tools would have demanded as vast a working multitude as swarmed on the shores of the Nile to the building of the Pyramids. But California had no such working multitude: so machines must proceed out of the brain of man to perform the work of man. And the machines came in answer to the need, monster machines well worthy of your wonder.

In California the round year goes by, working its perpetual miracle. In summer the fields are parched and desolate: the hills are bare and brown. The earth breaks into cracks for the chirping crickets. But the touch of the first rain is a wonder-touch: every hill and field thrills with expectancy: the heart also feels that something beautiful is about to happen. Thus a few days go by, musical with rushes of rain; and then suddenly the tender green of the grass comes pricking through on field and hill, and all the world is changed.

So after the fall of the early rains there was always an animated preparation on the big ranchos, a preparation as if for battle. The great gang-plows must be made ready, also the big machines for scattering the grain swiftly and widely—machines that do their work as with a giant gesture.

At last the teams hitched to the gang-plows, thirty or forty in number perhaps, were in their places on the border of the vast domain. They did not stand abreast; but, beginning with the leading team, each one stood a little behind and to the side of the other, all forming lines diagonal to the field. The drivers were in their seats and expectant as soldiers on the brink of a charge in battle. Suddenly a whistle sounded shrill and clear from the leader of the line, other whistles passed the signal on; and then, at the cracking of the whips and the sharp commands of the drivers, the whole battalion began to stir, the plows began slowly to dig their resolute horns into the stubborn earth.

Ah, can we forget the thrill of joy at the moment of starting? The mules surge forward, their tendons stiffen, their shoulders press courageously against the collars, a quiver runs along the line of the teams. Then everywhere we hear the sharp complaint of the buckles, the whine of the straining straps and tugs, the sudden clatter and clang of the bolts and chains, the snort and the long wheeze of the mules, followed by the pleasant sound of the breaking earth, lifting, curling, sinking in soft brown waves behind the ranks of the marching plows.

And now the cavalcade are in full action, all moving in one rhythmic hoof-beat down the long leagues of the principality, and leaving behind a broad brown band of furrowed and smoking earth. And soon the air of morning is pervaded by the immemorial pungent smell of the ground, mingled with the odor of the sweating men and mules and the whiff of reeking leather and the fragrance of withered mint and broken stubble. All the while in the broad band of furrows behind the plows the blackbirds follow in flocks, glad of the worms, and twittering cheerily as they cut short curves or weave broad circles in the morning air.

The seeding of the domain is accomplished with a similar league-long rhythm. Twenty or thirty grain drills, ready to scatter the grain and each one drawn by horses six abreast, charge across the plowed fields like a train of flying artillery; and as they march the grain is scattered in a bright shower over a broad band of the waiting earth. On they go in a moving thunder—a mingled tumult of rattling wheels, creaking harness, clashing springs, with a deep undersound of trampling hoofs. And, as the bright grains scatter and fall, they are harrowed into the warm velvet soil, and there they are left for the working of the great miracle of sun and rain.*

The Glory of the Grain

Now days go by carrying light and rain, till suddenly the fields are all one mist of green reaching to the horizon, and the heart is glad as with a burst of music. Swift now is the upward spring of the grain; and in the early April there is another music for the heart when the light breezes shade across the fields of heading wheat or when the strong winds break them into a tumult of beautiful billows.

And now the hills begin to grow tawny, the ground to grow pale and parched, and the fields of wheat to grow crisp and yellow. The wheat-heads that had stood erect in their green youth now begin to sag and grow golden in the sun. There is now no more of that earlier dance and rapture in the wind. The broad acres of wheat are in a great hush, stilled as by some enchantment, except at long intervals, when a faint breath passes: then a low apprehensive whisper runs far and wide over the startled fields. And so they continue to the hour when the bright blade of the harvester flashes among their golden ranks.

The harvesting of the wheat on one of these great ranchos is vastly different from the primitive process in old Spanish California, when the Indians hacked down the grain that had been plowed in with crooked sticks, and threw the bundles on to a hard earthen floor, where oxen trampled the wheat out and Indian women winnowed the chaff away by tossing the sweepings in air. There are happier fortunes in our later California, for in summer the ripened wheat can stand in safety under the rainless skies, waiting the arrival of the combined header and thresher, a monster machine drawn by a traction engine or else by a patient battalion of mules.

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* While the extensive wheat-fields are giving place to orchards and gardens, nevertheless some of them still remain. The vast central valley is still our great granary.

When the whistle calls the hour for action, the harvesters take their places—the fireman feeds the fire, the sack-sewers spring to their places at the grain chutes, the separator-man grips his lever. The smoke of the engine sends up its splendid swaying plume; the rejoicing steam pants and hisses; the complex machine quivers, stirs, starts. Now the bank of header-knives fly and flash, cutting a swath of thirty-six feet; now the beltings strain and slip and circle in their many orbits. The separator, the agitator, the cylinders, the fan-wheels, the elevators and chaff-carriers—all begin their mysterious babel, creaking, crashing, buzzing, clanging, snarling, snorting, grating, groaning. The ground shakes as though trampled by the feet of the mastodons.

Thus the monster machine crashes its way through the yellow gold of the fields. The flying knives of the header clip off the heads of the wheat, which, falling on a moving belt of sail cloth, are lifted and hurled into the insatiate maw of the harvester. Here they are shelled by the rushing teeth of the machine, and the chaff is blown away, leaving a clean stream of wheat to rush down the chute into the gaping mouth of the sack. In thirty seconds the sack is round and full and ready for the swift needle of the sewer. Thus the glory of the grain is gathered in to feed the hunger of the world.

From Picturesque America, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY

Middle Fork of King's River Canyon

The Waning of the Grain Ranchos

Great has been the wheat-era in the Far West; and it was great not only in the abundance of its wheat yield, but also in the correctness of its method. The wheat barons have taught us how on a large scale to raise the wheat to satisfy the mouths of the world. Indeed, all world industries should be conducted on a large scale that will eliminate from our social order the foolish waste involved in petty enterprises—the needless waste of time and labor. The modern trust exists only because it is a labor-saving device. The hour is coming when petty business will disappear, and when Big Business will rule the world. Let us hope that the poison of self-interest will disappear along with petty business; and that Big Business will be organized to serve the Many, not the Few—be organized to serve the common welfare of mankind.

A monopoly *by the whole people* is a good thing, but a monopoly by a few is not a good thing. In one case, it serves the interest of the All; in the other case, it serves only the interest of a small group. So it turned out that the wheat barons, monopolizing the land in California, worked a serious hardship upon tens of thousands of families who should have had access to the green acres. These families were pushed off the land. To use the memorable words of Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking of the English poor: "They are made to be strangers and exiles in their own country."

Now something happened which is helping to break these baronial domains into small holdings. There came three dry years, years when the yield of wheat was scanty. There were also other bitter drops in the cup of the baron: there was a drop in the price of wheat. Besides this, there was some weakening in the crops, owing to the fact that the rich soil of the great central valley had been reduced in strength by forty years of continual grain-growing: there had been no rest for the land and no fertilizing of it; nor had there been any irrigation. These economic happenings opened the way for the breaking up of the great wheat domains and for the return of the exiled people to the land.

Thus there is beginning to be in California a renaissance of small farms and orchards and gardens. The finger of history points out that man on the path of ages began with pastoral life and then proceeded to tillage of the soil and finally went on to horticulture. But California passed rapidly into these three stages of evolution. While tillage is still in operation, fruit-growing is now perhaps the crowning industry of the State.

II

The Miracle of the Water

What is working this sudden transformation—what is changing the great wheat-lands into fruit-gardens and kitchen-gardens and alfalfa fields? It is irrigation: it is the miracle of the water.

Years ago there were prophets preaching the miracle of the water, but there were no ears to hear. Even the old Franciscan friars from the sparse terraces of Majorca considered the water as the essential refreshment for the land; and their first toil was to provide irrigating canals for their fields and fountains for their gardens.

But for years and years the Americans in nearly every part of the State let the floods and streams sweep by their wilted orchards and gardens even in the dry years, and laid the blame of poor crops upon " a frowning Providence." This of course was poor tillage and worse philosophy. For there is no ready-made providence for man. We are here in the midst of the raw materials of Providence; and it is our business to make them serve us—to organize them into a protection from disaster. We must co-operate in the creation of a Providence for the world. And, in finding a Providence, we would find . . . God.

Of course, there were men in California who had this stalwart philosophy, and they were evolving a plan to use the many streams of the State to increase the general fertility. As long ago as 1857, a group of Germans from San Francisco organized on a waste cactus-covered region a colony at Anaheim, near the Santa Ana River. The territory was at once irrigated by water conveyed from the river, and the colonists drew lots for the subdivisions of the land now separated by running streams. These watered acres were set out in grapes, and in three years the vines were bearing and paying well.

This success should have aroused the State to the value of irrigation. Yet it was thirteen years after this before another experiment was made on the dry cactus land along the same Santa Ana River—on a stretch of territory that was tenanted only by alert lizards and wandering herds. This new adventure was led by John Wesley North, and he should be long and gratefully remembered for this hazard of new fortune that has meant so much to California.*

In 1870 Judge North with his select colonists went south into a dry plain four hundred miles from a railway. The Mexican who owned the barren *mesa* felt avenged for many wrongs (real or fancied) to his race, when he sold to these Gringos for three dollars an acre land he would have thought seventy-five cents a stiff price for. Yet more than one thousand dollars have since been paid for one of these acres, and none are for sale. In the midst of this celebrated land of orange groves stands Riverside, with a present population of over 5,000 and with an assessed valuation of over $12,000,000. And behind this is the gold of the orange-trees.

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* Judge North was born in New York, educated in New England, emigrated to Nevada, where he became a judge of the Supreme Court; and later he became a citizen of the South. Judge North had in him the sympathies of the four winds, as befits a man who becomes a People's man, heading a movement for the common welfare.

But the kindly Fates were watching over this enterprise. A woman in Washington City sent to a friend in Riverside two orange-trees from Bahia, Brazil, with word that they were a rare variety. Buds from these trees were grafted on the plebeian stock in the orchards, and this grafting produced the celebrated Riverside navel-orange—seedless, large, delicious—a wonder and a triumph.

This was not a new orange, however, as this "Median apple" was pictured and praised in old garden books over two-hundred-fifty years ago. Nevertheless, it revolutionized the orange-growing of California: those two orange-trees have mothered millions of trees, and have made millions of dollars for the orange growers. And here comes in a note of the irony of fate; for the man to whom the two trees were sent, the man who shared the buds freely with all comers—the buds of his only trees—died recently in an almshouse, beggared and forgotten.

The Big Pullman Emigration

Southern California, under the spur of the Riverside success, began to plan co-operative colonies, to plant trees, to dig irrigation ditches. Then a fortuitous thing happened: it was one of those exploits of man that help to build up the fate of the world—a new railroad swept into the State, erecting a terminal in the far south. Now a merry rate-war began between the two rival railways. The fare between St. Louis and California went down to five dollars, and for one day it struck the low mark of fifty cents.

Thus " the Pullman Emigration " began, an emigration more numerous and continuous than the ox-team emigration of the gold era. Tens of thousands of tourists flocked to the Far West: some of them never returned. And those who did return started endless-chain stories of the beauty, climate and productivity of California. We see the result of this westward tide of emigration in the fact that Los Angeles rose from 11,000 to 50,000 inhabitants in five years: to-day she has 500,000.

Indeed, all the seven counties of the south have been awakened by the miracle of the water: sheep pastures have become orange groves, lizard-runs became vineyards. Colonies have been born, old towns have renewed their youth, and an April spirit touches the round year. For the orchards and gardens and vineyards are abundantly watered from artesian wells, from tunnels into the hills, and from enormous reservoirs that store the mountain floods. Irrigation insures a harvest.

A Wonder in the North

We are here confronted by a singular phenomenon. In the great central valley (especially in the northern region of it and six hundred miles above Los Angeles) the citrus fruits—other fruits also—ripen a month earlier than they do in the far south, excepting perhaps in the natural forcing-bed of Imperial Valley.

In a word, the north and the south are appointed by the Fates to one common service. So we find, for example, that the best apples (a hardy fruit) are handed out from Santa Barbara and San Diego in the south as well as from Humboldt and Shasta in the north: we find also that the oranges once only in the south are now growing abundantly in the northern foothills.

What causes this singular phenomenon in the foothills of the great central valley? The long summer heat of the valley and its warm nights sheltered from the sea explain the paradox to many thinkers. Others contend that genial air-currents impalpable to man circulate through the lower foothill region; and still others contend that under the sod runs a warm, mysterious, life-giving stratum of earth. Whatever the cause, it is certain that in California exists the largest variation of an isothermal belt known on the planet: its long band extends from Riverside on the south to Tehama on the north, and gives us a nearly uniform temperature and production over a stretch of seven hundred miles.

Co-operative irrigation solved the problem for the pleiad of southern counties; and now irrigation is working its miracle in the foothills and on the level fields of the two great valleys in the north—the San Joaquin and the Sacramento.

Thirty years ago, Fresno City was merely the center of a large number of sheep ranges: it was a town, stark and ugly. It is now a beautiful city, the center of a vast raisin region of the irrigated lands; and her raisins, fine in quality and abundant in quantity, have routed the raisins of Spain from the Union.

Fresno County was quick to take the hint on raisin culture; and it was not long before irrigation ditches crisscrossed the fields—not long before the artesian wells that in the old time had watered the cattle began to irrigate orchards and vineyards. The land was soon found to be too valuable for grain-raising: the fruit shot ahead of the wheat, just as the wheat had shot ahead of the wool.

The Government Takes a Hand

The three dry years in the '90's brought the problem of irrigation sharply to the front in the Far West. Leagues and associations were formed to further the conservation of the waters, also the conservation of the forests that are the source of the waters. Private enterprise, up to 1902, had expended about $27,000,000 in irrigation canals. This averaged twenty dollars an acre, yet this expenditure lifted the thirty-dollar acres to about one-hundred-fifty-dollar acres.

But the private ownership of water was detrimental to public needs and rights: it created monopolies, which are the old unsleeping enemies of the people. It was soon evident to all thinkers, all unselfish thinkers, that the State and Nation should control the public water domain as they control the public land domain.

But the people must be roused to see their rights and be inspired to defend them. The hour needed the man, and suddenly the man appeared. He was that able advocate of justice, William E. Smythe, the author of "The Conquest of Arid America." He opened a valiant campaign in behalf of government control, and his voice was heard again and again in "Out West" and upon the lecture platform of the State. Stiff-necked conservatism, keen-eyed private interest, careless indifference, babbling ignorance—all went flying before his storm of argument and illustration and passionate appeal. His words of reason and humanity roused the conscience of the State to recognize the sacred right of the people to get back to the land with power to use the land.

Drainage and navigation, as well as irrigation, were involved in the movement. Day by day it was growing clearer that this was a problem for government intervention. It had Titanic dimensions and it could be mastered only by the strength of a Titan.

So national control of irrigation became the slogan of the '90's: the political parties were forced to turn to the question. Theodore Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, discussed the question as a national problem: should the water supply on which a people depend be allowed to go into the clutches of a private monopoly?

The year that gave life to the Panama Canal Act gave life also to the National Irrigation Act. Both were of the first importance to California. The great canal would shorten and cheapen the routes of commerce, would afford an easier roadbed for perishable fruit and would open up new markets. And the Irrigation Act binds the power and wealth of the nation to come to the help of the common people in their effort to store and distribute the streams and floods for the invigoration of the gardens and the orchards and the fields. It has made more secure the labor of hundreds of thousands of earnest men: it has carried the light of happiness into countless homes.

This achievement gives us a glimpse of the enormous power in friendly co-operation: it is this power that must capture the forces of nature, harness them to the service of mankind and thus build up a Social Providence in the world. Brotherly co-operation, this is the hope of humanity: the co-operative commonwealth, this is the dream. The State must become the organ of Fraternity. This way lies Paradise.

A Sheep Ranch in Tehama County

Cattle and Cowboys

A Prune Orchard in Blossom

Orange Groves at Riverside

Irrigating Sacramento Valley

Glance at the Sacramento Valley of to-day, the valley that was so long the theater of the vast grain-fields which yielded only one crop a year, the valley where the whir of the monster field machines sounded over the broad acres like the noise of a kingdom of grasshoppers. This vast realm is now being cut up into small farms and orchards.

The great Glenn Rancho on the Sacramento River covered 50,000 acres, and the aim of the owner was to raise 1,000,000 bushels of grain in a year. One famous shipment to London drew in a net return of $800,000. They are now cutting this vast domain into small holdings. They are also subdividing the famous old Haggin Rancho of 45,000 acres. At the Maxwell Rancho there is a model orange colony, promising to produce in perfection "the golden apples of Hesperides."

Two other famous domains come to mind. The Bidwell Rancho was held from early times by the noble old pioneer, John Bidwell. He would not consent to have it cut up during his lifetime; but it is now being broken into small farms. The great Stanford Rancho, which finances the Stanford University, is the only big domain that is left intact. It is conducted as a model of scientific agriculture: the same may be said of the big Kearny Rancho in Fresno, which is a practice farm for the University of California.

All these rich domains are coming gradually to feel the touch of the cheerful waters. In the Sierras we find thousands of lakes in the hollows of the hills; and these (under the supervision of Government engineers) are being walled up to form enormous reservoirs to save the floods for the refreshment of the fields and orchards. There is a man-made lake of forty-five square miles in Plumas County. This is Big Meadows, and is perhaps the largest artificial body of water in the world. It is up 4,500 feet above the sea-level, out of the reach of strong evaporation, and it stores 55,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. But the Spaulding Dam, now under construction in Placer, will create another enormous storage reservoir, holding 4,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. It will be walled with 300,000 cubic feet of concrete, the broken rock being quarried from its own cliffs.

At Orland there is a government irrigation system that will water many square miles; and the Consolidated Canal, extending from Clear Lake through Cache Creek to Davis, will water 100,000 of the richest acres in the State.

And these waters, pouring out of the mountains, are used to generate electric energy, and this energy turns a thousand busy wheels, pumping water, driving interurban cars and relieving in many ways the old drudgery of home and field. It is said that in the central and northern regions of the State the rate for electricity is lower than in any other part of the world.

News from the San Joaquin

We have had a glimpse of the beginning of the new industries on the fields of the San Joaquin Valley: what are the present hopes and horizons?

There are immense oil-veins in the valley, and these supply cheap fuel and power to run pumping plants and farm machinery. Here, as in the Sacramento, we find communities that are irrigating by square miles instead of merely by acres. The big ranchos are falling to pieces, one by one, and a million acres are now feeling the magic touch of the irrigating waters.

The old Cowchilla Rancho of 108,000 acres, in Madera and Merced, is being broken into small holdings. This vast domain is covered with thistles and wild grasses; yet, when it is vitalized with the touch of the artesian water, it will support 20.000 people —not, as in the old days, merely 20,000 cattle and a band of yelling coyotes. The Crocker-Huffman Rancho swarmed with herds for thirty years: its rich acres are also to be transformed into small farms and vineyards. The same may be said of the Graham Rancho with its 72,000 acres. And I am told that even the long-unconquerable cattle kingdom of Miller and Lux is about to join the general drift of events.

This is the region that put Raisin Day (April 30) in the almanac. Raisins put $7,000,000 into the coffers of California in 1912; and most of the money went to Fresno as the world's repayment for those nuggets of the plum-cake and the mince-pie.

Orange growers from Riverside are now planting orange-trees in the foothill belt of the San Joaquin, for they find that in these northern belts the citrus fruits ripen a little earlier than they ripen below Tehachapi Pass. It should be said that nowhere is the orange-zone exempt from a nip of frost every few years. But, in the big double valley of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, the oranges are picked in November: hence, they are almost certain to escape this shrewish touch of the frost, rare in any case.

Final Words

Irrigation is not a necessity on the northwest coast of California, nor in the counties that skirt San Francisco Bay; but it is a necessity, or at least a marked advantage, in nearly all the other parts of the State. Irrigation means an assured harvest and a relief from all anxiety about the weather.

California has a rainy winter and a rainless summer: "Half a year of clouds and flowers; half a year of dust and sky." This rainless summer is a joy to the farmer, for it enables him to harvest his hay, thresh his grain, cure his prunes, raisins and other fruit with no fear of dripping heavens. The disadvantage of the rainless summer is now wiped out by the new devices for storing and scattering the abundant water of the hills and streams. Irrigation marks a place where man has laid his hand upon a lever of the Destinies.

Now, California with her rich soil, her genial climate, her remarkable citrus belt, her elaborate system of irrigation, is nevertheless a sparsely populated State, having only sixteen persons to the square mile, while Illinois has one hundred and Massachusetts has five hundred. What California needs is a vaster multitude to enjoy her riches.

The Netherlands of the Far West

The Government not only helps to irrigate the fields, but she also helps to drain and reclaim the marshes. Where the Sacramento and the San Joaquin River meet, near the middle of the State, there were once leagues and leagues of land covered with pools and marshes, all fringed with tules and wild grasses.

Many a time in my boyhood I rode long miles into these tule lands near Suisun Bay, seeking the steers and heifers that had strayed away from our mountain range. It was a strange, wild region, threaded by many trails, and walled in by tules higher than your head. Here the wild ducks made their nests, and here came thousands of wild geese in the autumn, sliding down out of the mysterious North.

There were prophets even in those days, and they pointed us to a time when these wild marshes would be reclaimed. Finally, the State offered the land free to anyone who would drain it. Sometimes a man would take up the challenge, but the overflowings of the rivers would destroy his work. Yet these were rich delta lands.

But what is impossible to the individual may easily be possible to the people. The Government has bent herself to this great task, and with the aid of Science she is now reclaiming those leagues on leagues of tule land. The damp jungle swamps are being drained and dyked by the Government, and they are being cultivated by the settlers.

This fine domain, with its rich soil of mountain sediment and vegetable mold, is called the Netherlands of America. Upon these 200,000 acres, where once waved funereally billions of reeds and rushes, now spring thickets of celery, asparagus, onions and potatoes; thus forming an enormous kitchen-garden at the back doors of Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco. And the Government has undertaken to maintain a levee that will shield this rich garden-land from the river floods.

The Government is doing still more good work in the Sutter Basin and the Yolo Basin, rescuing them from the reckless flood of the winter waters, and restoring leagues and leagues of land to the happy uses of groves and gardens.

The Great Santa Clara Valley

South of San Francisco Bay run a group of lovely valleys, which are surpassed in size only by that leviathan, the great central valley of the San Joaquin and Sacramento.

Take first the Santa Clara Valley with its garden serenity, extending seventy miles by fifteen between its rolling hills. The Pajaro Valley, the Salinas Valley, the Hollister and the San Juan Valley are also of this region. They are all sheltered, fertile, artesian-watered vales, and their orchards, pink and white in spring, make one think of the rosy encampments in fairyland. I remember with keen delight the happy orchards in the foothills of Los Gatos. They give one the feeling of refuge and rest, a sense of nearness to the springs of life, to the peace of God.

There seems to be in this soil a mineral element that develops a large quantity of sugar, and something in the secret chemistry gives to the fruit a fine color and flavor. It is possible for this valley to serve the table the year round with some variety of fresh fruit. Here grow apples, pears, quinces, loquots, figs, grapes, olives, pomegranates, persimmons, prunes, nectarines, apricots, cherries, almonds, walnuts, pistachio nuts, oranges, lemons, limes, tangerines, pomelos, guavas, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, loganberries, currants. The date, the breadfruit and the banana are here as ornamental trees; but the nights are not hot enough to ripen their fruit.

The Santa Clara Valley is the greatest seedbed in the world. They raise here in this rich soil and equable climate the flower and the vegetable seeds sold by many great Eastern firms. These are shipped in carloads and are sold by spoonfuls. It is a charming spectacle, these acres of sweetpeas, carnations, lilies and the rest sweetening the miles.

Still further south on the coast there are gardeners who make a specialty of raising wild flowers to supply the world with the seed; and in those gardens in the south we may behold flaring hosts of poppies, nemophilas, mariposa lilies. And up in the north is the celebrated wild-bulb garden, on the hill-slopes of Mendocino. California is a land of flowers, and you could almost replant the Ruined Paradise from her bountiful gardens.

Valleys North of San Francisco

When Luther Burbank, the distinguished prime minister of Ceres and Pomona, wished a rich soil and a balmy air for his experimental gardens, where did he go? He went into the region of the lovely valleys north of San Francisco. Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Napa, St. Helena, Calistoga, Sonoma—these valleys (their names chime in happy cadence) are watered by rains and mountain streams. As a rule, they are broken into small farms and vineyards.

The wine grape reaches its high perfection on these hill-slopes. At Asti you may see, cut in the solid rock, the largest wine reservoir in the world. These valleys are the regions of the great vine-lands; but here as elsewhere the vines have suffered under the attack of the dreaded phylloxera, which caused havoc in Europe and Australia. Nearly all vines planted a score of years ago have perished, and those still remaining have ceased to bear and are fast dying out.

It appears that the old method of vine planting by the use of cuttings and rootlings will not produce vines that have strength enough to resist the phylloxera. Realizing this fact, the famous Fountaingrove Vineyards (others also) have adopted the only safe way of renewing a vineyard: they have replanted all their spacious acres with "grafted vines on resistant stock." In other words, they have grafted choice European varieties of grapes into resistant vines, vines that had been tested in French vineyards for forty years. As showing the scale on which some of these great vineyards operate, I may quote the recent words of an editor concerning this Fountaingrove Estate, near Santa Rosa:

> "In their lofty and imposing cellars there is a storage capacity for a million gallons of wine. The fermenting vats hold 100,000 gallons of grape-must. . . . Here in the climate of ancient Greece, the land of fruits and flowers and oil and wine, with valleys as beautiful as those of France, and with mountain-slopes green with olive groves and vineyards, there has been charmed into existence a wine as golden as the sunlight with summer throbbing in it."

The Wonder of the Northwest

One of the stirring events of the Far West in recent years is the opening up of the valleys in northwestern California, extending from the north rim of Sonoma into Humboldt, where the sky-saluting redwoods look down upon the sea. The railway will reach this long sequestered region in 1915, connecting San Francisco with high-born Eureka, opening a way for the homeseeker into a wild, unwasted territory. And yet this is not a rude pioneer region: here are towns well under way, with banks, high schools, churches and pretty homes. Irrigation is not needed in this land of copious rains. Here are lumber lands, dairy lands, grain lands, fruit lands.

This wild and rugged coast is destined, also, to become a haunt of the joy-seekers, those who are fleeing from the summer heat of the interior. Here is a climate bracing and genial, its atmosphere toned by nearness to the sea and cheered by thousands of sparkling streams that rush down from the cool canyons. Here, too, are mountains that have not lost their virgin freshness: rainbow trout leap in the sequestered pools, and deers and bears patrol the

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Raisin-drying Racks in a Vineyard near Fresno

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Orange Trees at Riverside

An Oil Field, Bakersfield

remote valleys and summits. Hunter and fisherman will be sorry to see all this wilderness invaded by canneries and creameries and factories—a fate that will soon descend upon it.

Mendocino (a county nearly as large as the commonwealth of Massachusetts) stretches along this coast: it is the home of the beautiful redwoods. There are millions of acres of these splendid trees in her forests, while orchards of hardy fruits fill her open and sunny valleys. Old redwood lands cleared for the plow are most friendly to the apple. The old fallen and rotted leafage spreads on the ground a rich mold, which is a delight to the wandering roots of the apple-trees.

The Redemption of the Desert

One of the big dramatic achievements of Irrigation was the redemption of Imperial Valley from the desolation of the Mohave Desert. Fifty years ago the dreamers began to talk of reclaiming this waste realm, which the " wide-awake " ones called " a valueless and horrible desert." Bills to reclaim it were introduced into Congress by the dreamers: stock companies were organized to push the work. But the pontifical poohs and bahs of the " wide-awake " blew away their fantasy.

With the coming of the waters came also the immediate proof of the astounding fertility of that desert domain; and in 1901 the settlers began to pour in—three thousand people in a single year. They clustered around four centers; and soon there were banks, newspapers, public schools, incipient cities. The valley is now a busy hive.

Deciduous fruit trees—the apple, the peach, the cherry and the rest—do not thrive in this climate: they need more moisture in the air: the apple needs even a tingling touch of the frost. But all cereals and vegetables prosper here. Cotton with long fiber averages a bale to the acre. Dates, rivaling the dates of Africa, are now growing lustily in the Imperial and Coachella valleys.

The soil of Imperial Valley is said to be as rich as the valley of the Nile; and it contains herds of cattle and hogs, which revel in alfalfa, sorghum grass, Egyptian corn, Kaffir corn, maize and barley. Four crops of barley spring from the soil in eight months, and grapes here ripen earlier than anywhere else in the State. Cantaloupes and Rockyfords seem to leap out of the soil, and are able to reach the Eastern markets ahead of the other runners for the goal. The summer heat is great in the valley, yet there is so much dryness in the air that the general effect is said to be about the same as the Chicago temperature.

This remarkable valley is a paradise of muskmelons. In the summer of 1914, two miles of melon trains pulled out of Brawley alone, carrying a part of the mammoth yield of 1,500,000 crates—75,000,000 melons. It took twenty carloads of tissue-paper, $60,000 worth, to wrap them for the long ride to the four corners of the continent. Eight thousand acres are in melons and the yield is a million a day. Pickers and packers work day and night to harvest these sand-colored globes distilling the sweetness of earth and sun. Everything clears the way for the melon trucks and cars; and the continent is mapped out so as to distribute them evenly to the waiting multitudes.

Glimpses of the Great Harvests

Taking a hasty backward glance over the whole stretch of gardens, orchards and plowed fields, let us rest the eye a moment on the alfalfa lands which show their green miles in every corner of the State. After three or four crops are cut in succession in a single season, the happy hogs are turned upon the land for a few months—turned into the paradise of the pigs.

But lest you should think that alfalfa growing is all "velvet," please note the plaint of a certain grower. "I was told by everybody," says the discouraged farmer, "that, after I had done the planting and got the water going, I would have it easy. But this is not so: I have got it planted and I've got the water. Yet it keeps me jumping all the time to keep the alfalfa cut."

This thriftiest of the clovers is a "never quitter." From three to six times a year it vaults out of the irrigated fields, a ton or more to the acre. Hog-raising and dairying follow the alfalfa fields. Plainly, this industrious forage plant does not allow much time for the hired-man to play checkers in shirt-sleeves, nor for the owner to play tennis in white flannels.

Beans of all sorts thrive in California. The delta lands, coast lands, valley lands, hill lands, desert lands —the democratic bean accepts them all.

The beet follows hard upon the track of the bean. This amiable root seems a sort of poor relation to the other vegetables, it being content with any soil that the others leave to it. For, while it joins its aristocratic neighbors in liking rich soil, it can nevertheless put up with poverty, for it cheerfully accepts even the despised alkali soil of certain regions that were soaked of old in sea-water. Beets can make a home even in a sagebrush solitude; and there is a legend that in some places they grow so big that when pulled up they leave post holes for the farmer.

The wild grape is indigenous to California: for long centuries it was the joy of bears and foxes. The

Mission vineyardists brought in the purplish, thin-skinned mission grape that held sovereignty for years; and I am sure that no other grape, whatever its pedigree and acclaim, can ever eclipse for me those musky and dewy clusters that my boyhood knew.

And now the grapes of California run into many colors—white, black, yellow, purple, garnet. At times they have had strange and tragic diseases, but these are being conquered by the wisdom of man. The great vineyards in the northern valleys run from five to 5,000 acres, and they produce three classes of grapes, rivaling the grapes of the Old World.

Orange groves, growing north and south, cover 150,000 acres of California's 28,000,000 acres now in fruits and grains. The orange is a fruit whose name and fame are touched with the hues of poetry. Its odor and color and savor, its association with bridal festivals and with lands of old romance—all tend to make it a stimulant to the imagination as well as a delight for the table.

Have you seen oranges and blossoms on the same severed bough? Perhaps, then, you will be disappointed when you come to see the trees in groves. For you will not see a Corot sweep of blossoming boughs against a pale azure sky. You will see instead a landscape as stiff as a Noah's Ark forest, every tree cut low and rounded like huge bouquets of green and gold and white—no grace of bough, no variety and amplitude of mass.

But there is a reason for this: it is only another case where Commerce obliterates Beauty. Trees are pruned to one monotonous rotundity because by this they get more evenly the arrows of the sun. They are kept to the same low hight because it is less expensive to pick the fruit from low boughs. They are watered by that identical gridiron of furrows because just that size of stream supplies the need—no lack, no excess. After you have learned the trick of raising oranges, you may go out in your shirt-sleeves to pick them in December and January; and if you are near Pasadena, when you are tired of picking oranges, you may ride up Mount Lowe and rest your muscles throwing snowballs.

The walnut, which flourishes in both the north and the south, is another joy-bringer to the planter. Walnuts are called " the lazy man's crop," for the tree requires no pruning, and is almost free from blight; and the boughs of one will sometimes drop six hundred pounds of nuts, and these may be gathered at your leisure. The walnut makes a fine roadside tree.

The almond also has a place in our El Dorado. It is the first tree to bloom in the Spring; and the slant of its boughs across the sky was of old to me like the call of the pipes of Pan to the joy of life. It loves to take root in the belt of the warm foothills and in the rich valleys.

And Last the Fig and the Olive

" A fig-tree looking upon a fig-tree becomes fruitful," says the Arabian wisdom: it is now thought that science has explained this curious crypton. Our government experts went into the Orient to discover the secret of the Turkish figs: why had they so high an excellence? It was found that the fig-trees there were fertilized by a small fly, almost invisible: I will spare you the infliction of its sesquipedalian name. Now that we have imported this precious fly into the orchards of California, we may pick from our own boughs the figs of Smyrna. They grow abundantly in the orchards of Fresno and Ontario.

The fig is a joyous grower and giver. It will fill its rotund purse of honey for you the third year, and will continue its generosity through many generations of men. Its immense spread and dense shade make it a happy shelter from the heat of the day and the dews of the night. Children love its friendly shadow. I know some fine old fig-trees that would shade a city square, and under whose boughs a regiment might rest at noon. I have a keen memory of the noble tree that stood lofty and alone in the midst of the garden of my boyhood.

The olive-tree is another name that has a poetic interest for the heart, for it is deep woven into our old race memories. Pliny says the olive is the peer of the oak in its long hold upon life. The olives planted in California by the Franciscan friars in 1700 are still alive: an olive planted by St. Francis in 1300 was still alive in 1800.

Like the true patrician of ancient lineage, the olive-tree never flaunts her leaf and flower. Her blossoms (kindred to our lilac and jasmine) hide their thyrsus of cream-colored petals under mouse-ear foliage, shading from gray green to yellowish green. The unripe fruit, all that most folk ever see, is a yellowish green; but the ripe fruit, which alone should be eaten, is a purple black touched with a stain of blue.

Syria, Lebanon, Lucca, Tuscany, Seville—these are names sweet with the memory of the olive; but now the name of California must be added to the melodious litany. The olive has an almost human gift in its power of adapting itself to its environment. It finds in the warm foothills of California the homelike air and soil of Algeria and Italy.

The man whose acquaintance with the olive is confined to the pickle bottle will be surprised to learn that there are three hundred varieties of the olive, each yielding an oil as individual in flavor as are the wines from the several varieties of grapes: rich oils they are, running in color from amber to deep gold.

Plant olives by the worn roads: they are never naked of leaves, and their neutral-tinted colonnades stir with delight the hearts of travelers.

III

The University Co-operates

The University of California, at Berkeley, has always leaned toward the practical as well as toward the classical, never failing to favor courses in mining and engineering. And one of the most heartening facts in the advancing life of the State is the living interest the University is taking in the work of the folk of field and orchard.

Dr. Elwood Mead, at the head of the Department of Rural Institutions, is doing valuable work in carrying the gifts of knowledge and inspiration to community life. This Agricultural College reaches down to the ground: it instructs not only University students in classroom and in laboratory, but it also goes out to instruct high-school students and to give light to the field-workers looking for light.

The college carries on a model dairy at Berkeley, a practice farm of seven hundred acres at Davis and a spacious experimental farm on the Kearny Rancho in Fresno. It has also experiment stations at Riverside and Imperial Valley, a pathological laboratory at Whittier, and forestry stations in the north and in the south. It also runs a correspondence school on agriculture and holds farmers' institutes over all the State: in 1913 were held one-hundred-sixty-three institutes.

Nor does this college wait for the field-folk to seek it out: it goes with its experts and its model appliances into all the great centers. The Agricultural and Horticultural Demonstration Train is a university on wheels: it is a scientific farm that runs into hundreds of stations and stops for a while at each one, for the field-folk to look and listen. And they come as they would to a summer circus, come alert to find what science has to tell them of seed and soil—also of the hog in the pen, the cow in the pasture, the hen in the barnyard, the horse in the stable, the bee in the hive. Thus the college is a center of light and joy; for the instructed farmer not only has more power but also more happiness.

The University also extends its kindly hand into the home. Household science is taught to the mothers and daughters, and stress is laid upon conditions that are right for children, and also upon the knowledge that will tend to sweeten the days and lift the load of the farmer's wife.

The Union of Culture and Labor

I am happy to tell this story of our great University, because the movement is a strong step in the direction of an ideal that is dear to my heart—the union of Culture and Labor. Every man on the planet should do some physical work: he should help in the bread-labor of mankind. He should also do some of the intellectual work: he should help in the thought-labor of mankind. In a word, *every thinker should work, and every worker should think.*

A land so dowered with beauty, so blessed with abundance, so stocked with an eager humanity, ought to rise to her opportunity and give to the future a people that will approach the ideal of Greece, Greece who " aimed high and perished greatly," Greece to whom the souls of men turn ever, century after century, to taste her joyful wisdom and to feel the fire-touch of her aspiration.

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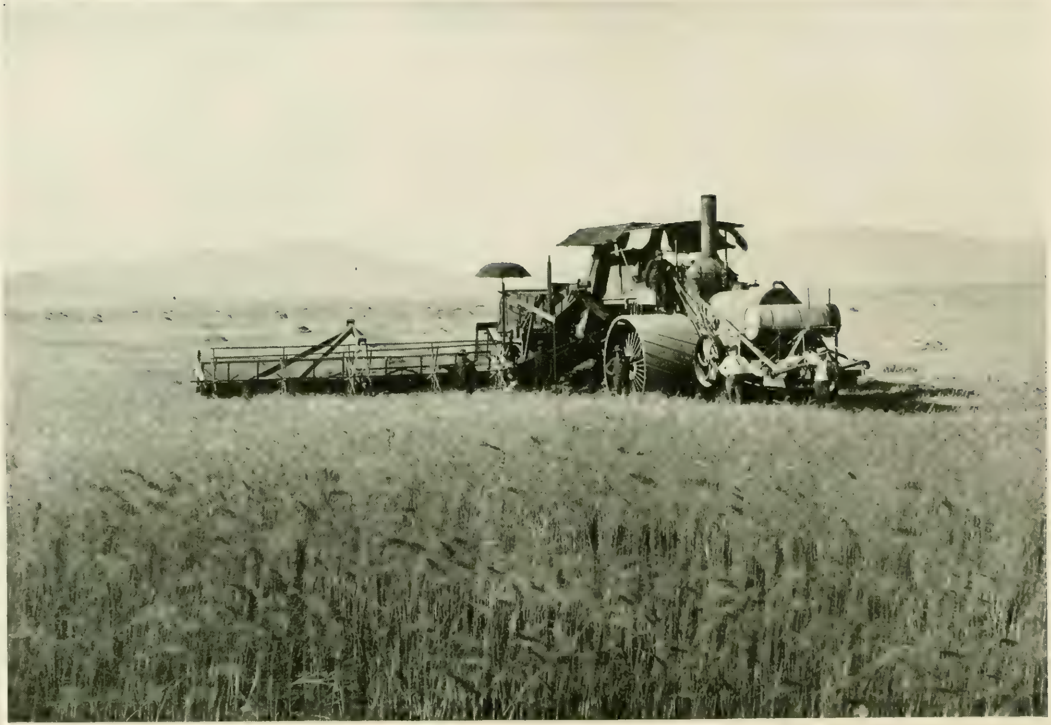
A GOLD OF OPHIR ROSEBUSH

A FIELD OF CALIFORNIA POPPIES



A Thresher at Work on a 17,000 Acre Wheat Ranch

An Adventure in Co-operation

California found that she can produce great riches —citrus and deciduous fruits, dried fruits and canned fruits of all sorts. But she was staggered by the problem of distribution: how could she send out her riches to the world and not have all her profits eaten up by the grafters and gain-hunters? After the railways and the middlemen had their fill, little if anything was left for the yeomanry. So, moved by an inspired common sense, they drew together into co-operative and defensive bodies; and lo! the tyranny of the middlemen dissolved like a rope of sand.

The citrus men banded into a corporation called The California Fruit-Growers' Exchange; and this efficient organization, with two hundred agents in the chief cities of America and Europe, has eliminated the horde of hungry speculators—the bane of all industrial life. It is pledged to protect groves against insect pests, to provide packing supplies in huge quantities, to advertise citrus fruits at home and abroad, and to manage wisely the uniform distribution of citrus fruits over the nations.

This fine organization has cut down the cost of picking and handling to one-half of the old expense. Its distribution is punctual and satisfactory; its advertising skillful and remunerative. Here, surely, is a hint of how to solve the industrial problem of civilization—the elimination of the parasite.

It is good to know that other forms of the field and orchard industries are following the lead of the Exchange. On this far coast, without any abstract reasoning on social economics, the people are beginning to take their stand on the rock of collectivism. The stern logic of events has taught them that selfish competition tears down, while friendly co-operation builds up the walls of the social safety.

International Co-operation: Italy

A movement in the same direction and on a larger scale has just taken form in Italy. It is under the direction of my old friend, David Lubin, of California, and it is under the earnest patronage of the king of Italy, " pre-eminent among European princes for intellectual acuteness and grasp of economic problems."

David Lubin, a man with a clear mind and a social ideal, began the movement that has culminated in The International Institute of Agriculture, which has its center in a beautiful palace built by the King on a hill, inside the historic Villa Borghese, just outside the walls of Rome. " The picturesque pines of the Villa serve to accentuate and give atmosphere to the architecture of the new edifice," an edifice recently dedicated in the presence of the King, members of the diplomatic corps and delegates from forty nations. Honor to this prince with his face to the future!

We now have a world-center where qualified representatives of the nations can meet to discuss the great questions of field and orchard and garden so vital to the happiness and even to the existence of mankind. From this center will radiate knowledge concerning the general food of the world, how to conserve and to increase it for the universal welfare.

Among other things, the Institute will gather and distribute knowledge concerning the fluctuation in the world's prices of the staples of agriculture—concerning the appearance anywhere of new diseases affecting animal or vegetable life—concerning agricultural insurance and co-operation, mutual loans and credit—concerning statistics as to labor needs and rates of wages paid in all quarters. Thus the Institute will not only instruct the nations how to promote the agricultural interests of the world, but will also serve as an international labor bureau. And California led the deed!

The Institute will be a center of light and order in the midst of the darkness and confusion of mankind. This is a movement inspired by the spirit of reason and humanity. From this time forth we should work as far as possible not for mere national interests, but for world-wide planetary interests. " All for all! "—this is the cry of the New Democracy. Unity, Solidarity, Fraternity—these are the mighty words of the future: on them rests the hope of men, the hope of nations.

A Cosmopolitan People

And now a closing word as to the characteristics of the people of California. Persons from many races are tilling her soil. " A convention of California farmers and growers," says Mr. Forest Cressey, " would resemble a family reunion of the Tower of Babel survivors with respect to the confusion of tongues spoken." A flight over the fields in an airship would reveal a landscape sprinkled with Yankees, Danes, Germans, Chinamen, Japs, Italians—a polyglot multitude driven in from the four winds. Here are many sorts of people in friendly labor together, producing more kinds of fruits and grains than are growing in any other State in the Union, and making more money to the acre. I believe this statement is propped by the facts.

The Rise of a True Yeomanry

A word now as to the proletariat, the men dependent alone on the strength of their hands: the landless men. These men found a strong ally in the New Constitution that bars out Chinese cheap labor.

Many employers deplored this exclusion act, but it appears to have worked a blessing in freeing the State from a horde of servile workers, a sort of horde that always tends to weaken the fiber of the people. The Japanese still drift in, but they usually prefer to work for themselves.

So there is not an abundance of hired help available—sometimes there is a scarcity. This lack has helped to break up the great wheat farms, and to sprinkle the State with small holdings; and it has also brought the family back into the field and garden work. At times through the whole year, the women and children may join in the outdoor life—pruning, pest-hunting, hoeing, fertilizing, irrigating, harvesting. It is also a common thing for hundreds of boys and girls to leave the cities in summer and to go into the country to help in the harvest work in field and orchard.

One fine feature in the life on these small, well-watered holdings is this fact—the family (with the help perhaps of a friendly neighbor) can control the situation in planting and harvesting. Here we see the rise of a true yeomanry—freeholders, free men!

And this lack of hired help is increasing the use of labor-saving machinery in home and field. It is also urging on the lady-mother and her daughters to study household science and to apply its principles in a way that is rapidly elevating the standard of the homes. And the introduction of machines—especially those space-eaters, the telephone and the automobile—is helping to relieve the drudgery and the isolation that in earlier days made the life of the farmer's wife a tragic burden.

Many of the women of California are beginning to get all they can out of life as life is now organized. If they wish more, they must let go of the petty and conventional and begin to unify in a big and enduring way. They must finally get rid of the mere slavery of the kitchen, and have some time to join with men in building up the beauty and order of the world. When women ensister at last, when they realize their oneness in the Father, they will conquer the path to Paradise.

Not for the Moneyless

Now, with all its advantages, California has no special opportunity for the moneyless man: he would have to be satisfied with the usual chances of the day laborer. The man with five thousand to invest, and willing to work and wait, is likely to prosper. Men with only one thousand dollars, and with plenty of health and grit, have also been known to prosper, albeit with a struggle. But, after the land is paid for and well-watered, the brunt of the battle is over.

The small farm with two or three marketable crops, this is the thing. Wasteful big farming is now almost a mere memory. "Twenty's a plenty, and forty's a fortune," say the wise men of farm and orchard. If a man has these, and has children and women folk who like gardening, then he is a king in the midst of his kingdom. The sky backs him in climate; the land stakes him in soil; and the Government is under bond to help in the irrigation of his fields. Moreover, the University, clothed in the wisdom of science, stands near at hand to help him in all the problems of his labor.*

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* California welcomes the desirable immigrant, as each nation has something to teach her; and she has appointed A Commission of Immigration and Housing to save the newcomer from his own blunders and from the depredations of the land-sharks that are in all parts of the world lying in wait for the unwary. The Commission is a center of protection and information. This Commission can be reached at Sacramento, California. There are other sources of information for prospective settlers—The California Development Board, the Colonization Bureau of the Southern Pacific, also the Agricultural College of the State University at Berkeley.

IV

Our Oil Fields

I do not wish to weary you with the story of the industries and their detonation of millions: nevertheless, I must give you glimpses at least of one other in our busy California.

We in the Far West have lavishly burnt the wood chopped from our great forests, and have also learned to plant the quick-growing eucalyptus and to use the trimmings and thinnings for fuel. And now, in order that we may have another good gift, California has opened her veins of oil, and we are receiving enormous outpourings from her many petroleum fields.

The oil-wells so far found are located in Kern, Fresno, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara counties. In 1912, five thousand wells produced oil, which, while still unrefined, was worth $36,000,000—an income greater than the yield of all our mines in that year.

The distinguished scientist, Professor J. D. Whitney, who wrote the article on California in the Encyclopedia Britannica in 1878, announces with an air of certainty that, owing to her peculiar geological formation, it is certain that no flowing petroleum wells will ever be found in her domain. A prophet, even when he speaks in the name of science, does well to leave a small door of uncertainty through which he can make escape when the facts confound his prophecy. For the impossible has happened: our oil-wells were discovered twenty years ago—some of them spouting up on land, others spouting up from the sea-bed.

Nature's Book of Mystery

Now we touch upon a strange study in Nature's book of mystery. What is the origin of these elusive veins of oil? Here we can only make guesses in the presence of the unknown. The rocks of the petroleum fields, east and west, do not belong to the same geological era. Nevertheless, certain marine relics are found in both fields, and this may be a proof that petroleum is organic marine life, animal or vegetable, tried out in Nature's secret laboratory.

In one of the oil beds near Los Angeles we get proof of antiquity of formation. Here, not far below the surface, were found the bones of domestic animals; below this level were found the bones of wolves and bears of an age just previous; and still lower were found fossil remains of an elephant and of a saber-toothed tiger of prehistoric time.

The oil yield of California leads the Union in point of bulk. The crude heavy oil, having an asphaltum base, is burnt in furnaces and ranges, and is also turned into gas, gasoline and so forth. This oil was used to give life to the mighty engines that scooped out the Panama Canal. This oil speeds a host of steamships plowing the sea between Patagonia and Alaska. This oil hurls our ninety thousand automobiles on their swift courses, and sets flying the locomotives in all the region extending from the coast eastward to the Rockies.

But we must not stop even at the end of this litany; for this oil drives thousands of pumping plants and lighting plants. It is also sprinkled upon miles and miles of road to keep down the dust. Long leagues of pipe lines carry it in oozing streams to far destinations. Special steel barges transport it on sea, and huge tank cars transport it on land. Thirty busy refineries purify it; enormous reservoirs store it. Thus we see that it moves with pomp and circumstance: it energizes almost every industry in the State.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT CITY BY THE GATE OF THE SEA

TOUCHED by the warm hues of a romantic past, San Francisco has an individuality, a glamor that has stirred the imagination of the world. She is like Venice and Athens in having strange memories: she is unlike them in being lit from within by a large and luminous hope. Wonder and terror may pass over her spirit; still nothing changes her purpose, nothing weakens her courage. Bret Harte salutes her:

> "Serene, indifferent of Fate,
> Thou sittest at the Western Gate;
>
> Upon thy hights so lately won
> Still slant the banners of the sun."

San Francisco crowns the extremity of a long rugged peninsula near the center of the State; and, by a happy augury, the gray-draped city of St. Francis stands on the same line of latitude with the Gates of Hercules that were the outposts of the ancient world, and with the violet-veiled city of Athens, where the sons of Hellas taught men how to live nobly and how to meet death with dignity.

A Glimpse of Her History

In the summer of 1776 a company of padres, soldiers and families, with stock and seeds, arrived on the San Francisco peninsula, and built temporary shelter of brush and tules plastered with mud. On September 17, the feast of the stigmata of St. Francis, solemn possession was taken of the presidio in the name of Spain; and on October 4th, the day of St. Francis, the mission was formally dedicated in his name. The cross was raised, the Te Deum was chanted, while bells and guns chorused to sea and sky.

The mission was in a little valley four miles from the Presidio, near a creek now filled in. It became known as the Mission de los Dolores, borrowing the name of the creek which honored the sorrows of Mary.

The village nucleated a little back of the cove about its inevitable Spanish plaza, which was to be the scene of wild and whirling days to come. Telegraph Hill, the old observation station, rose on the north of it, and Rincon Hill was off toward the south. When California was ceded to the United States in 1848, San Francisco was fairly afoot upon her triumphant way. Brannan had established a newspaper, *The Star,* and had sent two thousand copies East, describing the new land, and, curiously enough, prophesying the gold and the wheat of the future—the first " boom " note from California. A school was flourishing; churches were building; two hundred houses were on the hills, and the population was about eight hundred.

The Startling Cry, " Gold, Gold! "

And now sweeps into the story the dominant major—the finding of the gold. Told of in Indian legend and in Spanish tradition, the shining sands of Pactolus were found at last in a Californian canyon. San Franciscans, hearing the tale, felt again the wander spirit, and were off to the mountains, seeking quicker fortunes. Soldiers and sailors deserted from the bay. The school closed; the newspaper suspended. Business was at a standstill: there was no one to work nor to buy.

The tidings of the gold flashed from city to city, swift as the signal fires of Agamemnon telling that Troy had fallen. A wind of excitement passed across two hemispheres. The faces of men turned expectantly toward this new land at the edge of the world. Everywhere were heard the sounds of preparation and farewell, as adventurers by land and sea, by craft and caravan, set out for El Dorado.

By 1849 immigrants from the ends of the earth were pouring in; and the bare, brown hills and curving shores of San Francisco were whitening with tents. Goods were piled high in the open air, and all available walls were covered with grotesque signs and placards written in all languages.

By the winter of '49, the drowsy, droning Spanish town had expanded into a little excited city. Everywhere were springing up nondescript lodging and boarding houses, drinking houses and gambling saloons. Twenty-five thousand people thronged the thoroughfares. There was scarcely such a thing as a home. Crowds of people slept wedged together on floors and tables, in rows of cots or in bunks fastened in tiers to the walls. The streets, full of sticky clay and miry sand, were thronged with struggling horses, mules and oxen; and crowds of men from all nations and all levels of life jostled by, laughing, railing or cursing. A whirlwind had rushed in upon the sleepy town. Old habits of life were broken through. Lawyers were turned into draymen and bootblacks; doctors into merchants and carpenters; soldiers into waiters and auctioneers. All men could find work; and none, however rich, could wholly evade it. Gambling was the chief amusement; speculation in a hundred forms was pressing forward, and fortunes were changing hourly.

In all this rude democracy, there was one mark of an aristocracy—high prices. Workmen charged twenty dollars a day; lumber was five hundred dollars a thousand; flour was forty dollars a barrel; eggs were a dollar apiece.

All unready for this tumultuous rise in population and precipitation of business, the infant city had to evolve on the moment accommodation for man and beast and craft, and organization for civic safety. To add to the perplexities, in the first years of the city, fire after fire devoured its flimsy fabric of canvas and shingle. The fourth and worst fire, in May, 1851, destroyed seven million dollars' worth of property. The recurrent devastation made a demand for fireproof buildings, which gave a certain stability and dignity to the city. The bay began to fill with the new clipper ships, which brought steadier crews and more rational cargoes than did the older clumsy ships now rotting at the docks. Secure wharfage, passable streets, an efficient fire department began to give a feeling of prosperity and permanence.

The Rise of the Anarchs

San Francisco was the stopping-place of every comer and goer; the Egypt of the corn, the depot of supplies for the gold territory. Naturally, forces of good and evil streamed into the young city and came into collision. Strange new conditions were in the environment. The old primitive safeguards of the early mission era were outgrown. The population, representing every form of tradition and government, found itself removed from well-nigh all restraints, all bolstering up of church and state. Each man of worth, while bent to his private task, was now confronted by the problem of helping to build up a social fabric and of holding it secure.

The Anglo-Saxon has an elastic genius for government. Wherever he goes, finding new conditions, he finds new ways for maintaining the public safety. The reaction of his spirit under the conditions about him in early California furnishes an interesting study in social dynamics.

By 1850, California was running under a State constitution and the city had a charter. The old stable forces of home, and school, and church, the Argonaut soon evolved about him. However, great freedom of action and opinion prevailed, and a tolerance of evil that well-nigh blunted the distinctions between right and wrong. " Sydney coves," and other unruly spirits, took advantage of this laxity. Abuses thickened, crimes increased, and anxious problems of public order were upon the young metropolis.

The affair of " The Hounds " was one of the organized outrages that confronted the municipality. A band of lawless ex-convicts, affiliated for mutual protection in evil designs, grew very obnoxious in their bold defiance of authority, their open and wanton outrages upon citizens, especially foreigners. The community, having no municipal organization, rose against the law-breakers, put twenty on trial and half of these into prison. This show of public indignation quieted the pack for a time. But there was no strong authority to conserve the public good. What was the concern of all found an executive in none.

The Strong Grip of the Lion's Paw

Yet, finally out of this sagging and sinking of the public order and its adjustment sprang the most spectacular popular uprising and the most notable object-lesson in self-government known to the West or perhaps to any other land,—the Vigilance Committee of 1852-'56.

The occasion of this citizens' uprising was a series of unpunished crimes of arson, murder, rapine and burglary. The perpetrators of these outrages, owing to lax administration of law by corrupt or careless officials, were immune from arrest and punishment. Many fires that had devastated the infant city had without doubt been of incendiary origin. Over a hundred murders had occurred in a few months and not a single capital punishment had followed.

Feeling that this insecurity of life and property was intolerable, and fearing that it would draw down the perils and uncertainties of mob law, a party of prominent citizens, all above suspicion of self-interest, organized a defensive league against the allied rabble. They determined to take the law into their own hands, and to administer it with equal and exact justice, with swiftness and finality.

The first and most exciting case handled by this extraordinary court of justice came swiftly to judgment. Upon the night of organization, in June, 1852, an ex-convict was seized in an act of theft. He was tried in the presence of eighty members sitting with closed doors; was convicted, sentenced and hanged in Portsmouth Square that night.

The general public, sensitive and suspicious, dreading mob tactics, was troubled at first by this summary show of power. But the Committee came out with a complete list of its members, each member assuming equal share of responsibility, each avowing the public welfare as the only end in view, each pledging his life, his fortune, his honor, for the protection of his city and the upholding of the public safety.

A profound impression was made by the manifesto of this self-constituted protectorate. When it was found that no secret society, but, instead, a band of the solid men of the city was at the head of the movement, the community rallied to its support with enthusiasm. The Committee quietly kept at its work. Its calm, swift justice, its lack of personal bias, its righteous vengeance terrified evildoers. Many were banished by formal warning. Three other well-known criminals were hanged. Crime rapidly diminished, and for the first time in years people began to feel secure in person and possessions. After thirty days the occupation of the Vigilance Committee was gone. It did not disband, but existed for years a merely nominal tribunal.

By 1854, the growth of San Francisco began to slacken. Inflation began its inevitable counter-movement of collapse. The days of picking up gold were over. Immigration fell off. A large part of the city's population scattered, returning East, or going into the country to try life on rancho or orange. Disorder increased; the old suppressed crimes leaped into evil eminence.

Again the Vigilantes!

A new journal, ***The Bulletin,*** edited by James King of William, assailed the rising corruption, political and personal, social and individual, public and private.

In 1856, without warning, King was shot down in the street by a man who had writhed under the torment of the *Bulletin* pens—an unscrupulous ex-convict, James Casey, a rival editor and a man lately elected supervisor. This murder precipitated public opinion, and exploded the lazy optimism that had waited for things to right themselves. Casey was at once jailed, by chance escaping lynching. It was inevitable that heroic measures should be set in operation. And so there came about a second administration of the Vigilance Committee, this unique social providence, this people's protectorate. But this time it had before it not only the purging of the city's crime, but also a struggle with jealous and sluggish authority vested in city and State officials. In a few days twenty-five-hundred men had enrolled as Vigilantes, and were drilling in arms under their former trusted president, William T. Coleman.

Meantime, the Governor of the State was summoned by the Anti-Vigilantes, representing chiefly the conservative office-holders and the people affiliated in some way with the lawless element.

This Vigilance Committee drew a large following of citizens; but there was a continuous undercurrent of opposition. General Sherman, commander of the second division of the State militia, backed by the vacillating Governor and representing constitutional authority, was the leader of the opposition sentiment. In June, the Law-and-Order Party under him determined to rise against the Vigilantes. He appealed to General Wool, United States Commander in the Department, for arms, and also to Commodore Farragut at Mare Island. These commanders declined to interfere in State troubles without orders from the Government.

After three months of life, after hanging in all four criminals, well-known desperadoes, banishing many others and paving the way for a purer administration of law, the Committee disbanded, leaving a small body to settle its affairs. The next election saw a full set of honest officials in power, and for twenty years San Francisco had the name of being one of the best-governed cities in the world.

Were They Justifiable?

Looking back dispassionately, we realize that the Vigilance Committee had something of the dignity and purpose and procedure of the ancient court of the Areopagus. It was not like the extemporized Sanhedrim that tried Christ, a body which kept the appearance of justice but mocked the reality. It was not a masked band of regulators like the Ku Klux or the White Caps; but it was an irresistible rising of the best citizens in calm debate, in open daylight, with sobriety and decorum and every safeguard of justice. Unlike the Anti-Mafia of New Orleans, it put down the mob spirit, but did not engender it. Though acting outside of the constituted authorities, it had the severest reverence for law in the ideal. As President Coleman expressed it, the Committee did not act under lynch law, but under a sort of martial law that obtains in time of siege.

Considering the daring wantonness of crime, the subsidized or terrorized condition of the courts of justice, and the immunity of criminals, law-abiding citizens seem to have been justified in reverting to the elemental order of things, as is the man who attacks the housebreaker in the night.

But, of course, loyalty from the first to public interests instead of easy optimism and self-absorption, would have held back the occasion for the heroic measures of the historic Committee. Men never learn, save through suffering, that the support of the common welfare is a sacred duty, and that this duty squares exactly with their highest private interests.

Other Stirring Events

During all these years, and long after, San Francisco suffered greatly from disputed land titles.

Conflicting claims led to labyrinthine legislation, and increasing hardship, one crisis being the Squatter Riots.

The war of secession found California wavering between the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars. A large Southern element, much to the front in politics, had maintained a strong Democratic influence in the State. The celebrated duel, just outside the city limits, between Broderick and Terry—the Terry of Vigilance Committee memory—turned the tide toward Republicanism and sympathy for the North. The duel grew out of the Broderick and Gwin senatorial contest. Terry stood for Southern chivalry; Broderick stood for free labor and progressive politics. Not essentially great nor noble, Broderick was made heroic by his tragic death. During war times he was a colossal figure in men's minds, and his anti-slavery sentiments echoed through city and State, a slogan and a cleaving sword for freedom and the North.

In the '70's there sprang up in San Francisco a tremendous excitement over the silver mines on the Comstock Lode. The bonanza was estimated to be worth over fifteen hundred millions of dollars. True, this argent field was across the Sierras, in the State of Nevada. But most of the output found its way to San Francisco. The principal owners lived there, and San Francisco was the depot for Comstock supplies. The Stock Board operated there, and stocks bought for less than one hundred thousand dollars soared up to two hundred million. At the highest notch of prices the manipulators sold out, and the airy fabric of speculation fell with a crash. The banks had been emptied by speculators eager to buy stocks, and were greatly embarrassed. Myriads were swept into poverty, leaving immense fortunes in the hands of a few.

The Chinese and Labor Problems

Soon after the Comstock collapse, the Sand Lot agitation sprang into life. Over one hundred and fifty millions of dollars had been removed from circulation by the Comstock jugglery. The wealth of the outside world was temporarily diverted from the San Francisco markets. A great drouth had been on the State two years and the lean kine had devoured the fat. Harvests were sparse or wholly lacking. Cattle perished beside the dry water-courses. A large body of the outside unemployed had come to swell the tide of the city's drifting, workless ones. The railroad was threatening a reduction of wages to its thousands of men. Riots were on in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and had sent contagion on the enforced idlers in San Francisco. Feeling, long smoldering, broke into fire against the Chinese and the railroad, two factors believed by the workingmen to be largely instrumental in cheapening wages and robbing men of work. A mob gathered, threatening to rout out the Asiatics. The police could not disperse the rioters.

On July 24 there came a third call for the Vigilance Committee to assemble, which many thought an unnecessary and high-handed summons. William T. Coleman was for a third time given charge. The Committee was to proceed upon lines followed in the '50's. But this time they were to co-operate with the authorities rather than to work in opposition. On July 25, the mob, infuriated by the menace of the Committee and looking on it as a mere support of capitalistic interests, gathered about the Pacific Mail Dock, where immigrant Chinese were landed. The Committee, armed with pick-handles, met the labor mob at the dock and a few men were killed. This ended the uprising.

But the issue was soon thrust into politics. The anti-Chinese believers gathered upon the sand lots in the neighborhood of the City Hall and organized the Workingman's Party. It spread throughout the State. Dennis Kearny, an illiterate but rudely eloquent speaker, became the leader, the Wat Tyler of the hour. The movement ended in the adoption by the State of a new Constitution framed along progressive lines.

The people of San Francisco are of all kindreds and tongues. Buddha, Mahomet and Confucius are revered beside the Christian temples. The Indians of the Mission have faded from the peninsula and the sombreroed Spaniard dashes no more from the Mission to the beach about his bull-fights and bear-baitings. But here are Anglo-Saxons, Teutons, Celts, Greeks, Slavs, Latins, Hindus, Chinese, Kanakas, Japanese and Chilenos, all mixing in the great crucible and slowly shaping a new type of man, the Western American. All seem to be mixing, it should be explained, except the Chinese; for, after a quarter of a century of experience, San Francisco feels that her Chinese population is still an alien body and sure to remain so even to the third and the fourth generation.

So the problem of Chinese immigration has come up again and again in San Francisco. In 1869 the Chinese were invited and welcomed from China. In 1892, the Geary law was passed prohibiting the coming of any but the student class and providing for deportation under certain conditions.

The Chinese had swarmed into a quarter of the city about Portsmouth Square, and made there a small, evil-smelling Canton, where only a foreign tongue is spoken, and where strange gods are worshiped. Few have brought wives. Slave girls are the only women. Every Chinese prays to die in China, or to have his bones rot there. American law to most of them is but a pestilent thing to be evaded. They have no interest in the growth of the country or its institutions. They work for starvation wages, their living being extremely cheap, requiring only tea and rice and a bare shelf to sleep upon in a room crowded with such shelves. They are imitative, and as patient as cattle. The assertion that this labor liberates the whites for higher work does not seem to be verified. Many trace the vicious "hoodlum" class of both sexes to the enforced idleness of these young people, springing from the old-time competition of the Chinese in the labor market.

Notwithstanding all this, the little slant-eyed men with their grotesque superstitions, their stiff, stark, unhomelike homes, add a quaintness and a touch of color to this romantic city. Gay placards of intense greens and vermilions flutter from their doorposts. Under the dull outer tunics of the elders gleam surtouts of gay brocades, while the few children, little faithful copies of their sires, all tricked out like the lanterns of the night, go toddling on tiny rocking shoes through the narrow, dingy streets. The Chinese theaters, temples and restaurants are full of the Oriental strangeness. The interiors of some of them are lacquered and varnished like huge tea-boxes.

As one gets a strip of Cathay in Chinatown, so he may find a corner of Italy on the south slopes of Telegraph Hill. Here children, looking like the cherubs of their kinsmen, the old masters, swarm through steep narrow streets, upon curious little balconies, out of odd windows or upon the steps of chapels.

Aspects of the City

The older architecture of San Francisco is a medley of many schools. The buildings, especially the homes, are largely of wood; the recurring feature is the bay window that focuses the light and heat. To the newcomer they all seem of the same color, for the fogs and winds soon reduce all hues to a fine, restful gray.

In the early years of the city a misfortune fell upon the streets. Regardless of cliff and curve, ignoring height and hollow, the streets were laid out in undeviating straight lines. And so a city on fairer than Roman hills, with circling waterways more lovely than the curve of the Golden Horn, was deformed as far as its high bearing could be hurt; was checkered by pitiless compass lines, when it might have had windings and slow curves and gentle slopes and Neapolitan terraces.

Her Streets: Her Golden Gate Park

Market, the main street, runs lengthwise of the peninsula. Its intersection with Kearny is a nerve-center of the city, whence radiate three great streets. Near this spot are the main newspaper buildings and most of the large hotels. San Francisco's streets, unlike those of Sacramento and Los Angeles, are not lined with trees. But nearly every dooryard has its green place where tall geraniums, camellias, heliotropes or fuchsias fling out, the year round, their splashes of scarlet and purple.

The city boasts of one great park of a thousand acres, on the hills and ravines out by the sea. Central, Prospect and Fairmount parks of the East fail beside the charm of this fine Golden Gate Park, probably the finest in North America. The trees of the world, from conifera to cactus, are here, and every flower that blooms. Beyond the park is the Cliff House, overhanging huge rocks, the rendezvous of gulls and seals and shy things of the water.

The old Portsmouth Square looks upon the scene of the executions by the Vigilantes, and is full of memories for the chronicler. Its great charm now is the statue of Robert Louis Stevenson, who often sat there, studying the quaint, broken life about him. Another significant monument, poetic and historic, presented to the city by ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, stands before the new City Hall in honor of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

The Great Fire, and After

Earthquake, like wind, goeth where it listeth. In 1755, New England had its vibration, the roofs dancing to the accompaniment of a noise " like that of thunder, with a swell like that of the roaring sea." In 1811, Missouri had its quiver, the earth shaking at intervals during several months, " along a stretch of three hundred miles, throwing up prairies into sand hills, and submerging forests. Chicago and New York, and all the country between, were visited by earthquakes in 1870." And Charleston, only a few years ago, had her wrestle with the subterranean powers.*

Well-nigh every part of the earth has had her great fire or has felt the seismic vibration. Take the cities on the Danube, stretching from the Iron Gate to the Golden Horn: all of them have had their disasters. Seven times has Constantinople been wrapped in flames during the last half century. One pestilence swept from her streets three hundred thousand lives. Three times the dread hand of the plague knocked at the doors of London; and five times the tongues of the fire consumed her walls and towers, and once the feast of the flames extended over four days.

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* See " Some Cities and San Francisco," by Hubert Howe Bancroft.

So San Francisco does not stand alone in the great fire that swept over her in 1906. In the early morning, the city was shaken by an earthquake that lasted forty seconds. Many persons slept through the vibration; still, it wrenched hundreds of walls and chimneys. But the serious damage done by the quake was the breaking of gas and electric connections, which started a number of fires. These could have been quenched if the water-mains had remained unbroken; but they, too, were damaged by the quake. Thus a frightful conflagration plowed its way through the city. Three days and two nights the world watched beautiful San Francisco in flames. Myriads were hurrying to and fro upon the streets, moving trunks, fleeing with bundles and sleeping at night on sidewalks and in city parks.

The catastrophe left many stripped of earthly possessions, yet it also brought to the surface the deep reserves of the human spirit. It was not long before the soul of the people asserted its sovereignty over the material and transitory. They grew almost quiet at last in the face of the striding fates. Outcries of despair and repining ceased, as though the people were determined to accept the inevitable with a noble endurance, with a calm serenity.

But an even greater emotion descended at last upon the people—the emotion of brotherhood. Self was forgotten. All were eager to share their fortune, be it great or little, with their more needy neighbor. Under the stroke of a common calamity, the old estranging pride was deadened, the old bars of class and clan were shattered, and men and women came together on the divine ground of their common humanity. For a little while they touched God: they were brothers and sisters together. Heaven is made of such beautiful moments.

The fire left thousands in extreme destitution: the problem made a heavy demand upon our genius for organization. Committees of safety were appointed to serve as a social providence for these hours of fate. From State and Nation supplies were hurried to the desolated city. United States soldiers and university cadets patrolled and policed the streets, protected property, arranged concentration camps, organized systematic relief.

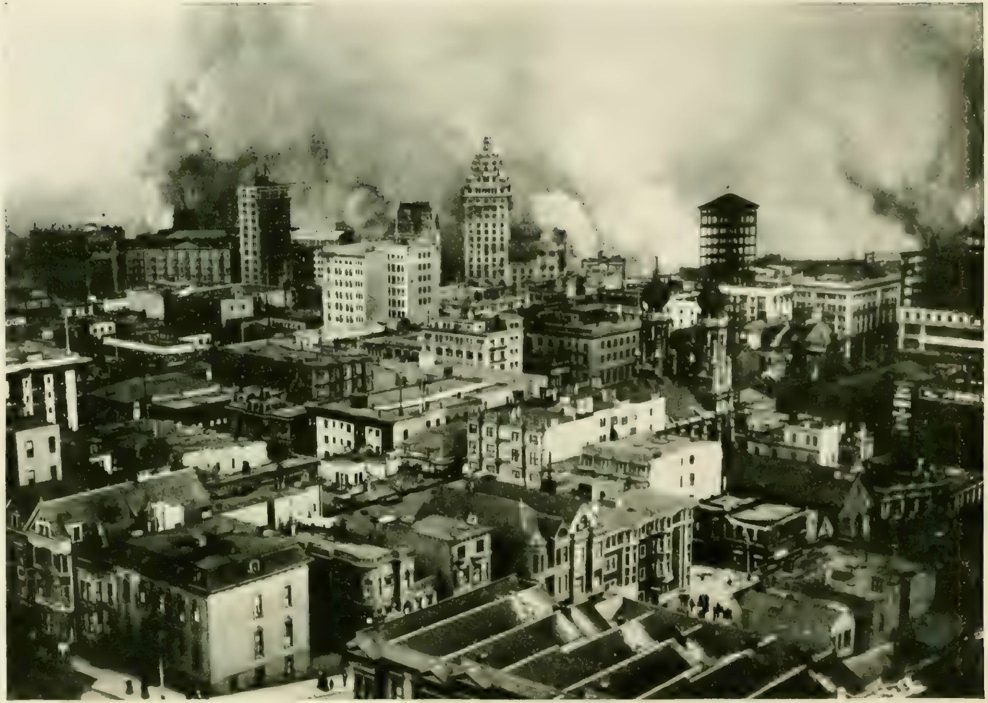
It was a supreme crisis in the life of the city. Railways and ferries carried both people and supplies free, and the United States mails carried letters bearing no stamps. Hospitals were established in churches. Hundreds of the homeless ones were forced for a year to find a scant shelter in the city parks. And, in the beginning, millionaires as well as tramps took their places in the bread-lines: for a short season wealth and all its distinctions had been swept away. The old pioneer spirit flared up again, and all took their fortunes with a rare good humor.

The Swift Rally of the People

The residential section of the city did not suffer greatly in the fire; although the houses of the workfolk south of Market melted in the blaze, together with the ornate mansions on Nob Hill. But the great mass of buildings reaching out toward Golden Gate Park escaped with no scorch upon their climbing vines and vivid flowers.

Only one-sixth of the city's area was burned, and almost the whole water-front was left intact; thus communication with the world was not interrupted, and commerce kept steadily at work. Beautiful private homes on Van Ness and Fillmore (the streets

The Golden Gate at Sunset



San Francisco on the First Day of the Fire where the fire was conquered) were turned into temporary stores; signs were posted and business was soon under way.

Now the prophets began to appear; and, lo! they prophesied. "It will be a generation before the city can be rebuilded," this was their cry upon the stricken streets. But the San Franciscans rejected the prophecy; for, after the first hours of the catastrophe, they turned their eyes to the future, where they beheld in vision a new city larger and nobler than the old. Even while the ruins were smoldering they were sketching plans for new buildings. Inside of six days foundations were begun: inside of four years the city was rebuilded, and wearing a beauty greater than she wore of old.

The work of rebuilding the city began with what seemed unanimous and instantaneous action. Temporary tracks were laid in the city, and trains were carting off the fire-wreckage before it was fairly cold. From every quarter lumber schooners, laden to the water's edge, headed for San Francisco; and transcontinental freight cars were busy bringing loads of structural steel. The cement factories worked day and night.

The Rebuilding of the City

While the rebuilding was under way, while the tools of the master workmen were busy among the noise-built walls, I received in New York a request to write them a lyric for the celebration at the end of the first year's work; hence these lines from my pen flew over the wires to California:

SAN FRANCISCO ARISING

O hill-hung city of my West,
Where oft my heart goes home to rest,
There came an hour when all went by,
A cruel splendor on the sky.

Out of the earth men saw advance
The front of Ruin and old Chance.
A groan of chaos shook your frame,
And a red wilderness of flame
Darkened the nations with your name.

Now, sons of the West, I see you rise,
The world's young courage in your eyes—
Sons of broad-shouldered pioneers,
Seasoned by struggle and stern tears—
I see you rising girt and strong,
To lay the new-squared beams in song. . . .

Build greatly, men, for she must shine
With Athens of the singing Nine—
Build airily, for she must stand
With Shiraz of the rose-sweet land—
Build strongly, for her name must be
With Carthage of the sail-white sea! *

The builders of the new city have erected massive and airy structures in the business centers, but they have built them of steel and concrete, earthquake-proof. Her structures are not only of a finer order than ever before, but she is now gridironed with new water-pipes laid on solid ground and carrying water under a pressure able to protect the highest roofs. Moreover, she has salt-water pumping stations which at any moment will bring the ocean to her help. Such stations would have blotted out the conflagration of 1906.

California, standing in the midst of wide horizons, is stirred by the spirit of great adventures; so we are not surprised to find that San Francisco has voted nearly $9,000,000 to erect at one great center her new civic structures—a city hall, a museum of art, an opera house, a public library, and a million-dollar auditorium. This impressive cluster of buildings will form the enduring crown of the city.

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* From the MS. of "The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems," a volume to be published early in 1915.

Besides this, San Francisco has expended $375,000,000 in reconstruction, and she has put $18,000,000 more into her World's Fair. All this was required to meet the commercial needs of the vast territory of which she is the center—a region that stretches eastward to the Rockies, northward to Alaska, southward to Panama, and westward to Hawaii, the Philippines, China, Japan and the South Seas. Thus we behold San Francisco as one of the world's imperial cities. Take this word from the Hon. James Bryce, the English publicist:

> "Few cities in the world can vie with San Francisco either in the beauty or in the natural advantages of her situation; indeed, there are only two places in Europe—Constantinople and Gibraltar—that combine an equally perfect landscape with what may be called an equally imperial position. . . . The city itself is full of bold hills, rising steeply from the deep water. The air is keen and dry and bright, like the air of Greece, and the waters not less blue. Perhaps it is this light and air, recalling the cities of the Mediterranean, that makes one involuntarily look up to the tops of those hills for the feudal castle, or the ruins of the Acropolis, that must crown them."

The Battle Against the Grafters

All American cities are beset by grafters, the vermin of political life. The grafters are a group in the vast horde of parasites that are sucking away the vitalities of civilization. To prevent this robbery is the first duty of statesmanship. Public plundering should be made a capital crime, for it is treason to the state.

We find, then, that San Francisco has had her grim battles with the plunderbund, her struggles with the predatory powers. The granting of new franchises after the fire, and the erecting of public buildings and works, opened the door for big plunder in the city. In came droves of Circean swine seeking to gorge themselves on the resources of the people. Soon there was a secret alliance between the public-plunder crew and the vice-exploiting crew: the two groups became comrades in one infamy. Thus monopoly and depravity prepared for a long orgy, having politics for doorkeeper and bribery for high chamberlain.

Then the city awakened to the danger: the forces of honor and justice arose to defend the public resources. The battle shook the foundations of the city: it drew the eyes of the nation. The grafters fought with the desperation of despair. Witnesses were purchased or deported; sometimes their homes were dynamited to frighten them into silence. The public prosecutor was shot in open court.

Yet, after four years, the dens of iniquity were uncovered; there was an unmasking of the men who ate the bread of infamy and took the wages of shame. It is good to know that some of these public bandits have been put behind the barred doors at San Quentin.

A Glimpse of Old Chinatown

To the returned exile, San Francisco will seem like a new city. Many of the old landmarks have vanished. Old Chinatown, for instance, with her glamor and grotesquery, is now only dust and memories. We have in its place a Chinatown more sane and sanitary. Even the Chinamen, many of them native sons, themselves seem to be stirred with a new spirit, as though the breath of God that has touched China has also touched the little eddy of Cathay in

San Francisco. There were filth and degradation in the old Chinatown; still it had tints of color that endeared it to the artistic spirit. Take this vignette from the pen of Frank Norris:

> " Color was everywhere. A thousand little notes of green and yellow, of vermilion and sky blue, assaulted the eye. Here it was a doorway, here a vivid glint of cloth or hanging, here a huge scarlet sign lettered with gold and here a kaleidoscopic effect in the garments of the passers-by. . . . Gigantic, pot-bellied lanterns of red and gold swung from the ceiling. . . . The air was vibrant with unfamiliar noises. From one of the balconies near at hand a gong, a pipe and some kind of a stringed instrument wailed and thundered in unison. There was a vast shuffling of padded soles, and a continuous interchange of sing-song monosyllables, high-pitched and staccato, while from every hand rose the strange aroma of the East—sandalwood, incense, oil, the smell of mysterious cookery."

The flames obliterated this curious corner of the city; but happily we have a fine record of it in a unique volume called " Old Chinatown," wherein we find pictures by Arnold Genthe and a commentary by Will Irwin. For many years Dr. Genthe, a prince of photographic artists, haunted the old town, capturing one by one the bizarre (sometimes beautiful) scenes of the Oriental drama as it appeared there in shop and cellar and crooked alley. Some of these pages make us think of Hogarth's look into life.

Intellectual Spirit: Outdoor Life

There is poverty in San Francisco as in other cities; nevertheless, there is no other city perhaps where life smacks more pleasantly to the multitude. The people are hospitable to culture: they like books and music and painting and the drama. The fire swept the city in April, yet the people were in comfortable seats listening to grand opera before Christmas. The great actors of the world make frequent tours to the city, for they find the people critical, yet appreciative of all the refinements of their art. For long years John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett (I heard them often) appeared regularly on the stage of the California Theater, because they could depend upon the constant support of the intellectual élite of the city.

But the pleasures of the people are not indoor ones altogether: much of their life is spent out of doors. There is much rambling in parks and dining in open-air restaurants, for the temperature hovers not far from fifty-six degrees the year round. There is usually an April touch in the air. Energy, vivacity and cordiality abound. Somebody—summer or winter—may always be found celebrating something. Assemblies, councils, conventions, ratifiers, dissenters, celebrants of all sorts are ever drifting into the city for jeremiad or for jubilation. . . .

We have now had a glimpse of the great city standing remote and alone at the western gate of the world. She does not look afar for guidance: her eyes are not in the ends of the earth. She is moved by her own spirit: she looks back only to her own traditions. Her law and her history have arisen out of her own inward life.

This is only an abstract and brief chronicle of the great city. There she stands, the ultimate outpost of the passion of progress. The Earth Spirit has driven the peoples westward, century after century; and now the feet of a great multitude begin to thunder by the Golden Gate. But this end is only a new beginning—this great city is only the first of a chain of cities fated, under the star of empire, to spring into life on these circling shores, making the Pacific at last the greater Mediterranean of mankind.

CHAPTER XV

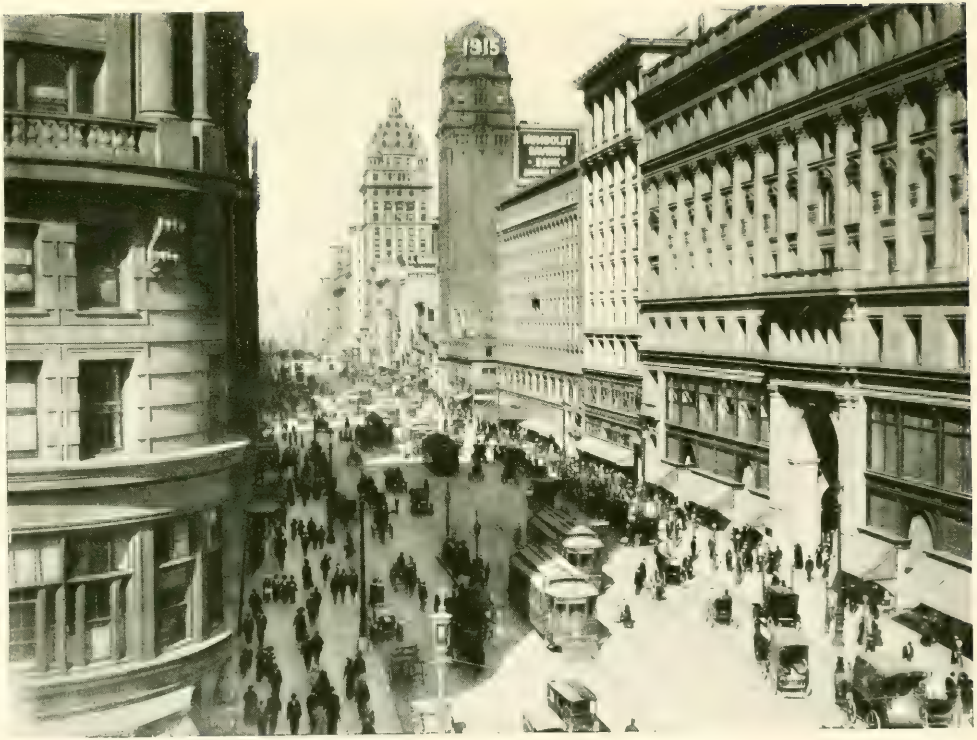
SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES AND OTHER CITIES ON BREEZY SHORES OR IN WATERED VALLEYS

I

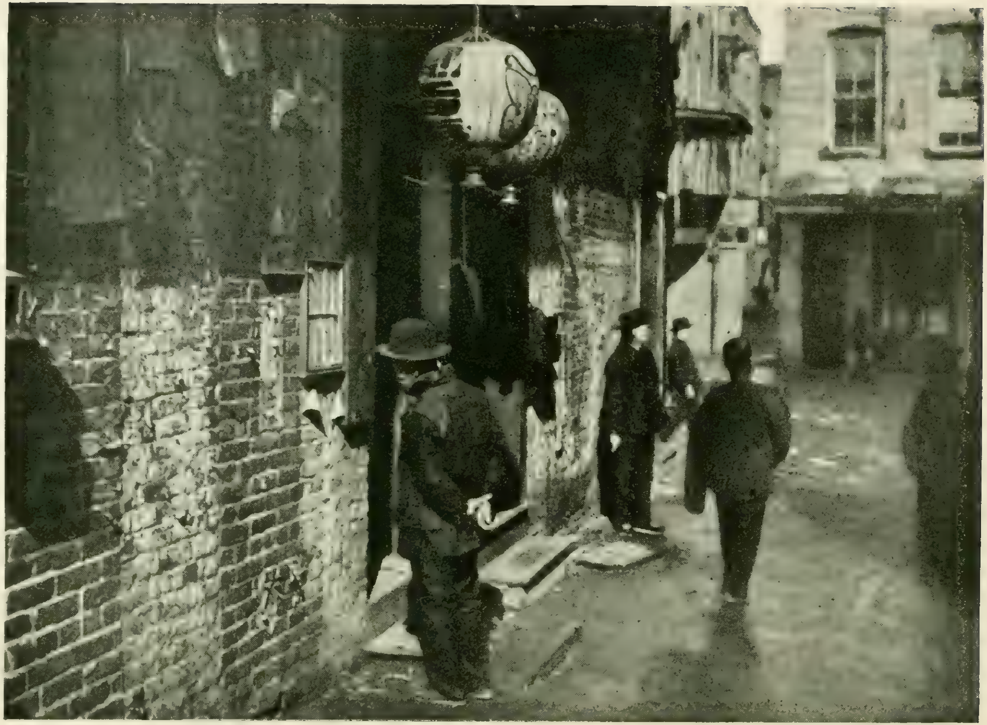
THE glamor of antiquity hovers about San Diego, a glamor that is lit up by the bright spirit of to-day. Here the first explorers, beating up the coast of Lower California, the coast of tears and pearls, turned in at the Silver Gate and rested in the Harbor of the Sun. Here also in the early years came Junipero Serra, gentle priest and empire builder, with his sailors and soldiers, to lay foundations for an adventure of love. Here still stands a broken façade of the old cathedral, and here the first palms planted by the friars still lift their leafy heads to the sun. Standing on Presidio Hill, John Vance Cheney touches the past in this melodious phrase:

> " Saber and cross on this historic crown
> Began the conquest of our western sward,
> Advancing, while they builded fort and town,
> The kingdom of the Lord.
>
> " The whale calved then in San Diego Bay,
> And in the kelp beds, off the Loman shore,
> The otter bred. Tales of that deedful day
> Leap to men's lips no more."

Together with the Missions, there grew up the pueblos and ranchos. Scattered over the beaches and mesas of San Diego were the low adobe homes of settlers, homes with red-tiled roofs and with walls



Market St., San Francisco



Chinatown, San Francisco

washed with buff or blue or pale rose. Here rode the *caballeros* with jingling spur, or touched the tinkling guitar under the latticed windows where sat the dark-eyed señoritas with embroidery in hand and rose in hair. And here where now on asphalt streets whizz by the happy cars, pushed by the witch's electric broom, there bumped and rumbled of old the wooden-wheeled *carreta,* carrying hides for the Yankee vessels at the beach. And here on the mesa, where of old strayed the nibbling sheep and ranged the restless long-horned cattle, we now behold flowering terraces, vine-clad bungalows, sequestered villas.

A Glimpse of New San Diego

In 1867, San Diego felt the thrill of a new life. Leaving Old Town two or three miles up the mesa, the modern city was laid out on heights and slopes following the circling bay. And here the second thought was best, for new San Diego is now a prosperous, progressive city, with every improvement from "sky-scraper" to aviation school. Since 1899 she has run under the commission form of government. She has the referendum and the recall; and she owns her water-works, having a storage system that would insure her plenty of water if there were no rain for three years. The wharves, the factories and the business houses border the water-front; while mounting back to the hills rise a flock of handsome modern homes, which have an outlook to far horizons, sweeping in the harbor and the silver belt of Coronado, with a fringe of the shores of California and a faint glimpse of the misty mountains of Mexico.*

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* All the cities of California are well provided with churches of all denominations and schools of all grades. So it is not needful to speak of them in connection with San Diego—nor in connection with any other city.

Balboa Park, Point Loma, Coronado

San Diego, at the time of this writing, is wrestling with a Titanic labor. She is turning a fourteen-hundred-acre tract into a park, Balboa Park, and it will serve as the site of the Panama Exposition she is arranging for 1915. Here she is building splendid Spanish-Colonial structures—a mission, a palace and a cathedral, with plaza, *prado* and *patio,* where conquistador and *caballero* and señorita and duenna will stroll during the days and nights of her coming carnival; and these massive buildings will remain as permanent museums, art galleries and auditoriums for the city. The seven-arched Cabrillo Bridge, spanning the ravine between the city and the great park, will be another fine monument for posterity.

San Diego is noted for boulevards and for serpentine roads that wind over hill and mesa back to the forest-hung hills of the Cuyamacas, passing vineyards, orchards, ranchos, reaching an elevation at last whence you get far glimpses of the Colorado desert and the Imperial Valley.

Point Loma is a beautiful promontory that guards the northern bend of the bay. Here are the curious cliffs and caves of La Jolla; and here in 1829 the Yankee skipper of the ship *Brookline,* seeking hides and tallow, made a landing-place, and here he raised the first American flag to float on these shores. The sailors made the flag by cutting into strips their red, white and blue flannel shirts.

We behold at Point Loma a handsome Theosophic headquarters, a fine group of buildings of Moorish architecture, including a temple of music, domed and walled in glass, with a marvelous view of sea and sky; also an amphitheater created from a canyon.

Across from the city on a stretch of shore stands the Coronado Hotel, on the very edge of the sea. Indeed, seen from a distance, the soaring domes and spires and turrets of the hotel, its tiers of circling and latticed verandas, its multitude of bay-windows and dormer windows—all are assembled with so fantastic a grace of architecture that the big bright structure gives an illusion of being some sea-king's strange and splendid palace lifted by enchantment from the dim abyss of ocean.

A warm, dry sea breeze gives flowery Coronado (and all San Diego) an equitable and balmy climate, ranging between forty and eighty above zero. You never feel the teeth of winter.

II

Los Angeles Under Sunny Skies

A city under clear blue skies, a city on hills and slopes between the silvery sweep of the Pacific and the amethystine circle of the Sierras, a city bowered in blossoming groves and gardens—this is romantic Los Angeles. Rumor of her balmy and amiable atmosphere, like the rumor of the beauty of Helen or the whisper of the maidenly charm of Beatrice, has gone whispering around the world. For the appeal of the city in the midst of her southern expanses is like the appeal of Italy, " the woman land." Here is an atmosphere, a charm which no city can either win or lose. It is inalienable, like the temperament you bring with you from the gates of birth, from the gates of the gifts which open once and then close forever.

This " land of the angels " touched the heart of the early explorers. The old chronicler, Crespi, experienced " an especial complacency " in telling of its charm. He describes the region as an extended and fertile land with vines and rose-fields, with water and pleasant shade; and he closes with a flash of prophecy, "This place can be counted on for one of the marvels of the world."

Los Angeles never had a Franciscan Mission, but was organized as a pueblo in connection with the San Gabriel Mission, eight miles away. This was one of the richest of the missions, and in those early times it served as a social center for the surrounding region and also as a stopping-place for all travelers going north or south.

The Rise of the City

In 1781 the Spanish governor, Felipe de Neve, ordered the establishment of the pueblo on the grounds of an old Indian village. A plaza was laid out, and a field was allotted to each settler: there were twelve settlers, or *pobladores*—all soldiers "honorably discharged." Each man had a family, and the Mission fitted him out with two oxen, two mules, two sheep, two goats, one calf and one burro, and—one hoe. One hoe, mark you, was put into the settler's hand to work the great miracle of earth and sun, to transform the bare brown acres into a young Eden.

But these gardeners appear to have been the early type of the modern joy-hunter, for they were more familiar with the spade of the card-table than with the spade of agriculture. However, they had one equipment for Eden: they could sing! Take this testimony from one of the early friars: "The people are all idlers. For them the Indian is errand-boy, *vaquero* and digger of ditches. Confident that the Gentiles are working, the settlers pass the day singing."

So these first Angelinos were not Eden-builders: they were troubled by no dreams. They were given

A Palm Drive in the Santa Clara Valley

" Classical, Scholar-built Berkeley "

an allowance of ten dollars a month, and this hard cash appears to have dulled the edges of their hoes. And yet these settlers had names that would have been fit for men doing deeds of heroic proportion: Villavicencia, Navarro, Moreno, Quintero, Canero—so they run. They were Mexicans and Mulattos, men with no strain in them of Aragon and Castile—no lineage, no learning.

But a new sort of men drifted in near the dawn of the nineteenth century. Many big grants of land were bestowed by Spain upon favored families, who came in to form the aristocracy of the province. So we have the names Coronel, Sepulveda, Del Valle, Dominguez, Pico, Ortega—men who had a hand in the early destinies of the city. Immense herds and flocks now began to roam the great pasture lands; and Yankee skippers, seeking for hides and tallow, helped stir the life of the growing city. That life was again quickened in 1824, when Mexico declared herself free from Spain, and carried California with her.

Los Angeles was now the pulse of the south; and in the '30's a political strife sprang up between northern and southern California. There were some Falstaffian forays back and forth; yet the struggle was confined chiefly to the discharge of fierce soldierly phrases, big in dimensions, but nothing perilous. The net result of the struggle is found in the fact that, in 1835, Los Angeles was made the capital of the province and the home of the governor. About this time the decree secularizing the missions caused a lull in the tide, and some of the vast fields went back to the cactus and the lizard. Not a lull for long, however: homes kept on rising, to be encircled by vineyards and to be shaded by fig and palm and walnut and pomegranate. Ditches carried refreshing streams about the plantations to gladden the ground.

At this time one of the Wolfskills budded a seedling orange, and the fruit of the new tree made mouths water and tongues wag.

Certain features, of course, were common to the cities that grew out of the Spanish pueblos. Therefore, we find that in Los Angeles the prevailing speech was Spanish, the religion Catholic and that saints' days sprinkled the calendar. The plaza church was the center of activities: a ring for bull-fight and horse-race was near at hand, and it was considered good form to suspend business in order to witness these brutal amusements. It was a time when men were largely drugged by the love of ease: there was a widespread faith in *mañana.* Time-tables were unknown: the carol of the mocking-bird, not the scream of the factory whistles, roused them to the labors of the day. But it is good to know that a spirit of kindness was in the air: hospitality was not only a duty but also a delight.

A host of Indians were servants at every prosperous home; yet the mistress did not scorn to minister to guests herself. It is doubtful whether the greater rush and crush of the modern Los Angeles can make amends for the loss of those old-time quiets, the leisurely welcomings in *sala* and *patio,* the ample graces and courtesies of the days that are no more.

Los Angeles Goes Bad

In 1846, there came an uproar in the calm stream of her life, for the province was then passing into the hands of the hated Gringos. But in 1849 the stream grew dark and turbid. The gold fury had called a horde of evil men into the territory and had roused the beast that was in them. And it was not long before Los Angeles became a "bad" border town: crime and carousal were frequent. Evildoers on their way to the mines, and many of the lawbreakers expelled from the mines, flocked into the little city: the old Pico House became a rendezvous of desperadoes, and disorder reigned on all streets.

Another and happier change came with the advent of the railway. Sonora Town, out beyond the cathedral, now became the Mexican center, while the later arrivals made their homes on the hills. The Mexican quarter, with its low adobes made of sun-dried bricks and washed with faint tints, bleak adobes with earthen floor swept clean—these have now all vanished before the advance of the modern metropolis. But here is a glimpse of that life before it vanished:

"You meet native Californians, wide-hatted Mexicans, now and then a Spaniard of the old blue stock, a sprinkle of Indians and the trousered man in his shirt and cue. You see the old broad-brimmed, thick-walled adobes that betray the early day. You hear somebody swearing Spanish, grumbling German, vociferating Italian, parleying in French, rattling China and talking English.

"You read Spanish, French, German and English newspapers, all printed in Los Angeles. It is many-tongued as a Mediterranean sea-port, and hospitable as a grandee.

"Yesterday and to-day are strangely blended. You stroll among thousands of vines that are ninety years old and yet in full bearing. You pass a garden just redeemed from the dust and ashes of the wilderness. You pluck an orange from a tree that was venerable when Charles the Fourth was king of Spain, and you meet a man who has sat down to wait six years for his first fruit.

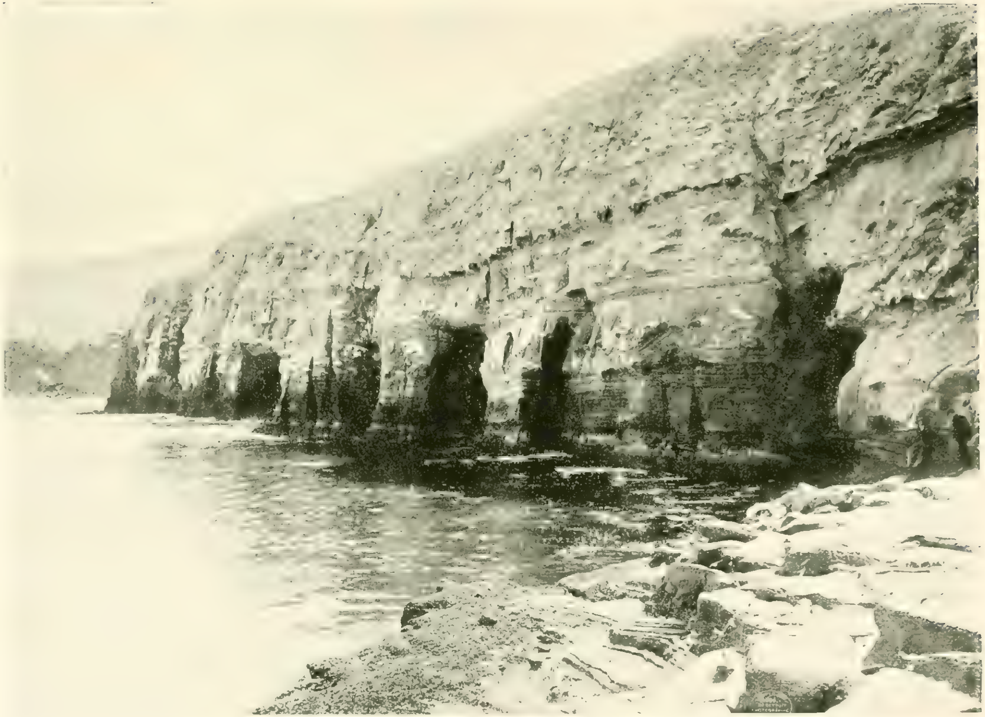
"A drive through the old quarter of the city takes you to the heart of Mexico, with the low-eaved fronts, the windows sunk like niches in the walls, the Italic-faced old porticoes, the lazy dogs dozing about in the sun. In ten minutes you are whirled between two long lines of new-made Edens whence Eve was never driven; such wealth of color, such clouds of fragrance, such luxuriance of vegetation."

The Rise of the Land Boom

The next great event that struck the growing city was the stentorian land boom in 1886-'88. It shook the whole State, although it ran to its maddest hight in Los Angeles, and it took years for her to live down that epoch of frenzied finance engineered by speculative newcomers.

We see in this boom a phase of the psychology of the mob. Cyclone-chased and blizzard-beaten newcomers from the East had suddenly discovered our land of orange gold and year-long balm and bloom; and they went wild with the wish to get an acre in Arcady, a corner in El Dorado. They were swept by a brain-storm: a whirlwind of expectations shook the city: land values began to soar. We see in it a variant of Wall Street, lots and acres soaring instead of stocks and shares.

It was indeed a dramatic, though delirious, spectacle: the world was for sale, and tens of thousands were on hand to purchase. Even remote and neglected streets and fields took on a sudden importance. It is a law that towns take root at certain points in response to economic needs, but this law was now thrown to the winds. A fever was on men: even jack-rabbit fields in chance places were staked out into cities, and the lots placed on sale. Big hotels were sometimes built on remote tracts all staked out into towns, whereof the gopher and the lizard were the only citizens; yet on the maps these towns were



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THE CURIOUS CLIFFS AND CAVES OF LA JOLLA AT SAN DIEGO

The Court at the Coronado Hotel, San Diego rosily represented as rising municipalities—a few bargain lots being still for sale!

In Los Angeles (also in other towns) the real-estate offices were sprinkled as thick as daisies in a field. Each office was divided into red-curtained pens where suave gentlemen with speculation in their eyes discoursed of lots and tracts and terms of sale to long processions of eager customers. Carriages and carryalls dashed through the streets of the city continually, convoying investors with throbbing pocketbooks, many of them going out to purchase lots that were staked out on the sea-sand or on the barren mesa. From street corners and from moving wagons, brass bands invited your attention to emblazoned transparencies that announced great auction sales of lands and lots " at Eden Heights," " at Ocean Ridge," " at Paradise Valley." The red paint reinforced the invitation with an offer of free tickets to the auctions and the promise of a barbecue to follow.

Millions of money changed hands feverishly. Prices rose, and then rose again. Persons with little mortgaged lots and fields leaped suddenly into financial importance. Old estates, forgotten by all but the assessor, became (on the maps) residential parks or thriving young cities!

When the boom collapsed, many dropped to the earth as from a falling airship. Let us hope that those who fell had financial parachutes that let them drop safely to the good firm earth.

The Glory of the Gardens

Driving out into the country is like driving through a vast and varied park: verdure and blossoming boughs are everywhere. In many of the gardens of California there never is a time when some flower is not in bloom: of course, there as elsewhere, the flowers are at high tide only once in the year. But there are many lesser tides and they brighten all the months. In September the gardens begin to withdraw their glory and to sleep; yet at Christmas time you will find the calla lilies, the geraniums and other flowers in full bloom.

In March and April, while yet New England is locked in the last chains of winter, out in California the fields and gardens have broken into a foam of flowers. From a thousand orange groves blows the bridal odor that breathed over Eden. Jasmine, honeysuckle, heliotrope, wistaria, roses of every name and fame, all begin to billow and surge over porches and gates and roofs, down streets and roads, in a glory of perfume and color. Bedded flowers of every print and prank—tulips, lilies, gazanias, petunias, pansies and many another—flaunt and flare and flame. More than this, hosts of geraniums, vivid as a sunset sky, hedge the houses and the gardens, and the poinsettias in the same key file by in scarlet pomp.

A fresh eye in Southern California always takes note of the many strange, new trees gathered there from other lands. You first observe the princely fan palms that run along the sylvan roadsides. The windmill palm from China and the plumy date palm from the Canaries are members of the same family. The pepper-tree, introduced into the missions from Peru, is another alien reconciled to a new country. It belongs to the sumacs, however, not to the peppers. The drooping branches suggest the weeping willow, and the berry clusters of pale crimson give touches of color to the roads through nearly all of the round year.

From Formosa comes the camphor-tree, with varnished leaves and rose-pink blossoms; and from the Himalayas we greet the poetic deodar, an Asiatic cedar, happy here by a southern sea; and the jacaranda from Brazil, alive with azure blossoms under the June sky, is also a lovely new friend.

The eucalyptus comes to us from the other side of the world. It is atremble with aspiration: a five-year-old will toss its head fifty feet into the air. Some of the older eucalypti seem determined to qualify to enter the Sequoia class; for, when only a quarter of a century out of the seed, they salute the sky at a hight of one-hundred-fifty feet. They soar sometimes to four hundred feet and beyond, giving us a sense of majestic serenity. A peculiar balsamic odor pervades the tree, and its bark (being shed and renewed continually) affords us a study in tints. The eucalyptus comes to us from Australia, who has her summer while we are having our winter; so this tree throws out her fine blossoms into our winter air, as though she would keep faith with her comrades that are blossoming in her old homeland on the southern side of the world.

The Architecture of the City

The city has spread upon an amphitheater of hills and covers thirty-six square miles. Her business houses soar skyward like those of Chicago and Manhattan. House-building seems never to cease, and so the sky-line is continually changing as the days advance.

She expresses the style of many eras—Colonial, Italian, Mission, Swiss, Queen Anne. She delights especially in adaptations of the inspired Spanish Colonial, whose long low lines and tawny tints carry into the air the color rhythm of mesa and mountain. Besides this, the builder of a home takes into account the slope and contour of the land about it, ordering the foundation and proportion in a way that will fit the house into its setting, making of the work of nature and the work of man one modulated picture.

Of course, Los Angeles must not be painted in pure rose tints: she, alas! like all cities in the world, has her warrens of the poor. Still no other city perhaps is more free of the proletariat; and, taken as a whole, her domain may be described as a vast park. The resolute energy that has transformed her 50,000 of 1880 to her 500,000 of to-day has not changed her character: she is still a city of homes set in the midst of gardens.

Her interurban electric car service knits the city with neighboring hill towns, valleys and sea-beaches; and this has woven all her surroundings into one vast community, and has made the pleasures and the intellectual life of the city accessible to the workers on the bee farms, on the alfalfa fields and in the orange groves, as well as to the dwellers in the bungalows and mansions of the suburbs.

The flight of these cars is swift enough for the messages of Mercury; and they seem at times to be bearing you through a Parnassian paradise, leafy and bloomy wonderlands. Some of the homes in the outskirts, perched on hill-slope or hidden in sequestered vale, are classics in design; and many of them are not surpassed by any manor of England, any villa of Italy, any château of France. And the gardens in which the buildings stand, the gardens with blossoming boughs gathered from all lands and woven into harmonies, they are veritable gardens of Allah, bowers of Avalon.

A Flight to the Clouds

While skirting the outlands, a half hour from the heart of Los Angeles, you come upon a remarkable achievement of engineering—the Mount Lowe Railway, the first in California to lift the traveler to the clouds.

Will you take a flight to the clouds? Then ride out through the gardens and orchards and bloom-bright towns and brilliant poppy banks, and mount the cable car at Rubio Canyon, above Pasadena, and sweep skyward.

Up there, standing on the triple-crowned summit, you are looking out on the blue of the Pacific that is melting into the blue of the sky. Santa Monica, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, with their bathers and fishermen, are a flight of shore towns fading toward the south. Farther out in the luminous sea lies Santa Catalina, the top of a broad mountain peak lifted out of the deep ocean floor. Mysterious caves are there, and dells and winding mossy ways: there, too, is Avalon!

Beautiful valleys stretch below you—the San Gabriel, La Canyada and the San Fernando, once tinted long ago with wild flowers and roved over by the buccaneer bees, but now all covered with groves and gardens of the most highly specialized tillage in the world. Yonder lies Los Angeles, spread out and serene. Here lies Hollywood with her groups of beautiful homes. And there, farther away, are Pomona, Ontario, Riverside, San Bernardino, with their green fields, stately avenues, clustered roofs, while the mountains look down upon them from quiet skies. And here, closer at hand, lies Pasadena, " the crown of the valley," a charming little city of exquisite homes in the midst of gardens—bowers of vines, leagues of blossoms, colonnades of palms and magnolias—a city set on the hills, whose light has gone out over the world.

Her Remarkable Harbor

I say remarkable not to give a flash of rhetoric, but to give a flash of fact. Two Titanic labors stand to the credit of Los Angeles in the Book of Achievements—the building of the San Pedro Harbor, to be ready for the rush of trade through the Panama Canal; and the building of the Owens River Aqueduct, to bring water for the Angelinos of 1930.

One of the historic events of California was the five-year struggle of Los Angeles (1895 to 1899) for a free harbor at San Pedro. The battle extended from California into the halls of Congress. At last, after many skirmishes, long artillery fire and many pitched battles between attorneys and committees, the tribune of the people (Stephen M. White) won the day, and the dredgers and wall-builders began the Herculean labor at San Pedro Bay.

Under the direction of one of the world's expert harbor-makers, the bay was dredged and the channels cleared, and a massive breakwater, two-hundred feet wide at the bottom and twenty on the top, was extended for two miles, forming the outer wall of what is now one of the best harbors in the world. So deep and spacious is the harbor that it can easily give shelter to huge sea-going vessels.

It is now one of the three great harbors of California, and it takes rank with the man-improved havens of Antwerp, Hamburg and Rotterdam.

The Great Aqueduct

One labor of Hercules only toughens his fiber and frame for another labor. So we are not surprised to find that after Los Angeles created her harbor she went on to a new achievement—not surprised to find that she built a mighty aqueduct bringing in a vast supply of water from a mountain lake two-hundred-forty miles away.

In 1905, the city thought that she had provided ample water for generations. But William Mulholland, the water expert, figured out that at the rate her population was increasing there would be a scarcity by 1930. The people were astonished: 1930 and no water to drink! The report was unbelievable: would the expert Mulholland kindly glance again over that page of figures? Yes, verily, it was 1930. But 1930 is only to-morrow on the expanding chart of this city, and to-morrow must be provided for immediately.

But while Mulholland figured, Frederick Eaton was winding down out of the mountains with a dream. The world is built by her dreams: a dream is the flame-spirit of every great achievement. Mulholland, being a truly practical man, knew the value of dreams; so he had a hospitable ear for the project of Frederick Eaton, the project to tap Owens River in the far mountains and to lead down the abundant waters for the refreshment of the great city.

The two men, dreamer and doer, worked together like the two wings of a soaring bird. Together they sketched out the great labor, and laid the plan before the City Council. There were no grafters in the Council, so they proceeded at once to lay the problem before the people—the need of the water, the deed that would bring it. There being no bosses to beard and no boodlers to bully, the town folk were free to talk their own business over and settle it at once. With faith in the future and with ability to pull together, the people bonded themselves for $23,000,000 to build a channel for the water of the future. Soon the hammers began to sing and the spades to fly.

And now the great labor is finished. The Aqueduct gathers in the sparkling springs that drain Mt. Whitney and other peaks that soar twelve thousand feet in air. It is a mile high at its fountain-head, and it winds southward along the foothills of the Sierras, then across Mohave Desert and reaches Los Angeles on the level. On it flows through canals, tunnels, covered conduit, siphon, all made of steel and concrete—on it flows—" now it goes sparkling, now it lies darkling "—on it flows till, reaching the city at last, it delivers its quarter of a billion gallons every twenty-four hours.

It is the longest aqueduct in the world, excepting of course the one at Coolgardie in Australia. Our aqueduct carries ten times as much water as all the Roman aqueducts carried; and it will supply two-million people as it is, and it can be made to supply more myriads.

The city cannot use all the water now; so the orchard and garden men in the San Fernando Valley are buying water to transform the old grain-fields and cattle ranches into little Edens of flower and leaf.

III

Santa Barbara by the Sea

One-hundred miles northwest of Los Angeles lies Santa Barbara on the shore, in the midst of an amphitheater of hills. Looking toward the ocean, you behold some twenty miles away the Channel Islands, like dolphins sleeping in the sun. And, ensphering them all, is the blue crystal of the sky expanding over the blue crystal of the sea; while out of this luminous immensity come little tender breezes stealing in with the lotus-rest without the lotus-languor.

About four miles inland stand the purpling Santa Ynez Mountains curving with a gesture of protection

Figueroa St. North, Los Angeles

West Lake Park, Los Angeles

about the sequestered city. Little flowery valleys are folded into the landscape; and in all of them, as in the city herself, are balconied and bowered homes, touched with architectural beauty borrowed from many lands and melting harmoniously into the lines of cliff and canyon. As we move through these expanses of loveliness, these garden glories, these balmy airs, we think of Capri . . . Seville . . . Samoa.

Here upon the hills we find new gardens lifting their crowns of beauty not far from old strange gardens that have brightened this shore for over a hundred years. Let us wander into one of these newer miracles of beauty, the garden of a poet, whose song, "The Rosary," has won its way to many hearts. His garden is a poem in flowers; and, hidden behind a bloom-bright wall of stone, it stretches over a Santa Ynez hill, lying open to sun and dew, like a slope in Tuscany. In front, and among the bowlders left by old glaciers, blue African lilies and pink amaryllis scatter flashes of color. Elsewhere the bowlders of the garden are softened and subdued by a wilderness of ferns and vines and creeping things. In the spring of the year, the pergola is looped with clusters of purple wistaria, amethystine chains swaying and breathing odor. Acacias and live-oaks shade the walk that winds on to a fountain where the water-lilies are moored and silent in their ancient dreaming.

We find in the midst of the city the buildings of the old Mission founded in 1787 "to draw into the Apostolic net the multitude of gentiles." The colonnade, the campo santo and the cathedral are places of visitation. The cathedral doorsteps are worn into grooves by the sandals and slippers and bared feet that came and went in the long ago.

This old structure ("a fountain and a shrine" beside the sea) would have been dear to Poe, the poet of mournful remembrance. It is simple, massive, dignified, and its austere quiet sends a noble hush upon the loud clamors of our century. Robert Haven Schauffler, musing upon rose-buried Santa Barbara, catches for us the wistful loveliness of the twin-towered Mission in its irised garden, behind the wall of passion flowers. Here is a sketch of it from his poet pen:

> "Perhaps one never realizes the full poetry of Santa Barbara Mission until he has knelt some misty evening on the steps of the softly-plashing Mission fountain, and looked out onto the spray of peppers and seen how soft and spiritual the church façade becomes in the veiled light of the arcs that are like so many little moons. On such a night one grows aware of the wonder of these broad shadows thrown by these pilasters that go to almost nothing in the common light of day; but are now transformed with as poignant a sorcery as ever gleamed from the front of a Notre Dame or an Amiens. One feels how majestically the towers lose themselves in the night; and then, glancing downward, he finds the whole wonder given back [from the glass of the water], but more faintly, like the dream of a dream."

We feel in this quiet city the atmosphere of an old cathedral town, and mingled with that atmosphere is a fragrance from the serene Spanish life of the early years. The old Spanish home of the De la Guerras is still standing with its tiles and patio—a hacienda renowned for old-time hospitality; and sprinkled here and there in picturesque nooks we find the humble adobe homes of the Mexicans.

IV

Monterey, Old and New

On an earlier page, I have already written of the olden ardors and amenities of Monterey. A few of its earlier halls and humble adobes are still holding their places against the invading years. The old Mission church is a remnant of the presidio. For in the early years the Spanish soldiers were an evil horde, so evil that the padres were accustomed to say that the devil was " lashing his tail " against the Missions through these vicious " leather-jackets." Because of their iniquities, Serra moved the Mission away from Monterey to Carmel Valley.

Upon the crumbling walls of old Monterey you read no more the sounding *reglamentos* of alcalde or commandante. Instead, you are likely to see thereon the advertiser's " incredible heraldry " of the latest chewing gum. You are no longer among trees where Indians are lurking with bow and arrow in wait for the *guerrero* in his sheep-skin armor. Instead, you are in a field where the bow-men of the archery club are tilting, or perhaps where the golf and the tennis champions are holding tournament. Old Monterey lives only in the pages of painter and poet and proseman. Robert Louis Stevenson and Charles Warren Stoddard both tarried here for a season, and their pages keep the old town warm in the memory of the world.

New Monterey: Pacific Grove

After the colossal hotel Del Monte was built to entertain travelers coming to enjoy the diamond blue of the skies and the long April of the air, Monterey (to use the painter's phrase) took on her " second manner," becoming a far-famed ocean retreat. Here come crowds of people from San Francisco and the inland towns, hoping to transmute leisure into pleasure. Yes, they come even from the ends of the earth.

There is a peculiar delight in wandering over the terraced park that surrounds Del Monte. It is a forest with its own pines and oaks, reinforced by groups of trees brought here from other lands, strange trees that impress the spirit. Here, then, is a green woodland where hosts of beautiful trees long sundered on the continents, are brought at last into friendly nearness, as it was with the trees that grew in Eden. And everywhere scattered among these leafy clusters and colonnades are acres of roses and lilies and other princely blooms disposed in vast masses of color. It is hard for the rambler in this fragrant wilderness to stay his steps, for he is in the midst of an iridescent labyrinth, and he is ever discovering new paths, new thickets, new bowers, new groves, new seclusions, as he wanders on and on, lured by the unwasting pleasure of surprise.

Near by is Pacific Grove, where the virgin forests glide down to the shores. Here is our Academe of summer schools, the meeting ground of a multitude with modest purses, yet serious minds. It is a grove sweet with the tang of the pines and cool with the breath of the billows. Here also you touch the seventeen-mile drive that loops through the woods and winds along the shores; and here, too, you may enter the marine garden and explore the ocean bottom.

But do not fail to wander out on the sea-scarred cliffs and promontories and look upon the fantastic flat-topped cedars, writhen like the cacti of Mohave, and clinging desperately to the earth as though they heard the steps of a coming tempest. They are found

The State Capitol at Sacramento, Domed in Beaten Gold

Leland Stanford Jr. University, Palo Alto nowhere else in America, but they have comrades in far-away Japan, and they are kindred to the ancient cedars of Lebanon. These grim trees, strange and tortured, are in tragic harmony with the gray rocky promontories seamed and caverned by their long centuries of battle with the sea.

In Carmel Valley

Now let us turn for a few moments to Carmel Valley, an hour's walk from Monterey. Here rise the remains of the San Carlos Mission, and here are the homes of a famous group of writers.

San Carlos was builded in a vale of flowers, surrounded by softly-sloping hills, with a quiet river gliding by and a sunny curve of the sea sparkling to the west. The building has the proportions of repose, and it quiets the onlooker like a tender chord in music. It is a simple structure such as an inspired child might model in clay, even as a swallow in the happy Junes builds beside the old church his little Baalbec of mud.

There is a noble balance between the body of San Carlos and the lovely tower and belfry—a harmony that sings in rhythm with a hundred undulating hills along the shore. And the jut of the outside stairway and the crumpled lines of the rose window both repeat the breaks and scars of the sea cliffs and echo the colors of the wave-washed sea sand and the wind-swept fields of wheat. It is all naïve, sincere, expressive of simple force and grace, a finality of achievement in a world of experiment.

V

San José in a Sea of Bloom

Beyond the southern end of San Francisco Bay lies Santa Clara Valley like an expanded horn of plenty for the world. Here in the midst of the vast orchard reaches stand the cities of San José and Santa Clara, dating from the Mission days.

Santa Clara, to-day so quiet, so far from the world's clamor, had troublous times with her early Indians. After the end of the Mission rule, her old cloisters were transformed into college quarters, and here now are the walls and towers of the Santa Clara University. Olive and palm trees, planted in the far past, still hold their places on the serene streets.

San José, founded in 1777, was laid out as a pueblo. Like early Los Angeles, this San José pueblo has a record of easy and idle days spent by the sixty-six town-builders or *pobladores;* for they felt it more necessary to strum the guitar and shuffle the cards than to irrigate the ground and discourage weeds.

The pueblos were under the military supervision; hence the corporal was forced to make frequent visitations to the San José settlement to rekindle their waning interest in gardening; for, alas! the spade of the card table had obscured the spade of the irrigation ditch. How did the corporal operate? did he read the festive *pobladores* a treatise on intensive farming, ending with an eclogue from Virgil and an idyl from Theocritus?

Not at all: he appealed neither to the Mantuan nor the Sicilian muse, for the corporal wanted quick results. So, armed with military authority, he fell upon the shirking farmers: he dragged them from their pleasures and thrust them into the public pillories. Those hands that loved to flip the ace and tray, that loved to wander over the soft guitars—they, alas! were left dangling from the portholes of the pillory; and those happy feet were also left protruding, the feet that loved to glide in the old Castilian dances. There is some reason for believing that these festive farmers were persuaded by degrees to do their duty to ditch and garden.

Leaving this point in some uncertainty, we are able to say with confidence that by 1846 San José had become an adobe village of about seven hundred inhabitants, "a town with thousands of ground squirrels burrowing in the plaza, and with men and women of all classes engaged in gambling."

San José: the Great Flower Festival

But San José has long lived down that early vagabondage. In 1849, the Californian Legislature convened here, and the young city was the capital of the State for two years. In 1851 a library was established here and the Methodist College was founded.

San José is now a thriving center, holding the fifth place in the litany of our cities. The streets are shaded with spreading trees, and among them there is a sprinkling of palms. Well-nigh every home has an encircling garden of flowers, and April leads in a revel of blossoms. The red geranium that looks shyly out of the tenement tomato can in New York City flares in rich luxuriance in the gardens of San José. Fuchsias and heliotropes climb to the eaves. Yuccas and acacias are neighbors. The rose the whole year round is at the door and window. Calla lilies blow their seraphic clarions in white multitudes.

And this young city stands in the heart of Santa Clara Valley, which is called the most compact fruit-garden expanse in the world. In the bright burst of the spring we find here some hundred-twenty square miles of orchard, all one trembling sea of bloom, a divine victory of color.

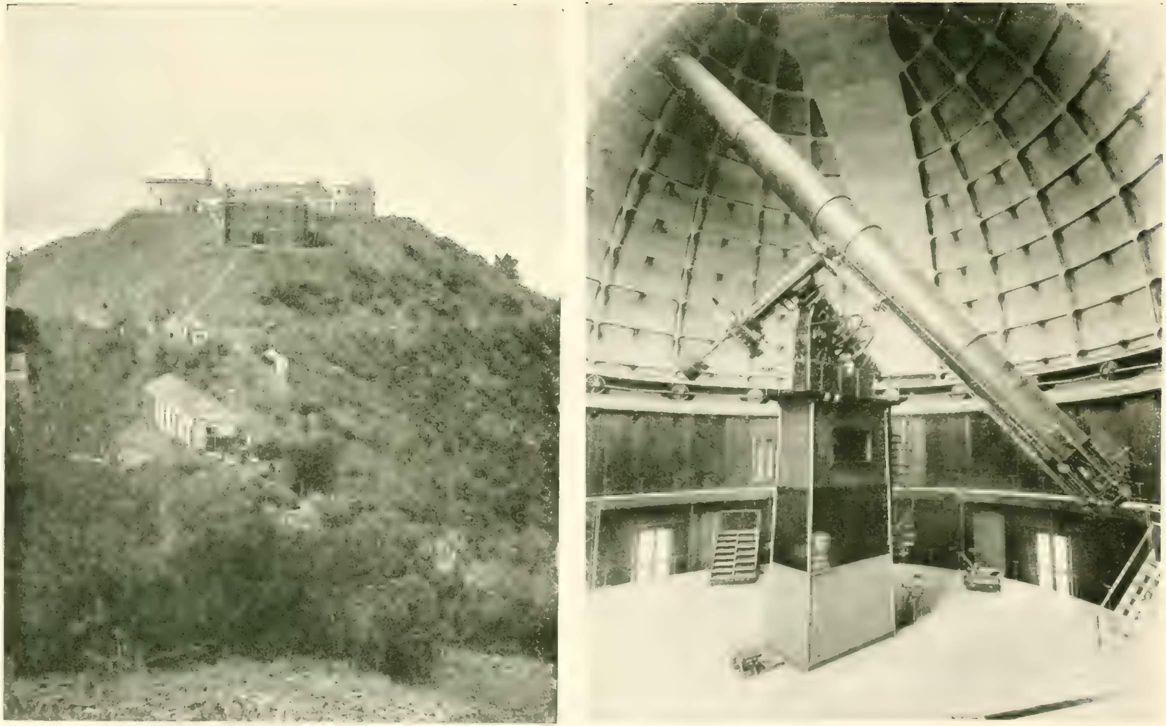
This is the time of the great Flower Festival, the time when the folk of the valley, with bonanza kings from Burlingame, students from Stanford University, and shop girls and office boys from all corners gather in the fields to celebrate the renewal of the youth of the world. It is the annual Festival of Flowers. For weeks the orchard men have watched for the blossoming of the plums, the pears, the cherries. Suddenly there comes an hour when a luminous color-mist of dimmest rose and warmest white seems to hover over the miles and miles of orchard. It is the hushed and mystic hour before dream leaps to deed.

The bare branches of the winter, swelling softly, have changed from brown to tender garnet. Then, at the unseen signal of the goddess of the fields, millions of blossoms unfurl their first beauty; and, behold, Youth is in the world! And soon thereafter the lords and servants of hilarity are in the midst of the orchards, rejoicing with the happy trees in their bridal hours.

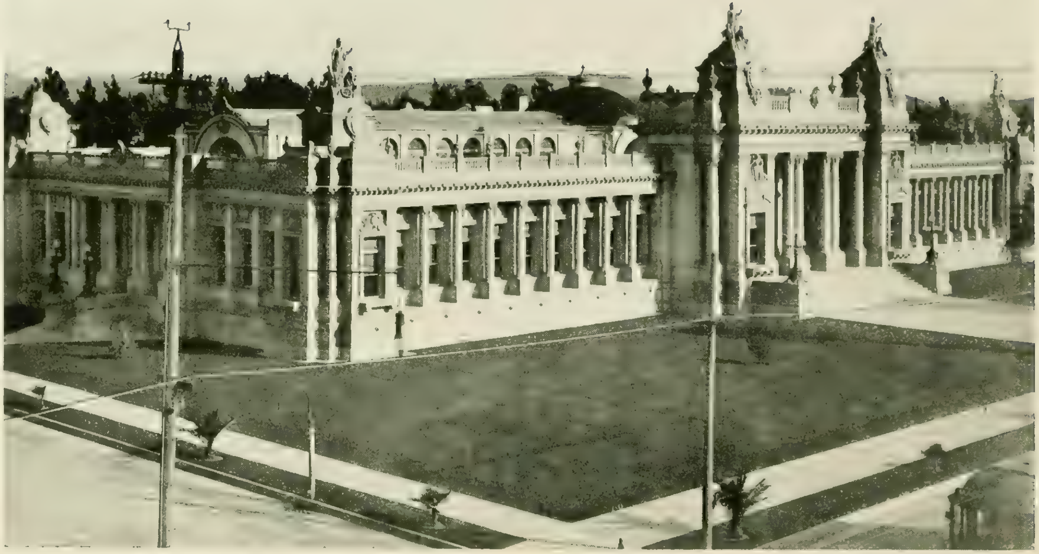
The harvesting of the fruit in later months is a sprightly scene. The pickers clustered under the trees; the boxes of fruit piled high, with women and girls halving and pitting them, while snatches of song and ripples of laughter go from lip to lip—this makes a pleasant picture for us as we whirl by in our automobiles. It is certainly one of the places where the worker comes in contact with the kindly influences of earth and sun.

Three Centers of Light

We find in the heart of San José our oldest State Normal School, where I spent some of my early years. I have fragrant memories of these learned halls. At a later time there came into the faculty of the school a man who became a sovereign force in the expanding idealism of the State. This was



The Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, and Its Immense and Unique Lens



The County Court House at Riverside

the beloved Henry B. Norton, a scholar who was also a man of the spirit, a son of consolation who left an enduring inspiration on thousands of young men and women.

We find another center of light on Mount Hamilton, which is reached by a fine Roman road winding up out of the eastern rim of the valley. There on the summit stands the colossal Lick Observatory. The magnificent lens and the crystal air have made possible many discoveries in the skies—comets, nebulæ, binary stars. Another achievement in this starry business was the detection of the fifth satellite of Jupiter.

Not very far from the city stands the great Leland Stanford University, the friendly compeer of the State University. It is builded after the old Mission plan of one-story tile buildings, arranged around an inner court, with long arcades and Roman towers.

VI

A Trinity of Cities

Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda—they are all builded upon a long belt of the old Peralta grant on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. The cities are so near to one another that their borders melt together, yet each one has its note of individuality.

The population of Oakland now stands at a quarter of a million. Busy are the wheels of traffic on her broad and friendly streets. In many parts of the city we see the touch of beauty's finger. It is a peculiar pleasure to stand on the porches of the houses built upon the encircling hights and look down upon the many ships in the great bay, or look upward to the higher hills with their thickets of chaparral and their beautiful forests of eucalypti massed against the sky.

Oakland and Berkeley have both made their streets beautiful, not only with colonnades and arches of evergreen acacias, peppers, palms, but also with a sprinkling of deciduous trees, which display delicate traceries of leaf and bough. Here are trees that have dear association with other climes and cities—the maple of Oregon, the elm of Cambridge, the catalpa of the Carolinas, the linden of Berlin, the locust of Spain.

Alameda on the south is joined to Oakland by five bridges. She covers what was once a live-oak wilderness, but which is now a seaside town whose streets are bordered with palms and peppers, a town having all the joys of a warm unbroken beach.

Close to Oakland on the north lies Berkeley, the site of the State University—" classical, scholar-built Berkeley." Looking from her gentle hills, you behold a scene that is surpassed only by the vista of the Golden Horn; for you behold the silver ripples of the great bay and beyond them the gleam of the mountains whose wall, in some early epoch, was broken and hurled asunder to make way for the Golden Gate, a gate that opens to the ocean and . . . to remote, mysterious Asia.

This university ranks with the four or five best in America. For long years it was housed in plain, homely halls. But now, through the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, it is to have a series of kingly buildings that will be erected in lasting granite and marble and will be worthy of its imperial position on the hills. Mrs. Hearst instituted a world competition for architectural designs, and the design of the great French architect, Bernard, was chosen. The work is now under way, so that the University is to have a constellation of halls and arcades that will be a delight to the eye of man for long generations.

Besides this, the University, through the bounty of William Randolph Hearst, has recently acquired a magnificent structure—a Greek theater, the first ever erected in America. The dramatic festival that opened it to the world presented Aristophanes' "Birds," Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," Racine's "Phèdre." Here every Sunday there is a free concert under the direction of the University. The gracious climate makes the congregating of seven thousand auditors possible in almost any season of the year.

This theater is builded in a natural amphitheater in the hills, and is modeled after the ancient theater at Epidaurus. It awakens the admiration of every beholder. "Shut out from the feverish haste of the busy workaday world by its setting of somber cypresses and feathery eucalypti, it rises in simple dignity and calm majesty, evoking a feeling akin to that called forth by the temples at Pæstum, so impressive in their isolation. Honor to him who gave this unique gift to his native state, and honor to him whose artistic susceptibility made such a gift possible. 'We have but followed the suggestions of the site,' said the architect; and this too 'Nature has adopted into her race,' because

> 'The passive master lent his hand
> To the vast Soul that o'er him planned.'"[*]

VII

Cities in the Great Valley

"An Eden of earth, a heaven of sky!" Thus does Benjamin F. Taylor cry his praise of "the celestial flowery kingdom" in the midst of which he found our Sacramento city. And in this hosannah spirit, too, were the cries of the emigrants in the early days as they crept into the valley weary from their long struggle with the wilderness.

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[*] From an article by William Dallam Armes.

Here in Sacramento we see the State Capitol, domed in beaten gold, and rising out of a thirty-five-acre park, where Norwegian and Australian pines neighbor with our own, where the elm is comrade to the palm, and where magnolias, oleanders, camellias—lovely as their names—bloom as they do in Florida, in Italy, in Palestine.

Sutter's Fort stands in the midst of the city. It is the spot where Frémont tarried, on the ashes of whose camp-fires cities have risen; the spot where the excited Marshall brought the grains of gold to the half-visionary Sutter—two dreamers who for a day and a night held in their hands the destiny of the West. And this is the spot where a little later ten thousand prairie schooners, weary but hope-driven, drew up to get news of the golden canyons of El Dorado.

Stockton, like Sacramento, was called into existence to be a supply station for the mines of the Sierras. Looking on her homes of to-day, shaded and flowered, in the midst of her bounteous orchards, it is hard to reconcile the scene with her boisterous past, when unkempt miners pushed out feverishly for the hills, and came back flushed with success or haggard with despair—when murderers, gamblers, brigands passed in and out, their paths continually skirting the brink of sudden death.

Joaquin Murietta, with his whirlwind desperadoes, was wont to make this a trysting-place, when not lurking in the tules or roving in the forests or camping in the guarded canyons. William Walker also had an abode here. He was a strange character, who cherished a dream of leading soldiers into far Nicaragua to found an empire; and to this end he gathered about him in Stockton a band of adventurers, who dared death with him when he led them into the south in quest of a kingdom. He was captured at last, tried at the drum's head, condemned and shot.

Some writers look upon Walker as a reckless and lawless soldier of fortune; but Joaquin Miller comes to his defense, saying that this "gray-eyed man of destiny" was "a wise, well-meaning and far-seeing soldier and statesman." We are also told that, whenever he entered a Nicaragua town, "he issued a proclamation making death the penalty alike for insulting a woman, for theft, or for entering a church save as a Christian should." Miller makes him the hero of a little epic, and here is a sketch of the cavalier:

"I sing this man who sought man's good,
This man whom no man understood. . . .

"A piercing eye, a princely air,
A presence like a chevalier,
Half angel, and half Lucifer;
Sombrero black, with plumes of snow
That swept his careless locks below;
A red serape with bars of gold,
All heedless falling, fold on fold;
A sash of silk, where flashing swung
A sword as swift as serpent's tongue,
In sheath of silver chased in gold;
Great Spanish spurs with bells of steel
That dashed and dangled at the heel. . . .

"A soldier born, let this be said
Above my brave, dishonored dead;
I ask no more, this is not much,
Yet I disdain a colder touch
To memory as dear as his;
For he was true as steel, or star,
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are;
Yet gentle as a panther is
Mouthing her young in her first kiss."

CHAPTER XVI

PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA: HER WILD SHORES, HER DESERT MYSTERY, HER MOUNTAIN GLORY

I

I HAVE been picturing the softer paths of California, " with roses, roses all the way." But if, like Ulysses, you weary of lotus-land, where it seems always afternoon, you have only to dart out to the shores or fly into the Sierras to find nature still wild and elemental.

All along our coast, from Humboldt in the north down to the Sonoma shore, run enormous rocky promontories, all bearing the marks of age-long battle with the tempest and the sea. Around these mighty masses the winds spend their fury, the waves wreak their wrath and the congregated sea-birds clamor with unceasing cries. Under some of these rocky cliffs the ceaseless hammers of the sea have worn huge passages, great arching caverns, Cyclopean portals, through which wild waters rush and roar in their eternal rage.

On the Atlantic coast, the surf is seldom more than six feet high and the line of advancing waters not more than two hundred feet long. But on our wild shore called Pacific, the waves run twice as high, and a mile long is the line of the charging waters. Magnificent is the march of the billows, hurling themselves in mighty thunders on the beach, like armies " whose thirst for glory quells their love of life."

The north shore of Bodega Bay is stairwayed and stanchioned as if it had been hewn and propped by the Titans. Peaks and pinnacles of dark marbles, volcanic rocks, ascend out of the mystery of the sea. And on the shore south of the Russian River rises in proud defiance one huge, strange inaccessible monolith, so precipitous that no man yet has followed the sea-birds to its summit. Is it some bastion that was hurled out of Heaven in the old revolt of Lucifer?

The Cliff House at San Francisco is builded upon a bluff formed of this old volcanic rock. High into the air the dark bluff rises, while enormous bowlders at the base are forever beleaguered by the unresting billows. Just beyond are the wave-washed cliffs, where the sea-lions are at their business of hilarity, a hilarity sprinkled with quarrels and roarings.

Swift Flights Down the Shore

A sparrow's flight further down the coast, near Point San Pedro, there is another rallying place of waves. Twelve feet high, the mile-long columns advance with greatening volume, a charge of Neptune's white-maned cavalry, rushing in thunder on the waiting shores—ever defeated, crushed and broken, ever regathering their shattered squadrons for a new assault on the impossible.

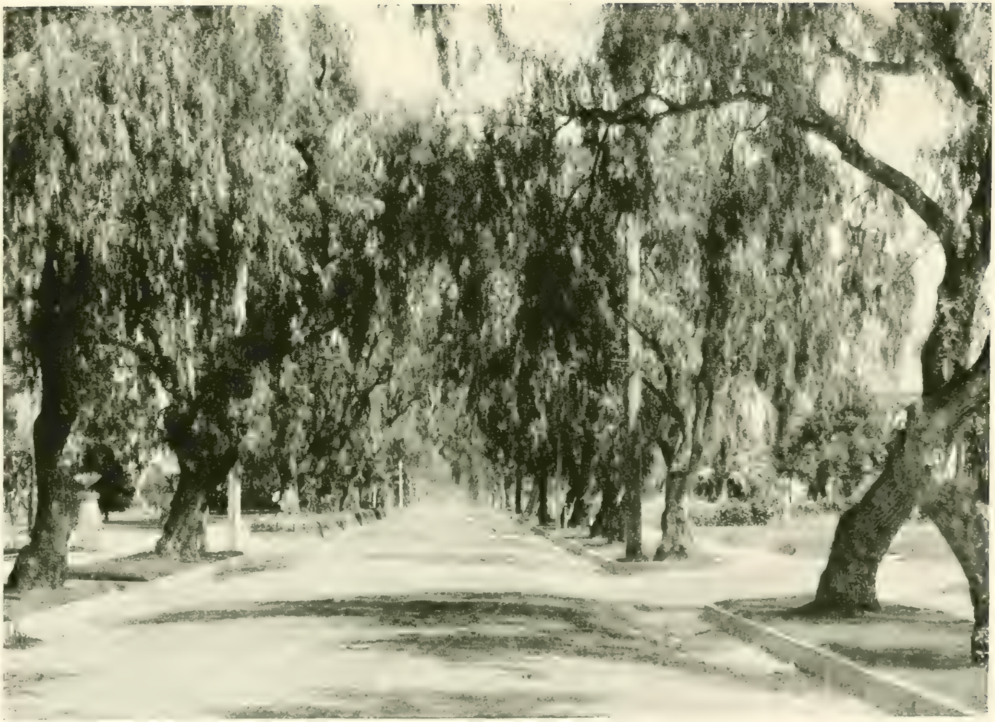
Touching at Monterey, we find the ocean in her serene mood, pulsing and purring along the shore, although the waves may be breaking in splendor on the rocks of other shores. Let Robert Louis Stevenson picture the scene:

" The waves that lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance. You can see the breakers leaping high and white by day; at night, the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all round, even in quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent country like smoke above a battle.

"The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks and burst with a surprising uproar that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long keyboard of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy in calm, sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing color or such degrees of thunder in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep."

But the sea at Monterey is not always so gentle, so serene. She has wilder moods, even on clear sunny days, and times when the tempest rides her billows she grows white and terrible. Then her swift and monstrous waves break in awful splendor and thunder on the ancient cliffs; while, on the level above them, the stooped, silent cypresses cling close to the earth in desperate hope, holding their ground against the tempest and the sea. It is a Titan battle between the cliffs and the billows. Thus, little by little as the gray centuries go by, the cliffs are hollowed with caverns—inch by inch they are beaten back, for at long intervals a fragment cracks, topples and rushes down to the abyss, bearing perhaps a scarred and tortured cypress to his doom.

Another flight down the shore and we are at Moro Rock, near San Luis Obispo. It is a dome of rough, light-colored volcanic rock, soaring six hundred feet toward the clouds, a signal and a warning to the sailor on the sea and the hunter on the hill. There it stands,



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Morengo Ave., Pasadena

Mossbrae Falls, Shasta Springs

massive, lofty and alone, a masterpiece of the genius of Demogorgon.

Beautiful Catalina and Beyond

As we sweep past Los Angeles, let us alight on the craggy cloven island of Santa Catalina. This is one of the seven islands, once the home of the Channel Indians. This superior tribe was obliterated chiefly by Aleutian seal-hunters, who with Tartar diabolism killed every male inhabitant, and then sailed away with a cargo of booty. The Smithsonian Institution has removed from the islands thirty tons of Indian relics found in excavations—arrow-heads, household wares, musical instruments.

As you stand on the shore of this enchanted isle, strange birds sail by; or, if you are drifting in your boat, a host of flying-fishes may circle about you, skimming the air, swimming the wave, as though they were only half fish, the other half swallow.

If you drift out in the glass-bottom boat, you will behold in the abyss the wonders of the sea-bottom. The delicate dim green of the water is the sky to many strange gardens in the deep. The coarse sea-weeds, with long, narrow golden banners, form the hedges and walls for the mer-folk, while the humbler ones, tinted and plumed and fernlike, are the plants and flowers on the floors of the gardens.

Tiny blue fishes dart into the weedy tangles, just as the bluebirds dart into the seclusion of the thickets. Gold fishes, black perches, gaping sheepsheads (the dunces of the school of fishes) all are found here in their busy idleness. Sometimes a jelly-fish, with gorgeous fringes and as big as a bushel, sails quietly by; and sea-cucumbers, sea-urchins and starfishes all pose in charming attitude. There are also shining stones and shells on this ocean bottom. Of course, a poet would see a still greater congregation of beauty, for a poet is a seer. Anyway, here is what the poet George Sterling saw when he glanced into these gardens of the sea:

" Opal and jacinth, orb and shell,
Calice and filament of jade,
And fonts of malachite inlaid
With lotus and with asphodel—

" Red sparks that give the dolphin pause,
Lamps of the ocean-elf, and gems
Long lost from crystal diadems,
And veiled in shrouds of glowing gauze.

* * * * * *

" Hydras of emerald and blue
Were part of swaying tapestries
Whose woof from ivies of the seas
Stole each inquietude of hue.

" And in those royal halls lay lost
The oriflammes and golden oars
Of argosies from lyric shores—
'Mid glimmering crowns and croziers tost.

* * * * * *

" Far down we gazed, nor dared to dream
What final sorceries would be
When in those gardens of the sea
The lilies of the moon should gleam." *

Straying over the island, you will find ridges and canyons, some of them wooded and watered. You will also discover a lake whose glass is broken by leaping trout; and another lake that lies asleep in the crater of a dead volcano. Sometimes the ancient ashes rise from the sides of the crater in little floating clouds.

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* From " The House of Orchids, and Other Poems."

On the eastern side of the island there are pebbled beaches washed by warm soft waves, and here come myriads chasing the pleasure bubble. But the western shore wears a forbidding aspect. There the time-scarred cliffs stare darkly at the sea, while the hungry billows are gnawing and tearing at the shore. Huge eagles, twelve feet from wing's end to wing's end, have their eyries on these inaccessible hights.

Touching now at La Jolla, near San Diego, we behold another stretch of wild coast where, since the youth of the world, the cliffs and the sea have waged eternal battle. Here on high are strange storm-ruined shapes of mighty rock—gray pillars, wave-wet walls, massive arches, booming caverns; and there below are the surge and thunder of waters that never rest, that never weary.

II

The Gaunt Gray Immensity

That California might have all things, God gave her also a desert. There it lies in her southeastern disk, lies there full of terrors and sublimities.

This stretch of sands and stones and brackish wells, this gaunt gray land, this fierce defiant sun-scorched land, is divided near its center by a long, low rhythmic range of lonely hills: the Mohave Desert stretches northward from the range, and the Colorado Desert stretches southward. This expanse of desolation is covered by two names, yet it is only one vastness.

But this desert vastness is not a mere abyss of sands: it is traversed by mountain chains, some of them soaring ten-thousand feet toward the skies: it is scooped out into gray unwatered valleys: here and there the mountains are hurled back, right and left, creating rugged passes in the hills, eternal roadways for the winds.

The Mystery of the Desert

We have finished a flight down the wild shores where the waters are forever carving and molding the ramparts of the world. Now let us turn our eyes to the desert vastness where the winds are the builders and the ruiners, where they are forever heaping and molding the sands, and forever abasing and dispersing them.

The winds and the sands have their mystery. Unceasingly, year after year, century after century, the winds are driving the sands on and on—mad masters who know only one thing, to build and to bury, to let their to-day obliterate their yesterday.

The desert is a furnace; so the hot air hurries upward as through a chimney; and then at times a cool breeze rushes in through the circumambient passes of the hills to fill the empty spaces. Out over the mountains of Southern California, out over the blue Pacific, glides the superheated air. And then it glides back again from its flight over the sea, glides back still dry and warm to keep clear of fogs the San Diegan coast and to spread over all that vast region a balmy climate.

The mountain walls of granite and porphyry are ground into particles by the unceasing and untiring teeth of the winds; and then the drifts of sand are hurled and scattered and then amassed again. The dunes are built up by the wind, pointed or blunted hour by hour—built up and then hurled down again, forever changing like the shapes in some fantastic dream.

But, even if the wind should mold its domes in seeming permanence, still they would not endure, for the rains and cloudbursts would rush down upon them with Gothic fury and obliterate them all. A cloudburst is a rush of black artillery: it spends its passion in one tremendous torrent. Brief but terrible is the avalanche. Bowlders of enormous weight are floated away on the floods, like dead leaves swept on a winter freshet. Hissing and foaming as if the red-hot foot of the Fiend had been plunged into the water, the current roars onward, tearing out mesquite and yucca, hurling before it huge masses of sand, plowing out deep gullies and flinging up a chain of mounds along the way.

Swiftly the demon waters do their work, then they sink through the sands or vanish as vapor into the clouds. Swiftly the stretches of sand grow white and still again, and the wind begins once more the shifting of the scenes. It loves the desert with its scattered dunes. It loves to mold them into shapes as graceful as running billows; it loves to kiss and caress them into forms of rhythmic beauty.

Then the light begins its magic, for the light is evermore in league with the winds. So, in the hush of the white dawn, a pale azure light touches the dunes from the pale azure of the sky; and this turns slowly to a pale orange when the sun nears the zenith, and the whole desert begins to shimmer and vibrate in the increasing heat of the expanded basin. In the hush of the descending night the dunes are touched with rose hues fading to delicate purples; and then they fade into the shadow of the night, or else they turn to lone heaps white and spectral in the moon.

The Dwellers in the Desert

And what goes on after the dunes are swallowed by the night, or else are touched into a dim existence by the mystery of the moon? Then it is that the dwellers of the desert come forth, strange shapes that in the far beginning proceeded from the ironic imagination of Demogorgon. They come forth usually at night, for the night is their day. They steal out from their secret holes and dens. Rattlesnakes, spotted or brown or yellow, glide out of their holes under the desert rocks; the tarantulas, those huge hairy spiders, climb slowly out of their secret nests in quest of adventure. The lizards, also, some yellow, some earthen red, some dyed with indigo, slip out of their hidden cells; and with them come the giant lizards, the Gila monsters, leaving their heated burrows under the alkali banks—shapes hideous and abominable. They all come forth for plunder, armed with stings and fangs. Here is a chance vignette from " The Land of Little Rain," that classic of the desert, by Mary Austin:

" Go as far as you dare in the heart of a lonely land, you cannot go so far that life and death are not before you. Painted lizards slip in and out of rock crevices, and pant on the white hot sands. Birds, humming-birds even, nest in the cactus scrub; woodpeckers befriend the demoniac yuccas; out of the stark, treeless waste rings the music of the night-singing mocking-bird. If it be summer and the sun well down, there will be a burrowing owl to call. Strange, furry, tricksy things dart across the open places, or sit motionless in the conning towers of the creosote.

" The poet may have 'named all the birds without a gun,' yet not named the fairy-footed, ground-inhabiting, furtive, small folk of the rainless region. They are too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without seeing the footprint tracings in the sand. They are nearly all night workers, finding the days too hot and white. In mid-desert, where there are no cattle, there are no birds of carrion; but, if you go far in that direction, the chances are that you will find yourself shadowed by their tilted wings."

As the cactus is the king of the desert's plant world, so the coyote is the lord of its animal kingdom. The coyote's wisdom is Fabian: he is watchful waiting on four legs. The world-mother has dressed him in a sand-colored coat, so that when he is motionless he looks like a blur on the desert. He is the gray spirit of the sands.

The coyote wins our interest by his aspect of desolation, by his look of misery. He appears to have no friends, no fellows. Is this why he is so cowardly? is this why fear is ever at his side? Is this the cause of those prolonged barkings, those hacking laughters at the sky? He is cowardice incarnate. "He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it."

In a pretense, now and then, he lets out a flash of his teeth, yet he is wary of hunting belligerent animals; so he is never at all particular about the food he eats. Nevertheless, when hunger tightens up the cords of his courage, we sometimes find him battling with the vulture for the same carcass. He appears to live in hunger as in an empty house; hence he is lean and lank as is the naked sand of the desert; and yet with all this he has toughened fiber in him and the long endurance of the chaparral.

The grotesqueness of Sir Coyote coupled with his hard fortunes in the chances of this world have touched the emotion of poets and prosemen. John Vance Cheney has two poems in humorous vein, celebrating Coyote's exploits in our Indian tradition.

But here is a sketch of him from the poet's serious pages:

"No fellow has he with leg or wing,
No mate has that specter, in fur or feather;
In the sage bush is whelped a fuzzy thing,
And mischief itself helps lick him together.
Up, cub Coyote!

"The winds come blowing over and over,
The great white moon is looking down;
In the throat of the dog is devil's laughter.
Is he baying the moon or baying the town?
Howl, howl, Coyote!

"The shadow-dog on the windy mesa,
He sits, and he laughs in his devil's way.
Look to the roost and lock up the lambkin;
A deal may happen 'twixt now and the day.
Ha, ha, Coyote!" *

Grim Gardens of the Desert

The desert is not all one colorless stretch of sand, one leafless desolation. Even in Death Valley, that expanse of ruin, we find two-hundred sorts of vegetation. Can we say, then, that the desert is a creation of the Capricious and the Absurd, that it is a grim jest of the Creative Fates? Is it not, rather, an eternal testimony to the fact that courage can conquer circumstance, that life is victorious over death?

But how does the world-mother contrive to sustain even her scant vegetation in these barren wastes, in these unstable and blowing sands, in an atmosphere so hot that the stones at noon-day sear your hand, in a land where there are only two or three inches of rainfall in a year—if, indeed, the superheated air does not drink and dispel the bright drops while descending? She equips her plants with stoic

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* From "At the Silver Gate" (San Diego Bay).

Mt. Shasta, the Wonder of the Sacramento Valley

From Picturesque America, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

Coast Scene in Marin County

patience and with power to go without and to make little go far. She gives them roots and stems and branches with storage cells to hold moisture. She strips them of leaves, or else she gives them narrow leaves that hang in a way to avoid the sun's rays, and spreads a varnish on their surfaces to shield them from the flame of the sky.

Everywhere we see the workings of the deep wisdom of the world-mother. Some of the desert roots, like the wild gourd, swell out into cisterns to store up moisture; and some, like the greasewood, stretch out their roots underground thrice as far as they lift their branches into the air. And others build their storage reservoirs in their ample trunks: thus the maguey or aloe creates a providence to protect itself against the terrors of the drouth. The cactus and the yucca store water for the future in fleshy leaves or lobes near the ground; and all of them bristle with protective spines and thorns; and, besides this, they are made poisonous and malodorous to repel the approach of birds and beasts that would destroy.

Thus do the grim desert gardens meet their desperate problem, and snatch out of the desolation a strange wild loveliness. Every inch of the ground is a battle-ground—the stern battle of life with death. We see this in the bayonet-guarded yucca, in the sand-intrenched mesquite, and in the tortured and tormented forms of the cacti spiked and ready for eternal war.

At long intervals in the desolation we come upon little muddy pools with a border of coarse, rugged grass, where a few chance palms and perhaps a few resolute mesquites may be holding their ground against the invading sands and drouths. The hardy mesquite may soar to forty feet. Its wood is very hard and almost indestructible, defying the rot of the damp ground and the pressure of years: it is well fitted to serve as beams for buildings that are to endure. And here by the pools we may also find a stray mud-turtle, whose pedigree goes back to the time when the desert was a lake or an inland sea. Sometimes we find this turtle miles away from any water, basking perhaps in the friendly crevice of some old volcanic rock.

Sometimes you may trace these little pools by watching the sand to find where the prints of running feet converge like delicate spokes from the four quarters; for at some hour of the day all the desert folk make a pilgrimage to some refreshing waterhole. And perhaps there is not one of these infrequent desert wells without its memories of human deliverance or despair. Once two Mexicans, famished for food, tottered to the Tio Meso Pool, and there perished of starvation. Long afterward their skeletons were found locked together as if they had died devouring each other.

But there are also gentler aspects to these austere gardens, for on the desert borders we find the palo verde, with dim green branches and yellow blooms that give out light; also the indigo bush, all gray, a bush that in the flare of June bursts into jubilant bloom, like an ascending smoke of incense. The mesquite also flings out its golden catkins for the visitation of the wild bees; and the yucca hangs out her drooping bells in the stir of the desert winds. And even the austere and cryptic cacti have their splendid blossoms, their splashes of scarlet or yellow. There are brief hours also when the desert floor is touched by a humbler glory. For sometimes after rushes of rain a miracle begins, a host of flowers appear upon the sands—abronias and gilias, pink and purple; phacelias, rose and azure; beloperones, with their crimson bugles.

Color Mysteries of the Desert

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in one of her stories of the Unseen, tells us that one of the divine delights in Heaven is the beholding of massed and chorded colors: there will be orchestras in color as we now have orchestras in sound.

We get a premonition of this veiled glory in the mysteries of light and color on desert and mountain. From the first break of dawn till sunrise the sky of the desert is profoundly blue; but, when it is touched by cloud or dust in the sun-bright hours, the sky pales and flushes through all the changeful tints and tones of flame and peacock and mother-of-pearl. All day the iridescent colors weave and wane.

Standing in the hollow of the desert, we see through the heated and wavering air a flight of faint far mountains, phantoms of mountains and ghosts of gray cliffs, and over them the rich colors of the sky. It is a dream world of light and air and mystic motion, where all things appear to be losing form, fading into the formless, into tones of color and shades of light. Be very still: it is a land enchanted!

Hour by hour through the long day the desert is a pageant of changing shades and colors. In the early morning the outlines of ridge and peak and canyon are sharp and hard, and the hues are garnet, topaz, sapphire. When the sun reaches noon a hand of ruin has been laid upon the ranges: they are wasted and withered, their color is wan and ashen. But when the sun is sinking, a new wonder, a new awfulness, passes over the ranges: cliffs and gorges and lofty summits are all violet, orange, vermilion. Warm and rich and glowing they stand in their hour of transfiguration, till the glory begins to soften, graying and fading into darkness. Sometimes little islands of clouds sweep into the midst of the glory, repeating in the sky the pageantry of color on the hills—sweep in to join the fate of the cliffs and summits and sink with them into the chaos and nothingness of the night.

But sometimes the moon comes forth to rescue them from that nothingness, and when she comes she wears a strange unwonted beauty. She comes bearing her mysterious aureole that circles about her in dim apocalyptic splendor. Each filmy belt of this dream-dim halo is measured and tinted in the delicate but accurate geometries of the Master Colorist—of Him who displays his delight in wondrous color not only on the hills and dunes here in the hush and solitude of the desert, but also on the rainbow-colored fishes in the secret grottos under the sea. Thus redly golden comes the desert moon touching both sand and sky with a spectral witch-light. Who shall say that God is not an artist, and that beauty is not as dear to Him as duty?

A Terror of the Desert

There is a desert spell, something that lures men to wander in her gardens of desolation. She has betrayed thousands, for whoever threads this waste of nothingness is on the path of danger. He may go on, parched in body and heated in brain, until only the animal is left alive within him. In such an hour of fate he begins to feel her moods of insensate fury, her tempest-flame and thunder-burst. And in such an hour he may also feel her moods of mockery, wherein she crazes a man with hideous thirst, and creates at the same moment vast mirages of cool waters and leafy trees to lure him on and on over the weary sands, with silent vultures following in the hollow sky and keeping corpse-watch.

The mirage, terrible yet beautiful apparition of the desert, a moment of the irony of the universe! Lakes, seas and pools, rippling among groves and hills, invite the worn traveler to refreshment and to rest. The quivering air of the sand gives to the phantom waters the exact features of reality. Famished travelers and trains of emigrants have followed this beautiful mockery, miles and miles, sometimes to dire disaster.

Cities also may lift their phantom walls and towers, touched with ethereal colors—aureate, carmine, cerulean. Baalbec and Bagdad and Babylon shimmer in phantom beauty on the far horizon. Your heart leaps as you seem to approach the gates of old romance; but as you gaze, lo, the cities fade and vanish! These phantoms disappear into the void air, even as the cities of reality have disappeared into the dust of time.

The Sanctuary of the Prophets

There are terrors upon the desert—beauties, also, and grandeurs. If a man can find a living spring, he can dwell for years in this vastness. He can become accustomed at last to the mystic moods of the desert, become attuned to her great emotions, and so may learn to love her vast silence, her pitiless sands, her gaunt immensity.

Some men, however, have gone mad, dwelling alone in that naked desolation: they did not have those inward resources, those mystic springs of the spirit, that enable us to live in the midst of vastness and silence. But certain it is that no man who has dwelt there for long ever comes out the same as when he went into the lean, lone land. Like Lazarus, he has seen a vision that makes insignificant all this petty babble and struggle of men in the whirling cities. Yes, never the same; for the invincible silence, the vast aloneness, the ever-changing countenance of sand and sky—these send the hush of eternity upon the soul. But, as we stand in the presence of this gray immensity, Egypt glides into our thoughts, and we think of that nameless one of eld who carved the Sphinx out of majestic rock: he, too, was stirred by the dark mystery of the desert. So there the strange shape sits, the incarnation of that mystery, sits massive and alone on the border of the ancient sands.

Since the beginning, the naked vastness of the desert has been the hushed sanctuary of the prophets. In that august solitude the poor frippery of life is ripped away; and there, if ever, a man stands face to face with the eternal verities and rectitudes—there, if ever, he comes into spirit-touch with the awful questions of the whence, the whither and the why of our existence. And at intervals there are men who have the spiritual strength to withdraw from the petty clamor of the moment and to make their home in this gray mystery and immensity. Thus the Spirit of the Desert has ever been the consecrating mother of the prophets; for in her austere presence the shams of life break as bubbles and vanish, and nothing is left in the world but conscience and God.

III

The Mountain Glory

Again and again in California great Nature, the mystic world-mother, has sounded the note sublime. Seashore, desert, mountain, giant tree, strange valley, towering cliff—all have been staged for a world spectacle, a drama of magnificence.

From every point in the State you may look upon majestic mountains, some of them lifting their broad fronts near at hand, and others making ghost-flights in the distance. Six hundred miles the Sierras stretch from Mount San Jacinto to Mount Shasta. The summits, some of them, soar to 15,000 feet—radiant in the morning and luminous in the evening afterglow; but so nobly sustained and graduated in dimension are they all that no one peak announces itself to the eye as the lord of the range.

We need not forget the graces and glories of the Rockies, the Alleghanies, the Adirondacks when we claim that the Sierras surpass them all in charm and grandeur. Those other chains have their peaks, precipices, forests, waterfalls. But what summit have they so impressive as lone and lofty Shasta—what gorges so massive and austere as the canyons of King's River—what forests to rank with our Homeric grove of sequoias crowned with centuries—what cliffs and falls to compare with our Yosemite Valley, where the massive rocks seem to soar to the clouds, and where the river, in three long airy leaps, seems to be a splendor falling from the skies?

The Gates of the Mountains

We can enter the Sierras from a thousand trails on the west slope; but how can we pierce the mountains, making our way into Mohave, into Nevada, into the east? What and where are the gates of the mountains?

They are the notches or canyons through which wind wagon roads at times; but more frequently they have only dim trails difficult even for a patient mule. Some of the trails are not only obscure, but are also dangerous; yet there is a rare exhilaration in picking them out and climbing into the high altitudes. Yes, and there is health on those levels for my sore afflicted brothers locked up in cities—cisterns of pure untainted air, kingdoms of rest and silence.

The San Gorgonio and the Cajon Pass in the far south are huge mountain gates that let us through into the Mohave. How beautiful is our journey from the shores toward this gray desolation! What a thrilling contrast is before us! We fly by gardens of rare flowers, we skirt the borders of cool orange orchards, we slip under the boughs of plumy peppers or through the shadows of lofty eucalypti. Wild odors touch the soft breeze—life everywhere, abundant and glorious. And then, as though at the whispered word of the Wonder Worker, we are in the midst of the sands—we are at the gates of the mountains. And, flying on, we soon are in the gray gardens of the desert, with their crags and hills crouched as if in tragic brooding, distorted as if by ancient pain.

Now taking brief northerly flights we touch, one after the other, the passes of Tehachapi and El Tejone, two gates where the Sierras and the Coast Range rush toward each other in the south. In the old days El Tejone was a lurking-place of Joaquin Murietta and his robber band—romantic brigands that once terrorized the State.

Now taking a hundred-mile flight into the north, we reach Kearsarge Pass, twelve-thousand feet toward the stars, the highest of all the mighty portals of the mountains. Near the head-waters of the south fork of King's River you enter this wonderful canyon, containing a grove of giant sequoias and watched all the way by colossal crags and cliffs. Reaching the summit of the pass, you behold all about you vast expanses of beauty and grandeur. To the east rise the bleak granite ramparts of Nevada. But to the west march the innumerable ranks of the primeval forests invading the fortresses of eternal snow, while below them are vast canyon voids that were plowed out by the primeval glaciers. During

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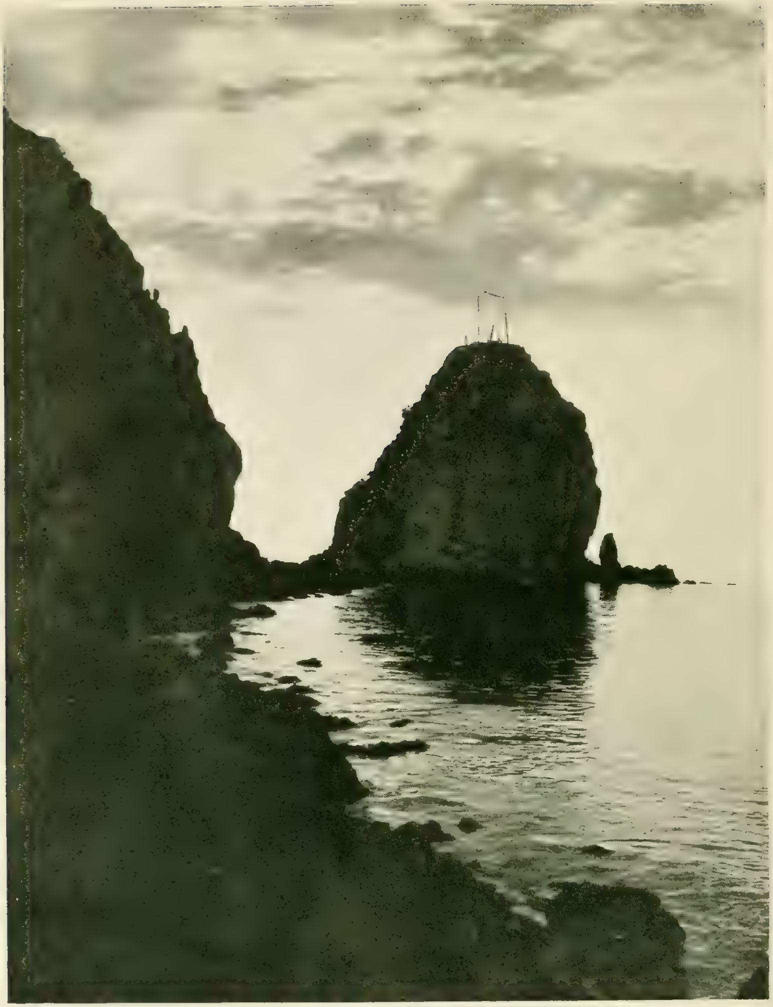
THE CLIFF HOUSE AT SAN FRANCISCO



Castle Rock at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island the summer months this wild canyon of Kearsarge is traveled by the gold-hunters and the cattle-men, and by a few daring spirits seeking for the glory of the world.

Taking now another hundred-mile flight into the north, we alight in Mono Pass, a well-beaten trail which lies east of Yosemite Valley at the headwaters of the Tuolumne. It is the rugged bed of Bloody Canyon, the enormous furrow made by an ancient glacier, a canyon with many vistas of cliff and cascade. Indians, sheep-men and cattle-men pass this way; and coyotes and bears follow the flocks and herds, feeding on the strayed animals and picking up those that have fallen to their death over the high rocks. Out through this pass in the '50's crawled the pack-trains of the miners lured on by the scent of desert gold.

At the canyon's head there is a startling contrast between the western and the eastern scenery. Behind you toward the west, in the midst of the forest and under the great peaks, you behold quiet mountain meadows, wild gardens, splashed with wild grasses and flowers. Trees are serenely sifting the light through their green boughs, while extatic birds dart in and out. Along the canyon floor run a medallion of lakes, ringed round with brown and yellow rushes and linked together by the long canyon stream. At intervals, by the water-course winding under the soaring cliffs, you find clumps of lilies, larkspurs, tall grasses, brier-roses, friendly willows. Ever and anon, a butterfly sways on some spire of grass, or else plunges to and fro through the bright air, like a frail boat tossed at sea.

You are in the midst of a vast silence, yet far off you hear the sounds of mysterious waterfalls. And that silence is made more profound by the presence of red and gray and dark mountains, where time-ruined cliffs, cryptic and stupendous, stare down upon you out of their old eternity.

Now turning toward the east, we see ahead of us the sunny plains of Mono, where gleams the great lake, guarded on the south by a group of tall volcanic peaks. Majestical spectacle of leafless desolation, of solemn and silent sands! And in the midst of the gray waste, in a circle measuring a hundred miles, lies Mono Lake, a gray expanse of water, broken by two islands, the upheavals of old volcanic forces. Drifts of pumice-stone and ashes cover them. Here, everywhere, are reminders of the era of eruption and lava flood. Indeed, we are told that the whole basin of the lake is only the enormous hollow of an ancient crater.

The Carson Pass on the old emigrant road near the head of Lake Tahoe, was impassable for wagons in the early days, so they had to be abandoned here or else taken apart and carried on mule-back down the steep and rocky canyons to the valley. North of this the Donner party were making their slow way that fateful night when the snows began to fall. These trails were made passable for wagons during the days of the Comstock mine excitement.

And, finally, we reach Beckwourth's Pass, now traversed by a railway. Through this gate of the hills, in the old days, poured many emigrants who drifted down into California in the meridian of Marysville. Ina Coolbrith, the poet, journeyed West by way of this trail when a little child: the train was piloted by Beckwourth, the discoverer of the pass. She remembers this gallant Virginian, with his moccasins, buckskin suit and long braided hair; for, after reaching the summit, he gently lifted her to his own saddle in front of him and, riding ahead, he led the caravan down the long canyons to the great valley.

The Glory of the Forests

The forests curve in long swells over ridges and canyons down the long miles of the Sierras. Their upward climb is barred only by the high belt of everlasting snow. For in the high Sierras there are glaciers still surviving from the old Arctic winter, surviving upon the northern sides of the loftier peaks.

Entering the wild Sierras from the great intramontane valley of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, you find the slow curves of the foothills edged with thickets of manzanita, a tall sturdy bush, with branches looking like the polished legs of a mahogany piano, with blossoms like tiny cups of rose porcelain and with fruit like little red apples from Lilliput. Near at hand are the ceanothus thickets, which in spring turn to drifts of odorous white or purple-blue that sweep the foothills like the high tides of a fairy sea.

Climbing upward a thousand feet or more, we reach the host of the cone-bearing trees stretching onward to the edge of the snow. An exultant army they are, with rejoicing plumes and sounding harps, capturing the heart with beauty. The sugar pine, the yellow pine, the Douglas spruce, the silver fir, the incense cedar—this glorious fellowship are the lords of the leafy multitude.

To look on our lofty pines (especially our silver pines) in moments when they wear their garments of mystic light, is to be stirred by the noble emotion of beauty. But, when the wind touches them, they let out their more hidden loveliness. Then what gestures, now graceful, now majestic! But we are stirred even more by the sound of the boughs in the wind. Long thoughts must visit the heart of a man as he listens to the sad, mysterious music that goes out from a tossing sea of pines. How strangely like it is to the wild music that reaches us from the waters of ocean at the roots of the world.

Observe these trees, note the heroic spring of shaft, often two hundred feet starward from the granite; note the noble modeling, six feet frequently at the base and tapering exquisitely toward the summit, and all colored with tender browns mingled with golden and purple lights. Here is a joy for man, splendid spires swaying in the wind and wearing a glory of green leaves—fragrance and color and motion and music.

These trees you admire for their power: they are the mighty, the victorious. But beyond this lordly host there is a brotherhood of the poor—trees that you will love for their persistence, for their courageous wrestle with peril and privation. These are the stricken trees that dare the higher snows, that fight an unequal battle with the austere earth and that grow smaller as they ascend, more twisted and distorted, till at last they crouch and creep over the grim ledges of the granite, their crooked roots grappling desperately at the crevices of the rocks. These are the humped hemlocks, the jagged junipers, the tormented tamaracks. What are they up on their high storm-beaten cliffs? are they forms of the ironic in nature, the fleering grimaces of the forest?

In the Yosemite region are the majestic sequoias, whose kingdom we will enter at a later hour, lingering awhile to indulge in the noble pleasure of praising. These august trees are the lords of the woodlands of the world.

The oaks are not absent from our green-robed senate of mighty woods. On the broad belt of the foothills the live-oak and the common oak have their sunny ridges and their canyon haunts. Frequently the black oak springs a hundred feet in air, dividing into massive limbs, its leafy dome a pinkish purple in Spring, a reddish bronze in Autumn. The live-oak (the gold-cup oak) was endowed by the sylvan fates with power to draw life even from the granite; so her roots rejoice in the earth, and she divides and spreads into a great fountain of verdure. So dense are the leaves that the spreading boughs protect you from the rains like a roof. Frequently have I ridden into the shelter of these boughs when rain has overtaken me on the cattle ranges: they are like the shelter of a great cliff.

These mighty woodlands serve a great use to the people, for they help to gather and conserve the life-giving waters, lacking which California would be an arid Palestine. But they are also a theater of beauty and wonder, drawing thousands of pilgrim feet from the four corners of the world.*

The Redwoods of the Coast Range

We have now glanced at the forest glory on the Sierras skirting the eastern border of California; let us now turn for a brief look at the redwoods on the Coast Range skirting the ocean shores. Here is a flight of mountains almost as broad as the seventy-mile arch of the Sierras, but having peaks and many groups of small collateral chains, among which are a thousand happy little valleys of fruit and flower and waving grain and sparkling stream.

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* One of the main uses of the great railway lines of the State is to give access to this mountain glory. Already two great lines sweep the length of California—one up the central valleys, the other up the ocean shore. The shore-road is now completed to Eureka in the far north, a road that pierces the redwood forests (wildly beautiful) on the western border of Mendocino. California has also issued bonds for millions of dollars to build a State Highway from Oregon to San Diego. It is to be as smooth and durable as aspiration and asphaltum, as shekels and shovels can make it. This will be an epic labor, a labor of giants: it will be the Appian Way of the Far West.

There are, of course, many short railways running east and west into the mountains. But there are some mountain-lovers who flout the iron horse, and some of these are found in the famous Sierra Club (kindred to the Mazama Club in Oregon) for at least once a year the members journey afoot into the cool Sierras.

And here, nine miles north of Suisun, lies little Lagoon Valley, sequestered in the high hills; and here it was that I plowed wheat-fields and herded sheep and cattle through all my romantic boyhood. I still have a vivid memory of the big rock and the solitary oak on the border of the little lake a mile away.

The highest summits of the range hover in the skies near San Francisco Bay. Mt. Diablo (ominous in name, yet kindly as a guide for pilgrim and mariner) mounts nearly four-thousand feet into the clouds, keeping even flight with St. Helena further to the north. Mt. Tamalpais, lifting its front to the same airy level, stands wrapped in purple cloak near the Golden Gate, stands like a kindly father waiting to lift the latch for the coming child.

On the east slopes of the range there is a lessening of the forests and the waters, for the rain-clouds blowing over from the sea are waylaid and partly emptied by the mountains. But down all the west slopes we find abundant woodlands and thousands of streams making a beautiful tumult in the canyons.

A Hill-Flight into the North

Taking flight at Santa Barbara and skimming the Coast Range into the north, we catch sight of strange trees with many boughs in bloom. The laurel (the myrtle of Oregon) with its shining leaves and its masses of yellow blossom greets the eye. This remarkable tree, soaring to a hundred feet in air, is kindred to the Daphne tree of Grecian legend; and you may trail it by the pungent odor of its crushed leaves and clustered blossoms. Splendid spruces also skirt the way; and field oaks and live-oaks delight the eye with their repose and majesty.

Farther toward the north we will find the beautiful *madroño,* a kins-tree of the arbutus.* Its red boughs and glossy foliage give it the look of the magnolia. Bret Harte bestows lyric names upon the tree, calling it " the gallant of the glade " and " the captain of the Western wood." In Spring the slim branches hold out delicate white flower-urns; in the Autumn they dangle little berries, orange scarlet. The bark of the tree is a beautiful red, but in midsummer it peels off, leaving a velvety green that turns slowly back to a beautiful red; and, while the boughs are deepening into red, they are also throwing out their glory of green leaves. The *madroño* has the high patrician dignity, and seems all the year round to be touched by the fine fire of expectancy and youth.

But the redwood (*sequoia sempervirens*) is the chief glory of the Coast Range. Beginning in the meridian of Santa Cruz, where we find a colossal colonnade of these redwoods, they reach on into Oregon, in a magnificent forest belt ten miles wide and four hundred miles long. No other region on the continent shows so continuous a march of these giant trees.

It is an hour of joy to quit the belt of pines and oaks—none of them very old—and to come suddenly into the presence of these mighty redwoods that belong to the centuries. Many of them wear lightly their thousand years of battle with the storms.

Sometimes you will come upon a giant redwood with a group of young redwoods standing in friendly circle round him. Often have I lain down to sleep within such a magic chamber of fragrant trunks and boughs. Once I jotted down in my diary this brief record of my giant innkeeper:

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* Be warned that the name is not madrone, but is *madroño* with its fine Spanish intonation.

I know a veteran redwood standing high
  Upon a lofty cliff in Siskiyou,
  Looking on hill-tops billowing to the blue,
And looking on bright regions of the sky:
A cluster of young sons are ever nigh,
  In banded cirque about him, to befriend
  When canyons brim with quiet—to defend
When lightnings probe the dark and torrents cry.

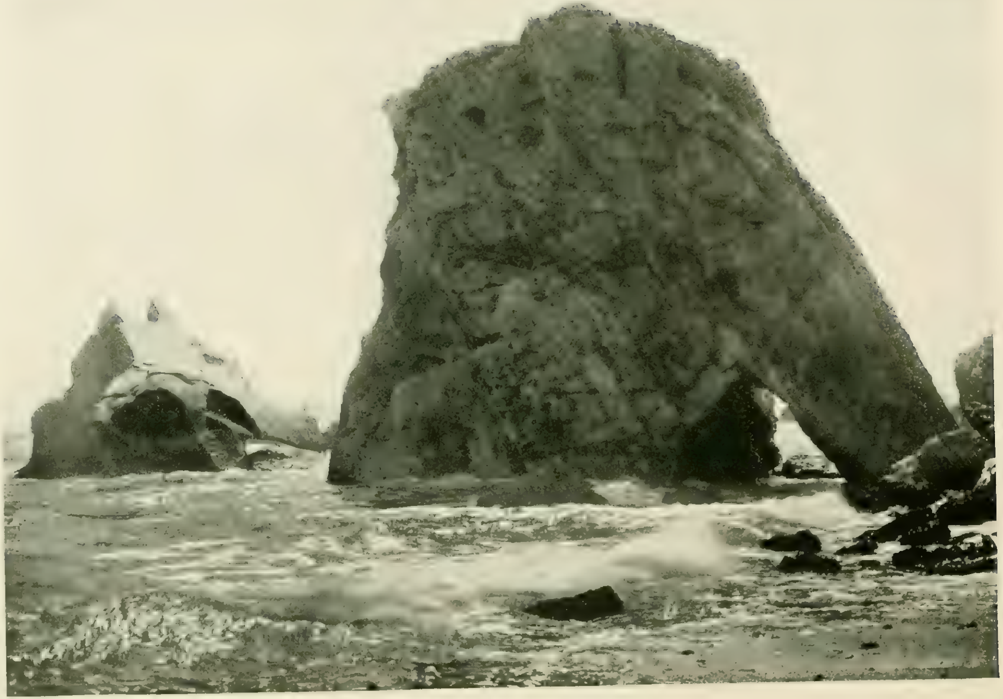
Skimming over San Francisco Bay and alighting on the slopes of Tamalpais, we find ourselves in the heart of the Muir Park, a grove of redwoods in the prime of their vigor and majesty. From the summit we look northward to Napa and Sonoma ringed with boiling springs and geysers, a region containing the fossil Forest of Stone, wherein (touched by the old alchemies of fire and ice) the ancestors of our redwoods lie transfixed in stony immortality.

The Sanctuary of the Redwoods

Now darting into the north a hundred miles, skimming over a Killarney of romantic lakes, we alight in Mendocino, the heart of the redwood expanses. We are on the tops of mighty mountains, in the midst of sublimity and silence. On every hand are lofty redwoods, some of them measuring ten feet in diameter at the base and leaping three-hundred feet toward the sun. The trunk of a redwood tree has the proportion and perfection of a Doric column; and, flecked with purple and gold, it rises with a graceful taper to the summit, and holds on high its cluster of boughs, plumed with leaves of delicate green.

All trees do not attain to the archetypal beauty that was in the Creative Mind. But the redwood appears to have the ideal poise and power. It has a strength of body and a delicacy of outline as su-

Midway Point, Monterey



Mastodon Rock, Shell Beach

perb and supreme as the strength and delicacy expressed in the pillars of the Parthenon.

Through the long hours the gray mottled grouse may be heard booming in the high boughs of the redwood. On the lofty summits of the tree the hawk and the eagle love to perch and sway in the soft wind, looking out over the trembling expanse of forest tops, and far away perhaps to a glint of the sea in the west. Wherever the trees have been spared the sacrilege of fire and the insolence of the ax, the ground under them is soft as a pillow with the leaves that have been piling and melting for centuries.

A few cattle herds browse in the hollows of these deep canyons. Here also at intervals come the lumber hunters. Most of them carry the rank smell of dollars: they plunder the trees regardless of the beauty, regardless of the future: they have no reverence for the leafy sanctuaries. But, excepting the region of the dairies and logging camps, we are here in the heart of the primeval wilderness; we are back in the youth and wonder of the world. Here is silence, here is peace.

Frequently the high boughs of a group of redwoods are so closely interlocked that we have a dim twilight below them even at mid-day, dim as the light in some unlit, deserted cathedral. Lying at rest in this redwood twilight, we hear a long sighing music among the high boughs; and, if you are a skillful listener, you will hear hushed voices within the music —the chorus of the mournful dryads departing before the irreverent steps of man.

A Mendocino Memory

I have traveled long days and nights in this leafy wonderland. Once, when a boy, I mounted my mustang and rode forth into these mighty mountains in the April of the year—pressing on and on through the friendly redwoods into the unknown north. Here is my lyric story of the ride:

Once in my lonely, eager youth I rode,
With jingling spur, into the clouds' abode—
Rode northward lightly as the high crane goes—
Rode into the hills in the month of the frail wild rose,
To find the soft-eyed heifers in the herds,
Strayed north along the trail of nesting birds,
Following the slow march of the springing grass,
From range to leafy range, from pass to flowering pass.

I took the trail: the fields were yet asleep;
I saw the last star hurrying to its deep—
Saw the shy wood-folk starting from their rest
In many a crannied rock and leafy nest.
A bold, tail-flashing squirrel in a fir,
Restless as fire, set all the boughs astir;
A jay in dandy blue, flung out a fine
First fleering sally from a sugar pine.

A flight of hills, and then a deep ravine
Hung with madroño boughs—the quail's demesne;
A quick turn in the road, a wingèd whir,
And there he came with fluted whispering,
The captain of the chaparral, the king,
With nodding plume, with circumstance and stir,
And step of Carthaginian conqueror!

I climbed the canyon to a river-head,
And looking backward saw a splendor spread,
Miles beyond miles, of every sovereign hue
And trembling tint the looms of Arras knew—
A flowery pomp as of the dying day,
A splendor where a god might take his way.

And farther on the wide plains under me,
I watched the light-foot winds of morning go,
Soft shading over wheat-fields far and free,
To keep their old appointment with the sea.
And further yet, dim in the distant glow,
Hung on the east a line of ghostly snow.

After the many trails an open space
Walled by the tulès of a perished lake;
And there I stretched out, bending the green brake,
And it felt cool against my heated face.
My horse went cropping by a sunny crag,
In wild oats taller than the antlered stag
That makes his pasture there. In gorge below
Blind waters pounded bowlders, blow on blow—
Waters that gather, scatter and amass
Down the long canyons where the grizzlies pass,
Slouching through manzanita thickets old,
Strewing the small red apples on the ground,
Tearing the wild grape from its tree-top hold,
And wafting odors keen through all the hills around.

Now came the fording of the hurling creeks,
And joyous days among the breezy peaks,
Till through the hush of many canyons fell
The faint quick tenor of a brazen bell,
A sudden, soft, hill-stilled, far-falling word,
That told the secret of the straying herd.

It was the brink of night, and everywhere
Tall redwoods spread their filmy tops in air;
Huge trunks, like shadows upon shadow cast,
Pillared the under twilight, vague and vast.
And one had fallen across the mountain way,
A tree hurled down by hurricane to lie
With torn-out roots pronged-up against the sky
And clutching still their unsurrendered clay.

Lightly I broke green branches for a bed,
And gathered ferns, a pillow for my head.
And what to this were kingly chambers worth—
Sleeping, an ant, upon the sheltering earth,
High over Mendocino's windy capes,
Where ships go flying south like shadow-shapes—
Gleam into vision and go fading on,
Bearing the fragrant pines hewn out of Oregon.*

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* From Markham's "Lincoln, and Other Poems."

IV

The March of the Flowers

Now, pausing on this high range in the north, let us take a few backward glances at the flowers and the furred and feathered folk in all our mountain forests.

Climbing from the base to the summit of any one of our southern mountains (from Mohave to the summit of Whitney, for instance) is like passing from Florida to Newfoundland; and on the way you will pass the climatic procession of vegetation, extending from the crabbéd cactus to the crimson snow-plant.

Now another adventure with the flowers! Ascending the great double valley from the far south in the April of the year, you may keep in step with the northward march of the blossoming hosts. The tides of the grass and flowers lose their first glory about you only to find it on some farther shore. The billows rise and break and flee onward only to rise into a new splendor.

Now, if it pleases you, we will turn from our northern flight and ascend eastward through the low hills and mountains, pausing a few happy days at various levels. This will be a delight, for you will be moving in the midst of a miracle all the way: you will be in the presence of Spring for long months as she follows the retreat of the snows.

The flowers leap forth in the great valleys after the fall of the first rains in Autumn; and they leap forth in the high canyons and mountain meadows after the melting of the snows in June. It is a noble pleasure to watch these flushes and rushes of beauty cover the brown and waiting earth. There are leaf and life and love everywhere, from the abronia flowers on the desert to the purple heather in the Sierras.

Sometimes a summer wind fleeing over the floor of Yosemite will set a thousand blossoms ablow—all of them different, all of them beautiful.

The firstlings that march up the great valleys and that make ascents into the foothills are cream-cups, shooting-stars, yellow violets, nemophilas, lupins, castilleias, golden poppies. And everywhere they go in clans, each clan in its own kingdom. I have seen whole hillsides given over to a blue heaven of lupins, sometimes shoulder-high, with sapphire spikes; and I have seen azaleas by the mile, with a billion yellow-belted bees all busy at their harvesting.

There is a divine affinity between the winds and the flowers. So there are moments of indescribable beauty when these spacious fields of flowers startle and tremble at the touches of a fleeting wind. It is a rapturous beauty of motion that many a time has set my own heart trembling.

The Glory of the Poppies

There is a legend that some of the early mariners called the fields along our shores " the land of fire," because from the ship they saw them ablaze with our orange-colored poppies. You can easily believe this story if you happen to know the aureate fields around Pasadena, Piedmont, Suisun, Red Bluff.

Each people has some flower that is woven into their history and affections: Scotland has the thistle, France the fleur-de-lis. California has the golden poppy, the State flower, the loveliest flower of the Far West. Yet it carries one sorrow for me: the unspeakable name, Eschscholtzia, a name that the botany-man has loaded upon it. I will have none of it: there should be some harmony between the name of a thing and the inner nature of the thing.

The poppy is the most ardent of all the blossoms of the field: it trembles at every wind that blows, and its corolla seems a little pool brimming with radiance. Joaquin Miller exults in its incorruptible gold:

> "The golden poppy is God's gold,
>   The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down—
> The gold that knows no miser's hold,
>   The gold that banks not in the town;
> But singing, laughing, freely spills
> Its hoard far up the happy hills—
> Far up, far down, at every turn—
> What beggar has not gold to burn!"

And these lines dropped from my own pen in the midst of the poppy fields:

> Here the poppy hosts assemble:
> How they startle, how they tremble!
> All their golden hoods, unpinned,
> Blow out lightly in the wind.
>
> Men that in the cities grind,
> Come before the heart is blind.
> Here is gold to labor for;
> Here is pillage worth a war!

Wild Lilies

You will find lilies sprinkled all over California. The Shasta lily, white and fragrant under the pines and tall as a man, is the lily of the north. The leopard lily lifts its gorgeous yellow blossoms in shady canyons; while the Humboldt lily, orange red with spots of purple, bestows its beauty on the open fields. The wild hyacinth ("wild onion") also loves the open skies and the watered valleys. It has a dear place in the memories of my boyhood.

The mariposa lily is more wonderful in its beauty, floating in the air like a gorgeous butterfly. Many of our fields are tinted with the delicate globes of this airy blossom, tethered to the earth by only the frailest stem. Through changing purple and white and gold the colors run, the three leaves of the corolla pranked and pricked with elfin signs and omens. Let Ina Coolbrith put into verse the mood and meaning of the flower:

"Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip and quivering
  To flight! a flower of the fields of air;
  A jeweled moth; a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing,
  A moment resting in our happy sight;
  A flower held captive by a thread so slight
Its petal-wings of broidered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir—
  Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
  What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
  And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning's dew?
Thou wingèd bloom, thou blossom butterfly!" *

V

The Sanctuary of the Birds

All these stirring and happy forests on field and mountain, they are the green sanctuary of the birds; and those leafy colonnades are never wholly empty of these wingèd folk. From the cactus wren of Mohave to the snow bird of white-crowned Shasta, there is a long litany of birds that never leave our California. Blackbird, oriole, vireo, swallow, meadow lark, curlew, gray eagle—these and many another have a place in the leafy sanctuary.

The long stretch of our shore is a pleasant halfway house for all the water birds on their long flight from Patagonia to Alaska. The sea-gull is ever circling in the air; and the curlew is ever running on the sands, his strange piercing note vibrant with the sorrow of the sea. And, after the fields are white with the stubble of the harvesting, the wild geese come in great high-sailing flocks—gleaners of the scattered grain they come, descending out of the cold, mysterious north.

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* From "Songs from the Golden Gate."

Many of the birds remain all winter in our wide-extended sanctuary, finding a change of climate in passing from shore to mountain and from mountain to shore. When the spring tides bring back the mood of Eden to our shores, a multitude of birds appear.

One of our humming-birds stays all the year, and five others return only for the Summer. Touched with beauty is the jeweled poise and whirl of this fiery atom as he circles the garden with "microscopic song," his wings a-whir "like the eerie croon of an elfin spinning wheel." In this fashion I tried to capture one that darted into my garden:

Tell me, O Rose, what thing it is
That now appears, now vanishes?
Surely it took its fire-green hue
From daybreaks that it glittered through:
Quick, for this sparkle of the dawn
Glints through the garden and is gone!

What was the message, Rose, what word:
Delight foretold, or hope deferred?

Flocks of robins spend the winter in the chaparral, in the neighborhood of San Francisco and Los Angeles, make a flying visit to the orchards in fruit-time and then take an airing in the mountains.

We have a bluebird with a patch of the sky on his back and his breast. Our long-tailed road-runner, with his mottled feathers and his flare of shiny green, is the ground-cuckoo. He does not fly, but runs with a curious sidling motion, yet with remarkable swiftness. He loves the roads and the chaparral.

The Bad Lands of California

Salton Sea

Scattered through all the leafy sanctuary you will find the noisy and restless jay engaged in his jubilations or objurgations. And a near neighbor of the jay is the woodpecker in his glossy coat of bluish black, splashed here and there with white. The he-bird wears a crown of white and crimson; the she-bird, a crown of black and white and crimson. I spent many an hour as a wondering boy watching this busy bird drilling holes for his bushels of acorns in the dead boughs of the forest. But, as soon as I would see that his boring and storing was a rebuke to sluggards, I was up and away again in quest of my wandered cattle.*

Water-Ouzel and Mocking Bird

Both mountain and valley have their flocks of quail, resting in shady coverts or moving on shy paths with proud, important stride and querulous note. But the mountain bird that is most temperamental, most daring and debonair, is the water-ouzel, the bird of the wild waterfalls in mountain canyons, its nest built under the spray. There is no rushing white cascade too cold and precipitous for this little slate-colored, perky-tailed creature to dip and dartle in with gushes of fluty song. Indeed, you might think he sings under the water, for his song seems never to cease in his wilder moments: he is in full tilt when he plunges into the foam of the waterfall, and he is going full tilt at the moment he emerges.

Who can sing the praise of this glad high-hearted bird? The whitening abyss of the canyon is his only home, the whirling eddy is the floor of his world, the up-flung mist of the torrent is his silver sky. His song increases in gladness with the increasing wildness of the waters, and he subsides when they subside. When the canyons are wild in Autumn, he is there in the heart of the glad chaos, there as the impassioned voice of its divine harmonies. Then he is more than a bird: he is the rejoicing spirit of the rejoicing waters, a spirit rapturous amid the thunder-walls of the white chasm. This is his white cathedral, and here through the long glad hours, here at these wild altars, he performs his lustration and his adoration.

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* For more details on all matters concerning our forests see John Muir's "The Mountains of California," a valuable work.

The mocking-bird (he is ashy gray above, soiled white below) enlivens all the groves and gardens of the south. He imitates the songs of other birds; but to these snatches from their repertoire he adds his own cascade of silvery cadences. Does he sing snatches from their songs only to show his disdain of them by singing his own melodious notes? Howbeit, he has lighter moments when he gives us imitations of cat and chicken and whistling boy.

Hark, the Lark!

Our meadow lark (a starling) is perhaps the best-loved bird in the daily life of the fields and meadows. On every hand there is

> "The fleeting flash of his breast's gold plash,
> The thin fused gold of his song retold."

He is a vibrant joy in the landscape, this alert bird with his mottled-brown coat and his bright-yellow breast. Some of our poets, with their eyes on the English skylarks, describe our meadow lark as soaring toward heaven's gate. But this is a bookish error, for he is satisfied with earth, and keeps close to her friendly shelter even in his flight. He appears to find his happiness on the humble fence-post and in the low foothills. Grace Ellery Channing, listening to a nightingale in Italy, tells that lauded bird that she has heard our meadow lark and prefers his happier song:

"I've heard him in the New World wilderness
Singing, sad nightingale, not notes like thine,
But plenteously poured forth like joyous wine
From an overflowing chalice. Loneliness
And sorrow were not then; the sunny plain
Filled and ran o'er with the melodious rain
Of music, and the golden-spacèd air
Trembled with happiness fine-felt and rare;
While over, over, over, high above
Went lilting still the med-lark, love and love,
And joy and passionate joy and ecstasy. . . .
O singer and O song, return to me!

"I've known him fling such strains to so far hight
Purple Sierras shook beneath their veil,
And golden poppies drank the liquid light
As down the molten music dropped and fell
Quivering, in notes of fire. O nightingale,
Thou art a silver singer—canst delight
Sad-hearted dwellers in the sad Old World,
With pallid chaplets of sweet song impearled
Upon a string of silence; but too pale,
Too wan for me thy passion; far too faint
The thrilling of thy melancholy plaint.
Thou art but love in sorrow: I have heard
Love's self sing westward from a golden-throated bird!"

A Lyric of the Dawn

But the most poetic bird, the one that is dearest to my heart, is the hermit thrush, that sings so divinely in our Western woodlands. You have seen him with his speckled breast and his olive coat shading softly into rusty red. He is a shy bird, loving secluded glens and deep forest interiors. I tried to capture him in this lyric of the dawn:

Hark—
That rapture in the leafy dark!
Who is it shouts upon the bough aswing,
Waking the upland and the valley under?
What carols, like the blazon of a king,
Fill all the dawn with wonder?
Hush—
It is the thrush,
In the deep and woody glen.
Ah, thus the gladness of the gods was sung
When the old Earth was young;
That rapture rang
When the first morning on the mountains sprang;
And now he shouts, and the world is young again!

Carol, my king,
On your bough aswing:
Thou art not of these evil days—
Thou art a voice of the world's lost youth!
Oh, tell me what is duty—what is truth—
How to find God upon these hungry ways.
Tell of the ancient prime,
When men the wisdom of the angels wore;
Before the race was left alone with Time,
Homesick on Earth, and homeless evermore;
Before great Pan was dead,
Before the naiads fled;
When maidens white with dark eyes shy and bold,
With peals of laughter and with songs of gold,
Startled the still dawn—
Shone in upon the mountains and were gone,
Their voices fading silverly in depths of forests old.

Sing of the wonders of their sylvan ways,
Before the weird earth-hunger of these days,
When there was rippling mirth,
When justice was on Earth,
And light and splendor of the Golden Age;
When never a heart was sad,
When all from king to herdsman had
A penny for a wage.
Ah, that old time has faded to a dream—
The moon's fair face is broken in the stream.
Yet shout and carol on, O bird, and let
The exiled race not utterly forget;

Proclaim thy revelation on the lawns,
Sing ever in the dark ethereal dawns:
Sometime, in some brave year,
These stormy souls, these men of Earth, may hear.

But hark again,
From the secret glen,
That voice of rapture and ethereal youth
Now laden with despair.
Forbear, O bird, forbear:
Is life not terrible enough forsooth?
Cease, cease the mystic song—
No more, no more, the passion and the pain:
It wakes my life to fret against the chain;
It makes me think of all the agèd wrong—
Of joy and the end of joy and the end of all—
Of souls on Earth, and souls beyond recall.
Ah, ah, that voice again!
It makes me think of all these restless men,
Called into Time—their progress and their goal:
It sends into my soul
Dreams of a love that might have been for me—
That might have been . . . and now can never be!

Tell me no more of these—
Tell me of trancèd trees
(The ghosts, the memories, in pity spare)
Show me the leafy home of the wild bees;
Show me the snowy summits dim in air;
Tell me of things afar
In valleys silent under moon and star:
Dim hollows husht with night,
The lofty cedars misty in the light,
Wild clusters of the vine,
Wild odors of the pine,
The eagle's eyrie lifted to the moon—
High places where on quiet afternoon
A shadow swiftens by, a thrilling scream
Startles the cliff, and dies across the woodland to a dream.

Ha, now
He springs from the bough,
It flickers—he is lost!
Out of the golden chaparral he sprang:
This is the floating briar where he tost:
The leaves are yet atremble where he sang.

Here a long vista opens—look!
This is the way he took,
Out through the oak-filled pasture by the pond:
Hark, he is shouting in the field beyond!
Ho, there he goes
Through the alder close!
He leaves me here behind him in his flight,
And yet my heart goes with him out of sight!
What whispered spell
Of Faëry calls me on from dell to dell?
I hear the voice—it wanders in a dream—
Now in the grove, now on the hill, now on the fading stream.

Lead on: you know the way—
Lead on to Arcady,
O'er fields asleep; by river banks abrim;
Down leafy ways, dewy and cool and dim;
By dripping rocks, dark dwellings of the gnome,
Where hurrying waters dash their crests to foam.
I take your lyric creed:
I follow where you lead
Down the wild gardens where the buckeye blows,
Up water courses scented by the rose.
Lead on, lead on: I follow the wandering voice—
I follow, I rejoice:
We fade away into the Age of Gold—
We two together lost in forest old! . . .
O ferny and thymy paths, O fields of Aidenn,
Canyons and cliffs by mortal feet untrod!
O souls that weary and are heavy laden,
Here is the peace of God!

Lo! now the clamoring hours are on the way;
Faintly the pine tops redden in the ray;
From vale to vale fleet-footed rumors run,
With sudden apprehension of the sun.
A light wind stirs
The filmy tops of delicate dim firs,
And on the river border blows,
Breaking the shy bud softly to a rose.
Sing, sing, O throstle, sing:
I follow on, my king:
Lead me forever through the crimson dawn—
Till the world ends, lead me on! . . .

Ho there! he shouts again—he sways—and now,
Upspringing from the bough,
Flashing a glint of dew upon the ground,
Without a sound
He drops into a valley and is gone! *

VI

The Four-Footed Folk of the Forest

We have found the forests to be the sanctuary of the birds. But they are more than this: they are also the leafy home and friendly hiding-place of the four-footed animals.

The birds and animals have their rights, rights that are as sacred as the rights of man. And among them is the right to a sanctuary, to a hiding-place; and in this fact we find a solid reason why man has no right to destroy all their woodland haunts. Man has an obligation to the animal, an obligation that rises out of the social principle of existence.

The approach of civilized man has driven the deers and bears into the remote recesses of the mountains; yet they roved the foothills and wandered down even to the oaks of Monterey in those early days when there were only savages in the land. The Indians seldom killed the large animals; and let it be said to their honor that they *never* killed them for mere sport: this cruel amusement is confined to the "civilized" man.

The grizzly bears, like the big trees, find their last hiding-places in the remote Sierras. These are the fellows to whom science has given the warning names, *ursus ferox* and *ursus horribilis.* A grizzly often weighs a ton, and he has the iron strength to carry off a horse. The black and the cinnamon bear still have their caverns in the higher ranges of Plumas and Humboldt; where also the raccoon, the porcupine and the mountain lion have their dens. The deer also picks his timid way through remote upland pastures.

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* From Markham's "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems."

Wild Sheep of the Sierras

The wild wide-horned sheep still hold their little kingdom in the high Sierras. They find pasture on the green edges of the glacier meadows, and they frequently seek a resting-place on high cliffs inaccessible to man, on elevations loftier than the eagle's eyrie. Here, on headlands in the sky, they can keep watch for their enemies.

Muir tells us that the wild sheep are hunted in the neighborhood of the wild passes, and so have become timid and wary; but that " in the rugged wilderness of peaks and canyons, where the foaming tributaries of the San Joaquin and King's rivers take their rise, they fear no hunter save the wolf, and are more guileless and approachable than their tame kindred." When the snow drives them out of their lofty peaks, they descend the abrupt primeval slopes toward the margin of the desert.

These superb creatures wear a coat of hair over an undercoat of downy wool; and their hoofs are covered with soft pads, which, with their flexible toes, enable them to ascend steep cliffs and canyon walls, to accomplish what seems the impossible. They spring across chasms without faltering and without mischance. If they find the chasm too wide, they descend the precipice, some tell us, by leaping into the air and plunging headlong downward, alighting on their stout curved horns as on a spring-board. Other reporters, however, tell us that the sheep simply race down the slope to the precipice, and sail right over the brink, alighting unharmed upon their padded hoofs.

The Pine Squirrel and Other Folk

There are thousands of ground squirrels in these foothills. You will often hear one chirping by his hole near some rock, or see him making quick forays into the tall oats and wheat-fields.

But there is a far more wonderful fellow, one alive with the zest of the West—the pine or Douglas squirrel. He is the incarnation of the ecstasy of motion. He is the spirit of the pine-tree, as the ouzel is the spirit of the waterfall.

Indeed, we find in this squirrel all the ardors and vigors of his race. All day he appears to be engaged in business—business that is play, and play that is business. It is a delight to watch this little lump of gray motion in its ceaseless patter and chatter—now on the ground, now in the high boughs, his tail cocked over his back or trailing behind as a downy plume.

It is a delight to watch this fellow flashing among the tree-tops, " crisp and glossy and undiseased as a sunbeam ": he is a dart out of the trembling mystery of life. " He threads the tasseled branches of the pines, stirring their needles like a rustling breeze; now shooting across openings in arrowy lines; now launching in curves, glinting deftly from side to side in sudden zigzags, and swirling in giddy loops and spirals around the knotty trunks; now on his haunches, now on his head; yet ever graceful, and punctuating his most irrepressible outbursts of energy with little dots and dashes of perfect repose."

In the still November days he is busy with the hazelnuts, also busy nipping and clipping the cones from the boughs and storing them away in secret crevices to serve his need in the lean days of winter. And, while he is storing his food in holes and under logs, he is incidentally planting forests for posterity.

Our well-known hare is called the jack-rabbit, because his ears are double the length of his Eastern cousin's. He is a graceful creature as he eats the rapid miles, skimming the plains with long high jumps, pausing now and then to tilt on his hind legs, with ears pointed heavenward, as if he were giving his pursuers an absent treatment of disdain. The little cotton-tail rabbit haunts the low coverts and hedges. A rabbit-drive, captained by the farmer folk, is a round-up of these nimble crop destroyers. This strange spectacle may be seen in San Joaquin Valley.

But perhaps my favorite of all the good-fellow wood-fellows is the lizard, that pulse of the rocks and crevices. This little fellow, colorless as the cliff (but sometimes burnished as a humming-bird) is a part of the beautiful life of the rocks. One day I put my lizard on paper: how do you like him?

I sit among the hoary trees
With Aristotle on my knees,
And turn with serious hand the pages,
Lost in the cobweb-hush of ages;
When suddenly with no more sound
Than any sunbeam on the ground,
The little hermit of the place
Is peering up into my face—
The slim gray hermit of the rocks,
With bright, inquisitive, quick eyes,
His life a round of harks and shocks,
A little ripple of surprise.

Now lifted up, intense and still,
Sprung from the silence of the hill,
He hangs upon the ledge a-glisten,
And his whole body seems to listen!
My pages give a little start,
And he is gone—to be a part
Of the old cedar's crumpled bark,
A mottled scar, a weather-mark! *

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* From "Lincoln, and Other Poems."

VII

Last Glimpses of the Mountain Glory

We have taken a few swift glances into the leafy sanctuary of the flowers and birds and furry folk: now let us take our last glimpses of the Sierran glory. We are now back in the north again, standing at Mt. Shasta, with the top of Lassen Peak notching the horizon toward the south.

Shasta shines jewel-like upon the front of the spacious north, where the two great ranges draw together. The colossal mountain, rising sudden and solitary, and soaring nearly three miles toward the skies, holds his sovereignty over all the region within the radius of a hundred miles. From time immemorial, Shasta has been a wonder and a sign to Indian and Caucasian on land and on sea.

The mountain is beautiful in any hour, standing lonely and supreme, clothed in mystical samite—the white of eternal snows—a silent and massive pyramid outlined against the sky. But, flushed by the evening Alpenglow, he rises to a supernal loveliness. In this luminous hour the mountain burns with an amethystine luster that seems unearthly—burns with a supernal radiance, as if all the dawns since the youth of the world were mingled in one transcendent splendor of the falling night.

Evermore an unspeakable sublimity hovers over this mountain Agamemnon of the old wars of ice and fire and flood. His glaciers are still alive on the northern declivity; his volcanic craters were cooled only yesterday as we reckon it in the almanac of geology; and his serene head is crowned with eternal snow.

There is no other mountain of all the peaks of the State that offers so gracious an approach. Mt.

Whitney is higher; but the tall Shasta peak stands on a low floor only four thousand feet above the level of the sea; and thus this mountain *appears* to be higher than Whitney, whose modest peak rises from a floor that is eleven thousand feet above the sea. Moreover, Whitney is companioned by a group of mountains, all nearly of the same hight; while Shasta stands alone, dominating all the world around.

From the summit of Shasta the eye can travel far away over the misty green of the redwoods to the dim azure of the sea in the west. On the north, you behold the outline of the mountains of Oregon; and on the northeast the Lava Beds, where from a labyrinth of caverns the Modoc Indians fought their terrible last battle. Far to the south you see the endless flight of the two great ranges, and between them the long stretch of the Sacramento Valley, threaded by the river, whose fountain-head is at the base of the mountain.

Shasta is garmented with immensity and austerity, yet he has also his quiet moods and his friendly intimacies. In the shadow of his beautiful cone-bearing forests the deer, the quail and the grouse are at home and happy, as are the wild sheep on the higher levels. In the chaparral zone, on the low foothills, no wedding bower of June is so lovely as are the wild Summer gardens there. In the warm watered soil are miles of wild roses, azaleas, tall white lilies and all the rest of the host of color and perfume. And here, as in the white sage and chaparral of distant San Bernardino, the wild bees find the pastures of a paradise.

And here, too, is the chrysamphora (Darlingtonia) a remarkable pitcher-plant belonging to a leafy family with the inspiring name of sundew; yet it is not content with the sun and the dew and the essences of earth, for it also captures and digests unwary insects in its honeyed and hooded trumpet. This carnivorous flower is found only in the marshes of Shasta and in the cold bogs of the north. On higher levels of the mountain the snow-plant pushes up like a sturdy mushroom through the carpet of pine needles. There, among the soft browns of the earth and in the deep green of the shadows, this uncouth shape sucks its bright scarlet from the ground along the edges of the receding snow. In shape and consistency it looks as if some ingenious Yankee had whittled it out of the red heart of a watermelon.

Now let us take a swift flight down the Sierras, touching here and there to feast the eye on beauty. Leaving Shasta, we touch at Lassen Peak on the border of Plumas. For long years seething hot springs have boiled and bubbled down his sloping miles, ready to graduate into geysers. As I write these pages, the news is flashing over the world that this peak has opened its craters in a series of beautiful explosions and eruptions. This spectacle, which may be of long or short duration, adds another entry in the calendar of wonders in the Far West.

The Oratorio of the Titans

Geneva, Como, Lake George, Tahoe—so runs the litany of the loveliest mountain lakes of our world. Tahoe, the largest mountain lake in California, skirts the border of Nevada, stretches twenty-three miles, brimming an unplumbed abyss that was once the crater of a volcano.

Climbing toward Tahoe from the Sacramento Valley, you retrace the old emigrant trail that ran by the way of Truckee. This trail (now a railway) glides among the orchards of the foothills, climbing into the old mining territory of Placer. Just before you reach Dutch Flat (made famous by Bret Harte) and just across the divide from Iowa Hill (made famous by Frank Norris) the train pauses upon that perilous shelf of Cape Horn to let you look far down into the north fork of the American River, hung with cliffs and filled with wild memories of '49.

I have stood upon these high ridges. Perhaps our mortal words cannot express the vibrant and luminous beauty of these mountain canyons. Here many a miner's cabin, lonely and weather-worn, clings like a wasp-nest to the hillside; and under a canopy of live-oaks or scented pines it looks out upon a landscape that Cleon with his millions might long for. The dweller in these high places sees mighty mountains marching by his porches, with canyon interlocking canyon, until the beginning and the end are only haze and dream.

Sometimes a tempest descends upon the range: Titan descends upon Titan. Now there is stupendous battle: clouds drop their gleaming fires, the canyons give back their orchestral thunders. The battle begins perhaps in some one mighty canyon; the heavens utter their voices; and, lo! the salvos of the thunders are repeated and reverberated, again and again, from a host of confederate canyons, as the Cyclopean sounds are hurled from cliff to cliff, from mountain to mountain. Then come dying echoes (caught up as if created moment by moment) echoes that wane and fade into echoes of echoes, dyingly, dyingly, seven and seventy times.

Tahoe, the High Sierran Lake

Leaving the canyons behind and ascending to the summit and to Truckee, we are soon on the way (by foot or by rail) to Tahoe City. It is a beauty-bordered road: the wild rose rollicks along the way, climbing every bowlder and peering into every pool, All the flowery clans are encamped along the way, engaged in dainty business with wind and sun and rain; and above them rise the ceanothus and manzanita laden with clusters and bells. Keep an alert eye and you may see in some dark damp glade the Judas-tree splashing its angry pink. And higher than these lower radiances and fragrances stand fir and pine and spruce in stately ranks.

Your eyes are still drinking the beauty of the road, when suddenly you are in the presence of Tahoe in her divinest hour; and she is blue, strangely blue, from rim to rim. Surely there is some mysterious dial that marks her moods of color. In her blue hour she has the uttermost azure known to earth. Not gem nor flower (not sapphire nor gentian) can match her tints and tones of azure.

As you look and wonder, the sun sinks and the mountain walls that encircle the lake melt to roseate mist, then fade to lavender, then die to fawn that is edged with a wash of gold. And now the stars come thronging out, a star for every wave; and in your gliding boat you seem to hover in space between two starry immensities.

We are a mile above the sea in mid-summer, uplifted into a crystal air, an air purified by many waters and sifted through the forest balsams. Above us is the clear and sparkling heaven. It is a night as young and ethereal as the first-born night in Eden —a night for beautiful memories, beautiful hopes—a night for sleep, for rest, for renewal.

When the starry sky has been folded up in the splendor of a new morning, we are out skimming the lake in our boat again, watching the water change from emerald to indigo as we dart from depth to depth. All round us stand the mountains, from whose high precipices pour white torrents, " forever shattered and the same forever," and down whose green ridges descend the forests to the rim of the water. Mt. Tallac lifts its high front in the south, and on that summit the rose-pearl of summer lingers longest.

Gray and blue are the only tones in the marvelous air; yet through the gray and blue there seem to tremble octaves of color above and below the range of our usual vision—overtones and undertones too delicate to capture. Shadows of the mountains and shadows of these shadows tremble in the water, down in the grottos of the rainbow trout; and every stir of the oar startles a sheaf of prismatic colors.

If a sudden storm should sweep in, pull for the shore, for the lake sometimes has perilous moods when the winds sweep down her canyons to hold their parley on the waters. Those who are drowned in the deep gulf of Tahoe never rise again: she keeps her dead.

There are many leafy roads and trails that run from the lake into the mountains. Deer Park Springs is a canyoned and cascaded slope where the joy-hunters gather. But the most traveled road is the one to the Glen Alpine region, seven miles south from the foot of Tallac. This was one of my old haunts. Let us be up and away to it in the early dawn, so as to pause on the way at Fallen Leaf Lake before the magic crystal of its morning beauty is broken. In the early hours the encircling world is mirrored there like a dream within a dream. But a little shiver out of the air or the chance fall of a leaf, and the vision is shattered, the splendor gone!

On a higher level lies Lily Lake, where fishermen, whose oars are "lacquered in diamond," are paddling among great golden lily bowls upheld on broad salvers, green and garnet. Here are lilies with a tropic glory walled in by cold, gray granite bowlders. Now another upward flight, and we are at

Glen Alpine, in the midst of the tall lilies and columbines of a mountain meadow. From this center, after sleeping under the trees and stars, the travelers radiate into the higher mountains and lakes.

The Passion of the Infinite

The Glen Alpine Canyon, a mile wide and a thousand feet deep, still shows the sculpturing of the giant glacier-plow that hollowed out this gorge long centuries ago. Ascending the canyon, we pass half a hundred little lakes filled with fishes and strung like bright medallions on the thread of a mountain stream. On every hand we behold the grooved walls and bastions of granite, carved and polished superbly and blazoned with the hieroglyphics of the ice-king's triumphal progress, even as the old Assyrian walls and pillars are blazoned with the babble of the victories of vanished kings. Passing these voluble walls, at whose bases huge bowlders are strewn about like the ruins of some fallen Karnak, we reach the flower-sprinkled meadows where the deers have lain through the still night: you can see their hollow beds in the tall grass.

Another happy climb and we reach the vacant lair of the giant glacier that scooped out the canyon. Let us build our camp-fire in a crescent curve of the warm granite cliffs, here on the edge of the strange " red snow " that splashes the white. The swaying heather (purple bryanthus and white cassiope) is scattered about in low thickets; while the juniper and tamarack trees stoop close against the ledges for shelter from the winds, their roots clutching the crevices like talons. Now, gathering the heather for a downy bed, we stretch out for a night of sleep among the august peaks and under the ancient stars.

In the soft early morning we are up and away to the top of Mt. Tallac. The trail winds on among the cliffs, and among tall trees bent by the weight of snows. Reaching the summit, we are in the midst of a vast wild sea of peaks, a wondrous expanse of mountain-tops and crags and cliffs and pinnacles and canyons, uncounted and uncountable, stretching out over the vast Sierras and sprinkled with bright lakes like the stars of some new Zodiac. Here are the glorious suggestions of all that was dreamed of in Egyptian, Hellenic and Gothic art—pyramids, acropoli, cathedrals, castles, citadels, shining domes, trembling spires.

Here we are above the empty babble of the world —uplifted into the great silences. Before us is an illimitable expanse of wonder that reaches to the horizon, an expanse that ends . . . yet ends not. The crags and peaks and pinnacles recede and dissolve till at last the sky receives them as one substance with itself—gray into gray, shadow into shadow. Let us be reverent and still on the lofty summit: here is a place where the soul may touch the passion of the infinite. Like Nimrod's palace in the illustrious poem of Anna Hempstead Branch, this seems

> "The breeding place of immortality:
> Young angels here might lay a soothing hand
> On space made infinite and grievèd time
> Become eternal."

VIII

The Titans of the Forest

We have already walked and wondered in the hushed twilight of our mighty woods. But we have not looked yet upon the lordliest of all the trees. So, taking another flight (fifty miles) down the Sierras, we reach the region of the sequoias, those giant redwoods found only in California. They are the Titans of our forests—yes, the Titans of the forests of the world.

The sequoias are the oldest living things on the globe, the survivors of a widespread family or race of trees, which flourished back in the Miocene Era, before the Age of Ice. But they all perished in the Glacial Age, all except a few that survived perhaps in some sheltered canyon in the southern belt of California. It is believed that our northern sequoia groves stand on the broad ridges that were the first to throw off their ice-sheet at the old command, "Let the dry land appear!" Certain ridges were cleared of ice while yet the canyons between them were cold with the glacial rivers; and it is thought that these cleared spaces were seeded by birds and animals coming up from the south, from the region where we now find our broadest expanse of sequoias.

We have now ten groves of these sequoias or big trees. The grove in Placer County has only six survivors; while the Calaveras, the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne and the Fresno groves have each a few hundred trees. There are thousands of these lofty monarchs in the south, in the region of the King's, the Kaweah and the Tulè rivers. Scarcely five hundred of the survivors are giants.

These groves are scattered over an extent of two-hundred-fifty miles or more, extending from the American River in the north to King's River and beyond. The grove in Fresno is the largest grove in the north; but there is what may be called a forest of these trees on the south fork of King's River, a forest that covers twelve square miles. The Calaveras Grove in the north is the one whose story has run most widely on the lips of the world. It contains four trees that soar to three-hundred feet; and one of these soars still higher, looking serenely down on the heads of all his brethren.

But the girth of the trunks of these trees is more remarkable than their hight. A tree in the King's River grove is the largest yet discovered: it is about forty feet in diameter. The Grizzly Giant has a bark two or three feet thick, and it springs without a branch one-hundred feet in air, and at two-hundred feet it throws out branches six feet in diameter. A horseman may ride two-hundred feet into the burnt-out hollow that was the heart of a fallen sequoia. Another tree, thirty feet in diameter and three-hundred feet in height, stands in the middle of the road leading into Yosemite Valley: stage coaches dashed daily between the walls and under the triumphal arch of a huge cavern extending through the trunk, a cavern hollowed out by forest fires. Some twenty years ago I drove this road myself, with a six-in-hand and a rocking thoroughbrace stage.

But it is not alone the stature and the girth that mark the sequoia with majesty. There is also an unsurpassable symmetry in the outline of this tree as it rises from clod to cloud. The shaft rises pillared and poised as if a Phidias had planned it, and then chiseled its beautiful warm-colored brown bark into long furrows. The branches, beginning at a lofty level, leap skyward, and like noble rafters are molded to a dome veiled with delicate verdure. The trees bloom in winter, sending down their clouds of golden pollen.

They stand hushed and serene in the midst of lesser trees whose boughs tremble to every wind that blows. The immobility of the sequoias is as wonderful as their immensity. Yet the extreme tops of the trees wave in the wind; and impressive and sublime is the motion of their lofty branches. But their massive boughs, however, do not appear to sway; and whenever these ancients of the wood take counsel with one another in that upper air, no whisper of it drifts down to the listener on the ground. They appear to stand in eternal calm.

But all has not been unbroken sunshine with these hoary giants. At long intervals the tempest has struck them with the lightnings. But, worst fortune of all, man, irreverent man, has let loose the fires in these wondrous woodlands, fires that scorch and scar and crucify. What God has taken long ages to build, man wrecks in a cruel hour!

Yet, in spite of these strokes of fate, the spirit of the tree is unbroken. To hide the lightning ruin, the unstricken branches put forth new energies and a new dome arises: when the trunk is burned the roots take a deeper hold upon the subterranean rocks. In spite of the impieties of men, the great trees maintain their ancient serenity.

Let us be reverent a little as we stand here in the hush of these leafy sanctuaries—be reverent a little if reverence in this age be possible. These great trees belong to the silences and the millenniums. Many of them have seen more than a hundred of our human generations rise, and give out their little clamors and perish. They chide our pettiness, they rebuke our impiety. They seem, indeed, to be forms of immortality standing here among the transitory shapes of time.

John Muir (our John o' the Mountains, our greatest authority upon the wild gardens of the Far West) once spent a day inspecting and counting, with the help of a pocket-lens, the annual rings of a burnt sequoia in the King's River forest. He estimates the age of that " green-robed senator " at four thousand years. This gives us a sense of the long strides of the Creative Fates in the drama of races and continents. As William Watson sings:

> "Empires dissolve and peoples disappear;
> Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
> And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
> The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust."

And yet through all the crash of the human centuries, the ruin of dynasties and destinies, the sequoias have lived on majestically, serious and reticent, in their green eternity.

Man's Ravage of the Sequoias

There stand the sequoias, marvels of antiquity and greatness—there they stand, austere, august, "with looks that threaten the profane." They had their kingdom in the mighty solitude, among savages that revered them: there they ascended, century after century, to unfold for the race a beautiful dream of God. Then suddenly the savages began to disappear from the forest, and "civilized" men trooped in, men with no reverence for these venerable trees, with their pillared arches, their sky-aspiring domes, their Olympian past. So it was not long before the fires began to scorch their trunks and the axes began to sink into their hearts. These trees that have come down out of the ages, these trees that are a gift to the human race, they are seized and ravaged forsooth by a few men for the sake of a few paltry dollars.

Lumber companies, often by a mere juggle of the law, have gotten hold of thousands of acres of sequoia groves, and are hacking them down and splitting them into fence-posts and grape-vine stakes. In the King's River region and others, ruthless men are destroying these towering monarchs. The sequoia timber is brittle: hence the trunks are frequently shattered in falling: this makes them unusable for boards. When the huge trees are cut down, dynamite is used to burst them into small sections, and this blows much of the wood into useless splinters. These sections are sent down the swift smoking-hot chutes to the saw-mill, and are often broken in the log-jams on the way.

The groves are also invaded by shingle-makers, mere nomads often, who hack down the trees, although they can use only the trunks. Like the other mill-men, they burn the refuse—branches, slabs and bark—thus destroying the young seedlings and saplings, and leaving an ashy desolation where of old Beauty had her kingdom. Why not, in the same spirit, melt the Liberty Bell into shingle nails and crack Bunker Hill Monument into cobblestones for the highway?

This ruinous invasion of the forest sanctuaries by men in their lust for dollars is a clear testimony to their spiritual poverty. They stride into these hushed cathedrals with no more reverence than the beast that prowls. It makes us wonder at times whether the race is at all worthy of the planet that has been given them to build into an Orb Eden.

But there is also a high indictment against the men who, carelessly or wantonly, set fires in the forests. Not a season passes without a great conflagration in the mountains, somewhere. A few years ago, in the region about Tahoe, a ten-days' conflagration destroyed a splendid forest of pines and firs, which was a glory-robe on the mountains. Such a fire is a gorgeous spectacle, with its ocean roars and heavenward-leaping flames, if your heart can forget the pity and terror of its devastation of the beauty of the world. Alas, the glory of God is in the keeping of men!

The ocean of flame begins perhaps with the lift of a thin blue plume of smoke. A little breathing ember is blown into the dry leaves from the ashes of a deserted camp-fire. Suddenly a flickering ringlet of red springs lightly into the air, then leaps to a pile of broken branches; and now an excited fury seizes the flame and it vaults upward to the boughs of a nearby tree, running radiantly among the leaves, and is soon leaping and laughing among the higher branches till all the beautiful dome of boughs is a monstrous blossom of fire upwhirling its crimson petals to the sky.

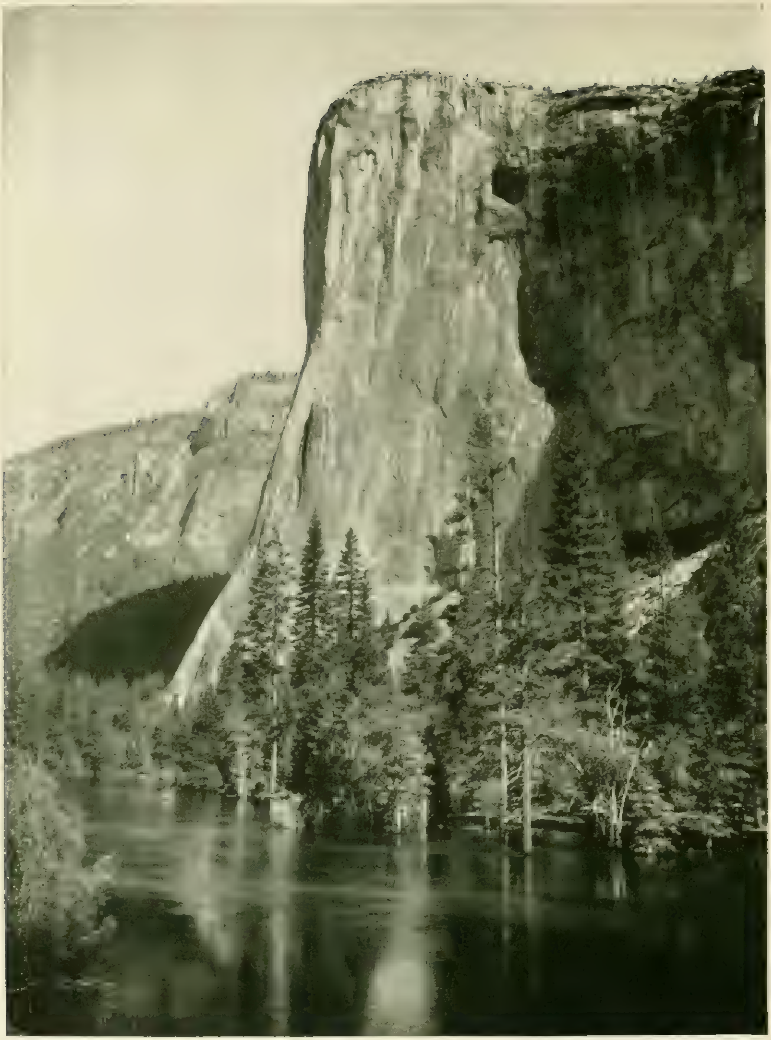
And soon a hundred trees are burning, and the scarlet flood sweeps on from canyon to canyon, from mountain to mountain, the smoke of it spreading like a pall and the flame of it flushing the heavens. The demon of the conflagration swallows a mile of chaparral in a brief hour; he melts the ancient snowdrifts into hissing vapor; he wraps the high trees with a robe of fire; he rushes in a mad rapture upon the homes of men.

And, when the demon of the fire has had his will, beautiful trees are left scattered over the hills like embers of sunset, glowing cherry-red at first, then smoldering and smoking for days. In the track of the fire there are only charred stumps, scorched branches, heaps of ashes. Gray desolation reigns over the mountains where for generations there had been a glad green company of friendly trees that worked for man.

Not all our loss is in the ruin of the beauty and the shade, in the exile of the birds and the death of the flowers. For this stripping away of the forest lessens the rainfall through the year; and it also causes a too rapid melting of the snows that fall from month to month, snows that ought to have the shelter of the trees. This melting accounts for the spring freshets and mountain torrents that roar down the canyons, laying waste the lowlands—a disaster that happens frequently in Mongolia and Southern Europe.

Our forests are under the shadow of three fates—the greed of the lumber man, the fury of the fire, and

The Bridal Veil, One of the Yosemite's Sky-pouring Waterfalls



El Capitan Soars Upward in One Sheer Flight of 3,300 Feet

. . . the feet of the sheep. Immense droves of sheep are herded in some of our forest belts; and the multitudinous trip-hammer beat of their little hoofs turns the leafy wilderness into a waste, tears out the roots of the grass, while their countless nibblings eat out all the undergrowth and girdle the bark of the chaparral and many nobler trees. Wherever thousands of sheep have ranged for a long season, the low leaves and grasses are doomed for years, perhaps forever.

Save the Forest Sanctuaries

Something is being done, more ought to be done, to save the forests. It is good to know that the friends of the trees have made loud protest against the wanton destruction of our woodlands, and that California is awakening to her great duty. Tracts of redwood in Santa Cruz and on Mt. Tamalpais are now sheltered by the law; the Mariposa Grove is protected by the State; the Tuolumne and Merced groves, with the General Grant and the National Sequoia Park, are all guarded by United States cavalry; and other groups are under the care of the Sierra Forest Reservation. But all of these reserves should perhaps be seven times larger. For fully one-half of the big trees are in the hands of speculators and lumber men. No place of leafy sanctuary is too beautiful nor too remote for the dollar-hunter. From the sequestered shores of Tahoe even have been taken over one billion feet of timber in the last twenty-five years.

The Calaveras Grove, the first one found, and the Stanislaus Grove are owned by a lumber company. The State should own and guard these and others, not only for their beauty (and beauty is as great a need as bread) but also for their use as water-savers. It is not generally known that the huge sponge of sequoia roots tends to absorb and retain the rains and dews, while the damp ground is sheltered from the sun and wind by the huge trunks and leafy boughs. So wherever there is a sequoia grove you will find springs of water, perhaps running water. " But it is a mistake to suppose," says Muir, " that the water is the cause of the grove's being there: on the contrary, the grove is the cause of the water's being there. Drain off the water and the trees will remain; but cut off the trees and the streams will vanish."

Common sense (which is the highest reach of revelation) would dictate that governments should hold full sway over their great forests, and should always decide when and where they may be cleared, and should also prescribe methods for thinning them out with least injury to the young generation of trees. If the cruel waste of the forests cannot be stopped otherwise, we may easily turn to concrete for our buildings and to oil and to coal for our fires.

The Forestry Service is of course doing a good work in guarding against forest fires, in starting nurseries of trees to restock the forest for posterity, in fixing limits for the march of the devastating sheep, and in watching over the reckless and ruthless lumber men. Yet, with all this precaution, the timber men are still devastating the groves and forests in certain meridians. Take this testimony from the pen of Henry Siedel Canby, who has recently visited the south fork of King's River:

" I came by chance into the sequoia forest of Redwood Canyon. The air was only dimly luminous beneath the vast red columns of the trees, but through the gloom I could see bright bars of sunset sky, and hurrying onward among the great trunks I came to a tiny meadow between their knees, bright with grass and white violets. At the farther end two sequoias met in the sky to make an arch through which the eye ranged in purple sunset air to nameless peaks and snow-clad cliffs of the high Sierras.

"We need vast cliffs and dazzling peaks. We need such triumphs of nature as this Redwood Canyon, which has been maturing for five centuries, and has reached its ripest beauty just as we are craving a stronger stimulus lest our sense of the wonder of the world be submerged in a puny knowledge of the cogs and cranks of the great machine.

"Saw and ax have fallen upon its trees; the redwoods have crashed down, smashing the forest and themselves; the vast logs, hauled by a screeching donkey engine, have ripped and torn the undergrowth to ruin; the meadow is a desolate pile of bleaching, broken lumber; the stream has spread out in slimy mud; the canyon walls are scarred and channeled deserts; the flowers are dead, the birds gone. Where the arch looked outward over the deep King's Valley, the slovenly shacks of the lumber crew surround a pile of tin cans and dry-goods boxes. Redwood Canyon is an ugly scar on the face of the Sierras. A thousand years will not remake this little canyon." *

IX

The Glory of Yosemite

And now we approach another Sierran wonder, the Yosemite Valley, one hundred and forty miles east of San Francisco and near the center of the sequoia groves, the center of the State. It is in the heart of the Yosemite National Park, a park that Muir calls "a Godful wilderness." It is, indeed, the chief treasure chamber of the Sierras, full of the colossi of woods and waters and full also of " lovely smallnesses."

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* From *The Atlantic Monthly.*

Here are memorials of the glacial plows—crags, gorges, cataracts. Here the lordly conifers of the Sierras are gathered in splendid company, led by the unique and towering sequoia. Here also are the thousand Sierran flowers, terrace after terrace, all assembled in one fragrant and shining sisterhood.

In the center of the park lies Yosemite Valley with its walls of sculptured granite, " aspersed with foam of cascades," and rimmed with high Sierran cliffs. This is a deep gorge of grandeur, the adumbration of whose beauty in poem and picture has drawn the eyes of the world. It is in the spacious basin of the Merced River, and is seven miles long and nearly a mile wide: its walls soar a mile into the sky. Seen in its entirety, the deep gorge " looks like an immense hall or temple lighted from above." These are the mathematics under the grandeur, corresponding to the mathematics that are under the glorious sounds of a symphony. But at first the sense of the vastness may not rush upon you. Even flocks of birds swooping into the valley appear bewildered by the lofty walls; and, at first, they beat against them, again and again, before they learn to soar above the brim.

Yosemite is one of the sublimities of the world, walled in like the secret city of the Lama, pillared more stupendously than Karnak, carved and heaved and heaped by cosmic powers that belittle the enginery that lifted the Pyramids into time.

There is no great beauty unless it is touched with strangeness, with something that awes and hushes the spirit. My friend wept when she first beheld the Parthenon—wept, she knew not why—not only at the ruined glory before her and the memory of the glory that had been, but also at the wonder of the greater glory above man, the wonder from which the miracle of marble had descended.

And no man can stand before the majesty of Yosemite without feeling in some degree the divine emotion of sublimity, a sense of the unseen mystery of the world—without being stirred by a noble reverence for greatness, stirred perhaps to noble tears. Even the dim-seeing Indians felt that a mystic sanctity hung over this austere valley. It was a holy ground to them: they never entered the great canyon without first performing the rite of purification.*

The First Vision of the Valley

To see Melrose aright, with her ruined abbey, you must see her by moonlight. Yosemite is also beautiful when her lofty cliffs and pinnacles are stilled and silvered by the moon.

But perhaps there is a greater emotion for you, a more ethereal vision of loveliness when you survey the valley at sunset from Inspiration Point. Perhaps you have just reached the valley, coming in from Wawona, after hours of silent devotion among the giant sequoias not far down the trail. And now the valley lies before you, bathed in living lusters, its walls shining with a mystic fire that seems kindred to the sacramental light on the faces of the consecrated. There it lies with a floor like an Elysian meadow lit with gold, so serene, so ineffable, that it might be the garden of the immortal amaranth and asphodel.

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* In 1851, the soldiers that pursued these Yosemites into this secret and rocky eyrie, named the valley, Yosemite, this being a variant of Yohemitee (Grizzly Bear) the name of the wise old chieftain of the tribe. I will not pause to tell the story of the discovery. Yet it is a historic episode full of wild poetry; and after the dust of a few centuries has fallen on the chronicle, it may take on the misty hues of legend, as fine as the hues that surround the story of Roland or of Marmion. The chronicle even as it stands would be good copy for Herodotus.

This is the valley at sunset, yet it is beautiful also in the rosy light of dawn. As you descend into the great canyon, what burst of falling water is it that invites the eye and the ear? Behold, there are before you two waterfalls. On the right and on the left the Bridal Veil and the Ribbon Fall are forever weaving and unraveling upon the looms of the air. Here are two curtains of water held back to let you through—delicate bright water, but so massed and multiplied by the geometries of that leap through space that the impact seems like steel upon the floor below.

And now, pushing on into the valley, El Capitan and the Cathedral Spires appear on either hand, propping the firmament—colossal cliffs of granite shaped out of the oldest substance at the core of the world. We might well pause here, for a mortal pen can give only a faint sense of the tranquil rapture, the turbulent glory, the divine dignity of Yosemite.

Cathedral Spires soar nearly to the level of El Capitan, but their look is less unearthly. They recall the works of man—Giotto's unfinished Duomo at Florence, ruined perhaps like poor shell-torn Louvain—ruined, yet glorious in ruin. Confronting the Spires, El Capitan soars upward in one sheer flight of thirty-three-hundred feet, impressing the soul with the sense of some final culmination, like the Last Judgment. There he stands, imperious, imperishable, with the aspect of immortality, the gesture of omnipotence.

The Floor of the Valley

Thus between sky-pouring waterfalls and ascending cliffs you pass into the heart of the valley. But, as we move among these forms of beauty and majesty, we get a keen delight, a moment of relief, as we look about and find on the valley floor our old familiar flowers and friendly trees. We are winding now along the Merced River, and on every hand we behold azaleas and wild roses, alders and poplars and willows. Perhaps as you enter Heaven you will meet there also the old familiar flowers and trees to take the strangeness away—there where we learn to bear happiness, as here we must learn to bear sorrow.

And, if you are in favor with the Spirit of the Valley, you may be permitted to behold an arch of rainbow splendor extending across the canyon from rim to rim. But it needs not this last flash of the hidden beauty to make the glory of your entry surpass the triumphal march of Babylonian conquerors.

On, on we move into the grandeur. Dome and arch and waterfall and column, pavilion of trees and carillon of waters, greet us as we press onward, till at the far end we behold Cloud's Rest, soaring a mile high and closing the sublime vista, as a solemn chord of music might close an oratorio of creation.

And now, when the great valley is hushed with night, you stretch out for sleep in the pure inspiring air; but with the dawn you are out again, studying the massive rocks, each one with his own individuality, and surveying the waterfalls which brighten the valley as the hearth-fire brightens the house. Perhaps you set forth on foot or on donkey to mount the long precipitous trail to the summit of Glacier Point, where you can see distant crags and peaks that are the sources of wild waters. Standing there on the famous jutting rock, you can drop a pebble three thousand feet before it touches the side of the precipice. And as you look down into the valley you seem to be gazing upon Lilliput, where the hotels are dwarfed into huts, where the river shrinks to a thread, where the lofty trees shorten into shrubs, where men lessen into moving points.

From this o'er-hanging summit in the sky you behold assembled cliffs and waterfalls in the northern end of the valley. The falls of Yosemite are the first spectacle to command the eye across the gorge. They pour through a gap in the wall that was plowed out by a glacier ages ago: there it took its Leviathan leap into the Yosemite to join the four other glaciers which were carving out the glory of the valley.

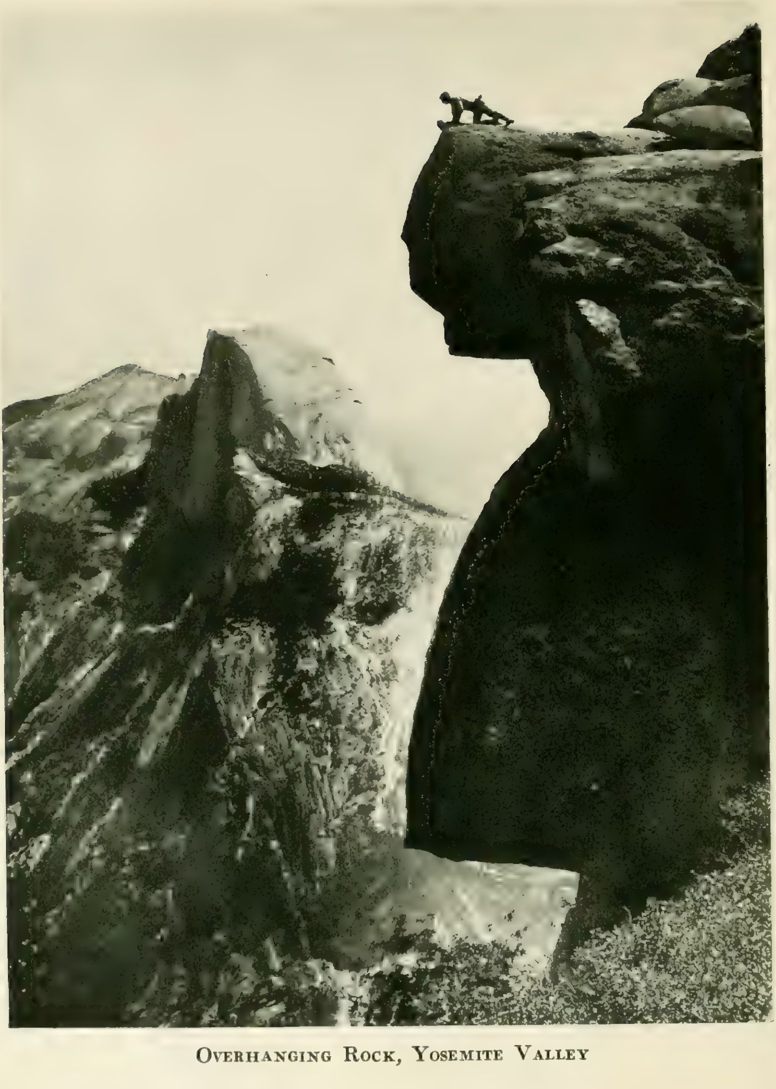
These falls have well-nigh every wonder, every grace. Sometimes the whole of the long sheet of the descending water is lifted away from the precipice and blown to and fro by some mysterious wind. At other intervals masses of water break away from the curving column at the lofty crest of the falls, rushing down in long streamers with snow-white heads and stretching meteor tails, swiftly disappearing into the spuming gulf below.

When the Yosemite stream is full, the roar of the falls can be heard over all the valley as they make their threefold half-mile plunge into the abyss of beauty—a plunge as from Jungfrau's icy cold to some sheltered vale in the Campania. The falls take three leaps, the first sixteen hundred feet and the last four hundred feet; and all the way down the long plunge we see rushes of perilous foam, shattered stars, ruined rainbows, crashing chrysoprase, billowing mist.

But look again: a new rush of magnificence! A gust of wind disputes the water's way, hurling, tossing, shattering and strewing the splendor in meteoric streams, ruined nebulæ, bursting constellations. My wild heart drinks it in—the eternal motion and prismatic radiance, the eternal splendor of catastrophe. And I am shaken with another joy as I hear the far fulmining of the exploding waters crashing upon the triple ledges of the ancient rock.

And now turn the eye from inconstant water to steadfast stone: look upon the Half Dome lifting

The Three Brothers, Yosemite Valley



Overhanging Rock, Yosemite Valley

his summit toward the south—that enormous crag, that broken hemisphere of stone, uphurled nearly five thousand feet toward the clouds. But you must look upon this lofty and sculptured monolith some time when he stands upon the brink of night, his base plunged in shadow and his lofty summit still shining with the glory of the sunken sun. Thus you will behold him in his greatness, behold him in his measureless calm, standing as the guardian of the valley, the last outpost of the vanished world of life.*

King's River and Other Canyons

The glory of Yosemite has obscured the fame of other Sierran canyons, which also have their wild beauty, their visionary cliffs, their vast collision of falling waters.

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* Yosemite Valley has received the visitations of great men, even as a king might give audience to princes. They have all felt the hush and mystery of this mighty presence. Emerson put his testimony into one homely sentence touched with a tart Yankee flavor: "Yosemite is the only thing that comes up to the brag."

Horace Greeley was one of the first to voice his emotion: "Shall I ever forget that naked perpendicular wall 4,000 feet high? The moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly spirituality. Had it spoken to me in audible voice I should hardly have been surprised."

Yone Noguchi, my Japanese poet-friend, wandering in the great valley, uttered his emotions in dithyrambic verse. We get curious suggestions in the obscure vastness of these phrases from his "Voice of the Valley":

"O thunderous opening of the unseen gate of solemn Heaven's Eternal Court!
"Behold, clouds, tenants of the sky, sweep down from the Heavens unto a secret palace under the earth!

"The Shout of Hell wedded to the Silence of Heaven completes the Valley concert, forms the true symphony."

Joseph Le Conte, a St. John the Beloved of California, visited the Yosemite eleven times in twenty years. When seventy years old, he rode about the Valley, "taking leave with tears," he said, "of the splendid cliffs and glorious waterfalls." He died in his revered Yosemite, a fitting door of grandeur for the departure of a noble soul passing into the Next Chamber of the Mystery.

Not far away is the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne, half as wide as Yosemite canyon, but with walls a thousand feet higher. The walls are so precipitous that once you enter the twenty-five-mile gorge you must press on to the end: there is no other path of escape. As the Yosemite Valley is a seven-mile expanse lying within the Merced Canyon, so the Hetch Hetchy Valley is a seven-mile expanse lying within the Tuolumne Canyon. Hetch Hetchy has its Kolana cliff, the comrade of Cathedral Spires; its Wapama, the comrade of Yosemite Falls. This is the valley that, after a long battle in Congress, has been turned into a lake to store up water for San Francisco.

Now, taking another hundred-mile flight into the south, we are in the luxuriant region of the great canyons of the King's, the Kaweah and the Kern rivers. The Kern and the King's River Canyon were cleft and scooped out by the behemoth glaciers of old, were rounded and diamond-polished under a pressure of one thousand tons to the square yard. Neither Alp nor Himalaya surpasses the canyon sculpture of these gorges.

King's River Canyon has a wild grandeur. It is vaster than Yosemite, but lacks the inspiring waterfalls that give motion and beauty to sculptured cliffs. It gains, however, in the austerity of its higher walls and in the majesty of its encircling mountains. Traveling this southern canyon, we see on every hand precipices of naked granite, scattered groves of pine and cedar threaded by a shining river broken with a beautiful turbulence and dark with pools and bright with swift cascades. It lacks no glory of wood, of peak, of precipice. King's River Canyon has not so great a fame as Yosemite, yet it strikes the heart of many a visitor with as supreme an agitation of wonder and reverence.

In this neighborhood are other wild and alluring gorges—Tehipitee, Kern Canyon, Paradise Canyon. Here are Edens of quiet and Valhallas of wild beauty: here are sunny and secret valleys, austere peaks, mountain torrents, many-colored canyon walls, groves of pines and tamaracks, high meadows sprinkled with flowers.

These wild canyons, with their cordons of stupendous mountains, are in the region of the great sequoia forests of the south. There are thousands of acres covered by these giant groves, and it is good to know that some of them at least are protected in National Parks. Here we find the oldest of the sequoias, all of whom are hoary with the centuries. No wonder that Joyce Kilmer, my poet-friend, cries out:

> "Poems are made by fools like me,
> But only God can make a tree."

Now, as we look back over these Sierran grandeurs, what thoughts invade the mind? These mountain glories are a heritage descended to us from ancient ages. We received them unspoiled, unprofaned; and it is our sacred duty to pass them on unspoiled, unprofaned to the generations that are coming. Here are colossal canyons, stupendous summits, majestic forests, imperious waters—everything to make us feel that the world was not made for petty, egoistic and grasping men. No, this brave orb was made to be the playground of a race of wise children, a noble race ordained to establish on these wide expanses their Olympus of beauty, their Valhalla of greatness.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA

BEFORE there was any record of Pocahontas of Virginia there went into history a picturesque record of a woman of California; enterprising, self-poised, hospitable and yet thrifty.

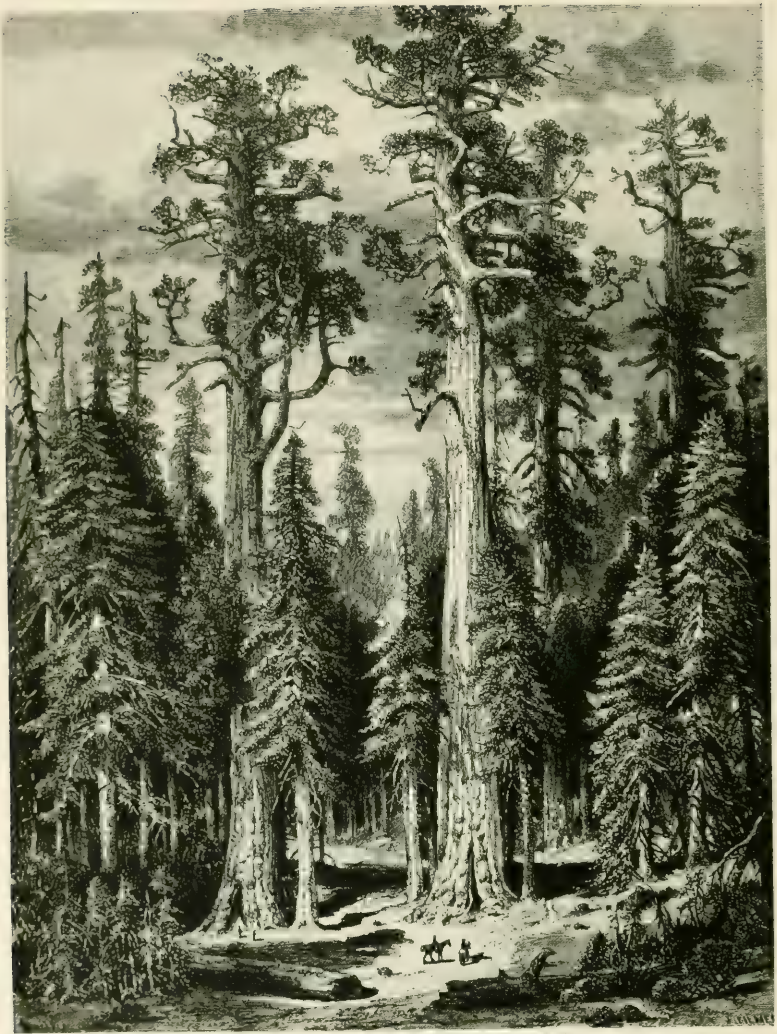
Cabrillo in 1542 anchored for a time off the neighborhood of the present Santa Barbara. There he wrote in his journal of a "female chief" of an Indian tribe, a chief who came (in our independent, new-woman way) alone in her asphaltum-lined canoe, and remained two days hovering about the ships, pleasantly visiting, and incidentally trading for Spanish gewgaws her "cooking stones" and pots, her woven grass-cloth and her fur-and-feather robes.

Now more than two centuries wane away, and the Missions begin their epic labor in the province of California. Then another mahala story creeps into history. It is the tale of the nameless woman of San Nicholas, one of the Channel Islands.

A ship was sent from the Santa Barbara Mission to bring the Indians of that island to the mainland, to enter upon a new life with the padres. Just as the ship was ready to sail, one mahala found that she had left her baby behind. She hurried ashore, and, failing to return in time, the ship lifted anchor and sailed away to escape an approaching tempest. Eighteen years now passed before another ship touched that lonely island. There, standing alone on the shore, they found the poor forgotten woman.

She wore a robe of feathers. She had built a hut of whalebones and protected it with a wall of boughs.

Lake Tahoe and Cave Rock



From Picturesque America, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

Big Trees, Mariposa Grove

Moreover, she had woven baskets from grass fiber; had subsisted on abalone and fishes, having learned how to steal upon birds and seals and kill them with stones. Terrified by the approach of the sailors, she fled along the shore, but when she was captured she became gentle and playful. Finding young otters aboard ship, she tried in her compassion to shield their eyes from the glare of the sun.

Reaching Santa Barbara, she was given a home. From every tribe, men and women were summoned to try to talk to this woman, but not one of her words was intelligible. She appears to have been the last survivor of her tribe. In six weeks she died, homesick perhaps for the little island where she had learned to be at home.

The Era of Spanish Women

Following the path of the padres, Spanish families drifted into the flowery valleys of California: thus came the first Caucasian women to our shores. They shed a light of romance over the early pastoral era. The old Spanish names of those early families —Vallejo, Sunol, Bandini, Pacheco, Coronel, Alvarado, Dominguez, De la Guerra and many another— still breathe their music in city and canyon, on mesa and shore.

Travelers in California all relate with happy pen the abundant hospitality of those days, when the silvery-voiced Spanish lady presided over her estate with so fine a grace and cordiality, when guests thronged at the doors, and fiesta and fandango punctuated the routine of workaday. Helen Hunt Jackson, in her "Ramona," and Mary Austin, in her "Isidro," have pictured this old family life so touched with poetry and romance.

Of the grace and delicacy of the Spanish lady the olden visitors speak in lyric strain. Her light step, her glancing eye, her many moods, fleeting as the lights and shades of dawn—all were a delight; as were her delicate, flowerlike dress, with flounces and mantle and coquettish veil caught above her Spanish comb, with a rose nestling in her dark hair above her ear. An observer who rode by in the day of silver spurs, tells of her pleasantness to the eye as she moved there where the long golden afternoons and evenings were a vista of

> " Lace mantillas, flashing blades,
> Caballeros, serenades,
> Mandolin and soft guitar,
> Casements slyly set ajar."

Weddings of Yankee trader or pioneer with these Castilian daughters were a frequent occurrence. Dana's " Two Years Before the Mast " tells of one of these great wedding feasts at Santa Barbara. Romance stood tiptoe in that morning time. Not always, however, came the happy ending. Two ill-starred stories of this idyllic era, like the stories of Héloise and Juliet, are still green in memory.

Stories of Spanish Love

It was over a hundred years ago that gallant M. de Resnoff of Russia came with his ships into the harbor of San Francisco, and won the love and faith of beautiful Concepción Arguello, the daughter of the commandante of the presidio. When he sailed away again it was with a promise to return and marry the dark-eyed lady, and so establish a bond between the two great nations then in sole possession of the California coast. But gentle, gracious Concepción never saw her Northern lover again. She waited years in silent pride; and long, long afterward came the news that he had been killed in Siberia. And so a romance of two hearts went into the realm of never-to-be; and so perhaps a page of history has had an ending very different from the might-have-been. Concepción Arguello, with the hushed, far-away look in her eyes, would marry none of the other suitors who came pleading. She took the nun's veil instead of the bridal veil—became the head of a convent which trained hundreds of young women of that early time.

Bret Harte, in poesy, and Gertrude Atherton, in fiction, have both related this romance of long ago.

The other story of love and fate comes forty years later, with the advent of William Tecumseh Sherman in 1846, when in Monterey the American flag was raised to take possession of California for the Union. Sherman, so the legend goes, met there by the sea the Señorita Bonifacio, fairest of dark-eyed ladies in that Spanish land. They were pledged to wed; but he was ordered away with his troops and the two never met again. A rosebush planted by the señorita and the soldier the day they parted still flings out its wonder of color and odor. The señorita never left her maiden home. Sherman went back into the world, following the scarlet flower of battle at Shiloh and down that terrible road that stretches from Atlanta to the sea.

The Era of Anglo-Saxon Women

The quiet of the idyllic Spanish '40's was changed into a more heroic and vivid epoch, when the flood of humanity from the ends of the earth poured into California in the '50's, after the discovery of gold in the foothills of the Sierras.

Mrs. Jane Wimmer was a woman of California close to this eventful discovery. She was the housekeeper at Sutter's sawmill, in whose mill-race the wondrous grains of gold were found. She made the first test of the yellow metal by boiling it in her lye pot to see if it would prove itself true gold by coming out as it went in. From Jennie's kettle that fateful gleam flashed around the world.

And to the honor of early California be it said that a good woman in those days could travel from one end of the State to the other, protected like Una, simply by her own courage and innocence. An unwritten law of nobility compelled every man of the El Dorado to be to every woman a guardian, a counselor, a friend. You will get the feel of this in Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, who have saved the Arcadian glamor of it for us all. In " A Picked Company," by Mary Hallock Foote, we get a woman's story of the woman's part in the early epic struggle.

And we now get news that Ella Sterling Mighels, the daughter of a pioneer mother, has set on foot a project for erecting a monument to the Pioneer Mother, a bronze statue, to commemorate her labors and valors, her patience, her courage, her devotion.

Women of Later Times *

When the brain-storm caused by the gold discovery had subsided, the people of the Far West began to find in grain-fields and orchards a more certain and valuable gold than they had found in the canyons. At this time the home-seekers began to pour in from all meridians; and this gave rise, among other things, to a crisscrossing of Puritan and Cavalier strains—the South into the North and the North into the South.

The daughters of California have a noticeable alertness and independence of mind. One reason, at least, for this is found in their pioneer heredity. The pioneer is always a person of energy and resource: in his first-hand struggle with difficulties his energies are aroused into glowing life.

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* A few of the women engaged in art and literature are mentioned in the following chapter on " Intellectual California."

The society called " The Native Daughters of the Golden West " bands together hundreds of the descendants of pioneers, and these women represent the blood of many countries. I, myself, in a small community, have seen blended in marriage Portuguese and Canadian, Portuguese and German, Irish and German, Cornish and Dutch, Cherokee and French, Spanish and Swedish, Swiss and Dutch; and the children of these unions were all earnest Californians, speaking English and loving American institutions.

California has two universities with coeducation a condition of each; and her women have flocked to these schools, as well as to purely women's colleges, like the well-known Mills College. She has (considering populations) more students in college than Massachusetts. She also distributes more books from her libraries, and buys more " best sellers " and other books than do the Eastern States. She is one of the leaders in the woman's club movement, working especially along civic lines. Her winning of votes for women is still fresh in the public mind.

All of these factors show the progressive spirit which is created by progressive women, and which in turn helps to create such women. The Californian woman in any walk of life meets fate with a high heart and a fearless spirit. Some of her native and her foster daughters have become lights in so-called society, even in court circles. But others have won more honorable laurels in unique services to home and country.

Up to a few years ago, Jessie Benton Frémont was " the grand old lady " of the Far West, a woman linking romance and history, a woman who helped to carve the destiny of the Golden State. Mrs. Caroline Severance, " the mother of clubs," long wore the title laid down by Jessie Frémont. For years she was the counselor and friend of women.

Sarah B. Cooper, cousin of Robert G. Ingersoll, was another valiant worker for the public good. She founded the kindergarten system of the State. Kate Douglas Wiggin was her aid; and her " Birds' Christmas Carol " was written for that cause.

Mrs. Jane Stanford gave her last years and all her wealth to the university which she endowed at Palo Alto as a memorial to her son.

Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, large-hearted and broad-minded, has fostered the University of California on the Berkeley Hills. Her home at Pleasanton is called Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, and it is in the midst of gardens that are an April paradise.

Women in Business

Conditions of fortune and climate and temperament, all working together, have brought out a notable originality in woman's work on the Pacific coast. There are teachers, artists, writers, librarians, ministers, doctors, lawyers. Clara Foltz is a pioneer lawyer.

But women have also gone into agricultural and manufacturing pursuits of original kinds. Hundreds of women find work in their own orchards and vineyards and gardens.

It is to the fostering care of women that the State owes two of her most distinctive trees. It was the wife of Father Taylor who planted the first eucalyptus trees in California—two little shoots from Australia that laid hold on life with a lusty grasp and became the forerunners of the sky-seeking, blue-green forests that now spread over the State to bless the eye with shade and beauty. It was a woman, Mrs. Tebbitts, of Redlands, who planted the two Brazilian saplings from which the navel orange trees of California (over seven millions in number) have since been budded to supply the world. It was a Santa Barbara woman, sticking her riding switch into a friendly soil, who thus planted the largest grapevine in the world, a vine so enormous that it could feed and shade a village.

Perhaps from such Edenic services as these in the youth of the world sprang the old lovely myths of jocund and fecund Ceres, Flora and Pomona.

There is a Mrs. Theodora Shepardson of California who makes a business of harvesting wild-flower seeds. From her nurseries go out myriads of lovely Western blooms to the great gardens of the world. Miss Hatch and Miss Austin, retired teachers, established the raisin industry of Fresno. Mrs. Strong makes a specialty of the plumy pampas grass and also of black walnuts. Mrs. Ehman is at the head of the ripe olive preserving industry. The largest chicken hatchery in the world is run by a woman near San Francisco.

I could make a litany of such women, and a volume of the works that praise them.

CHAPTER XVIII

INTELLECTUAL CALIFORNIA: A FEW OF HER STORY-WRITERS, POETS, PAINTERS, SCIENTISTS, HISTORIANS

I

LITERATURE is one artistic expression of man's emotion in the presence of the world. In the light of this definition what are the main achievements of California in the arena of literary art?

When the gold-seekers from all nations reached her shores, they found a savage people in the mountains and a pastoral people by the sea. For a time the Far West, as we have seen, was a welter of men, a chaos of law: then the fabric of social order began to rise. What literary fabric appeared as the expression of this life?

Spain had spoken voluminously in Lope de Vega (he wrote eighteen hundred plays) and she had spoken universally in the immortal Cervantes; and yet the Spaniards of California gave no artistic expression to the many-colored pageant of life about them. But it is known of all men that the last ox-team of pioneers had not crawled over the Sierras before some among the gold-seekers were expressing their picturesque life in literature. During the span of twenty years extending from the mid '50's a group of writers appeared in California, a group that was second in power and brilliancy only to the great Concord group flourishing at the same time. Excepting

Emerson and Lowell, none of the Concord writers had such tang and odor of the earth as appeared in the work of three early Californians—Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain. Moreover, there was no New England woman of that day whose poetry had the grace and force of the work of Ina Coolbrith.

And these Californian writers were fortunate in having a clientage in their own land. For the early population of the Far West had an extraordinary infusion of educated and thoughtful men and women. The most obscure mining camps had their college men. *The Eclectic Magazine,* a winnowing of the world's literature, was in thousands of miners' cabins: many children of the pioneers have a keen memory of it. It is also a significant fact that almost the first book published in San Francisco was a translation of the Chansons of Béranger, the national songwriter of France.*

Here, then, in California, was a people ready for a poetic and imaginative literature. But here, also, was a new sense of freedom: men were standing on new horizons, thrilled by a feeling of the spaces and the mysteries about them. Behind them were the old dangers and struggles; before them were the new hopes, the new dreams.

We feel at once that this was an age for creative literary expression. Men were everywhere in the midst of a spacious theater, and they felt themselves ever on the brink of things unexpected. They were always looking for something strange and wild to happen. They knew themselves to be in the presence of unseen yet illimitable riches. Bright dreams, therefore, were always visiting the mind: courage was in the world because hope was in the world: faith was in the world because youth was in the world. A new kingdom had been given to men, and they were going forth in a fire of joy to survey, to occupy and to explore this new kingdom. It was an age of the Renaissance of Wonder, and men of genius had risen to voice the wonder.

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* It is a keen pleasure to write here the name of Pierre Béranger, as he was one of the noblest souls of all time. There is a sparkle of wit, a thrill of pathos, an insurgent cry in his songs. He rejected the slogan. "Art for art," and stood for that noble ideal, "Art for humanity." Béranger was a poet of the social passion. He stood apart from those erotic rhymers who sing only their own private sorrows and are cold to the sorrows of humanity—rhymers "who, at the side of their ladylove, forget those who labor before the Lord." Like Shelley, like Burns, he espoused with ardor the sacred cause of the people.

Organs of Literary Expression

The wind must have a harp to turn its dead air to music; so the man of genius must have an organ to express the noble emotion of his heart. The story-writer must have a story-buyer: the poet must have a printer.

So, in 1852, we find California beginning to issue the first of her many literary journals. This was a year after *Harper's* left its starting-post, and a year before *Putnam's,* and five years before *The Atlantic Monthly* began to be. This first journal was *The Golden Era* and its life stretched over thirty years. It was not all pure gold: mica and pyrites glittered frequently in "the pay-streak": sentimentality was frequently mixed with the sentiment. But it was a seed of quickening in early literary California.

Two young men swung into California—Dagget by way of the Horn and Ford by way of the Overland Trail. They were the editors of *The Era;* and, in their red-flannel shirts and high boots, they strode out among the mining camps, going from gulch to gulch, soliciting subscribers and picking up at times a contributor. Gaze on that picture, you editors in these piping times, editors in swivel chairs, editors whose chief hardship is the pushing of the button. And look also at the contributors the young men captured—Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Prentice Mulford, Thomas Starr King, Adah Isaacs Menken—some of them reaching up toward the level of the peaks.

But, in 1868 *The Overland Monthly,* the most influential of all Western magazines, sent forth its first number. It bore upon its cover a striking symbol—the figure of a bear standing upon the railway and turning a resentful visage toward the approaching civilization. Bret Harte was the first editor of the *Monthly,* and he swept into his circle all the Californian writers of distinction. This magazine has had its fat and its lean years; but it has helped enormously (and is still helping) to express and sustain the individuality of the Far West.

Two other important periodicals rose later—*The Argonaut* and *The Wave.* They published a mass of short stories unsurpassed on the continent for excellence in style and plot. *The Wave* has rolled by, but *The Argonaut* still seeks with a high heart the Golden Fleece.

The News Letter (founded by Frederick Marriott, who also founded *The Illustrated London News*) has expanded from its one page of 1866 to its many pages of 1914. *The Californian* was edited by my friend, Charles F. Holder, the author of many entertaining volumes on all phases of animal life. This, in its time, was our best illustrated magazine.

Sunset Magazine is devoted to breezy Western stories and to blithe accounts of picturesque California. And *Out West* covers the same field, but it is distinctive in its exploitation of historic documents of California and early pioneer life. The magazine is now under the editorial control of George Wharton James, the author of many useful volumes on the life and scenery of the Far West. This spirited magazine was founded by Charles F. Lummis, archeologist, historian, story-teller, poet—one of the most brilliant men that ever devoted his genius to the glory of the Far West.

II

Our Elder Group: Mark Twain

With good reason, California can claim Mark Twain as an adopted son, for he got his literary stride while doing newspaper work in her domain. On one side of Portsmouth Square (the Hampden Heath of San Francisco) he wrote his "Roughing It," a book that sent his name crackling across the Rockies. And it was *The Alta California,* a San Francisco newspaper, a few steps from the Square, that sent him around the world to write "Innocents Abroad."

Mark Twain's stay in California was not long, it is true, yet it gave him his material and his medium of expression. It was Bret Harte who urged him to write out "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras." I never was able to see anything very remarkable in this frog, and yet upon the back of it Mark Twain vaulted into his first popularity.

He gives credit to Bret Harte, saying: "Bret Harte trained and trimmed and schooled me until he changed me from an awkward utterer of coarse grotesqueness to a writer of paragraphs and chapters that have found favor in the eyes of some of the very decentest people in the land." And it was another Californian, Charles Warren Stoddard, who inspired Mark Twain to write his "Joan of Arc," the most delicate and moving work that ever proceeded from his pen.

Mark Twain's "Roughing It," frankly burlesque, and his "Innocents Abroad," brilliant but trampling too savagely on sentiment and romance, were books that marked the crescendo of our Western exaggeration and irreverence. It appears that, when disaster descended upon his later life, it clarified his insight and stirred his deeper emotions. For after his disappointments he began to write with an increasing sympathy for the sorrow and weakness of men, and yet with no abatement of scorn for the evil.

And this reminds me that much of the humor going through the world is either coarse or cruel. It is destructive of the nobility in man: by making light of sacred things it breaks down reverence for them. The humorist sometimes reaches the perilous ground where his whole aim is to turn life into a laugh: this is spiritual catastrophe. Yet unperverted wit and humor are fine forces: wit is the lightning that breaks the cloud, humor is the sunshine that warms the earth. We find many smiling pages free of blame in the masterly volumes of Thomas Carlyle.

Bret Harte, the Story-Teller

Bret Harte appeared in California in 1853: he was a young man of eighteen, and he remained there until 1871, serving as school-teacher, messenger, printer, editor, professor in the State University.

In July, 1868, his short story, " The Luck of Roaring Camp," appeared in the first number of *The Overland Monthly.* It attracted national attention, and its fame went over the sea. Two years after this he gave out " The Heathen Chinee," a slight offhand composition; but it was received with an astonishing enthusiasm, and it gave his name to all lips from stevedore to senator. It contains no real poetry whatever, for the good reason that there can be no such thing as a humorous poem. True poetry rises out of serious emotion: she sees too deep to smile.

Yet "The Heathen Chinee" had the two chief elements of popularity—a catchy meter and a theme of the hour. Here is a snatch from it:

"Which I wish to remark—
  And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
  Which the same I would rise to explain.

* * * * *

"Which we had a small game,
  And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
  He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
  With the smile that was childlike and bland.

* * * * *

"In the scene that ensued
  I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
  Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
  In the game 'he did not understand.'

"In his sleeves, which were long,
  He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
  Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
  What is frequent in tapers—that's wax."

This is clever fooling; but Bret Harte could touch a deeper note, as he does in his poem on Thomas Starr King. Yet he does not have the poetry and the dithyrambic daring of his compatriot, Joaquin Miller. On the whole, the short story proved to be his one supreme medium of expression. In France and Germany he is quoted as a master of the short story. Still he never transcended that early achievement, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." This is colored with his most striking pigments, and it groups his typical characters. It is irradiated with his stained-glass brilliance, which tinges life with a rosy and pleasing unreality.

In the hight of his triumph, he went on to London after making a short stay in New England. His literary evolution seemed to cease with this translation into a new sphere. He became an imitator—of himself. He was content to go on reflecting in the old way the glint on the old bubble of our Western life.

Reaching California as a young man, Bret Harte had the good literary fortune to move with an eager heart and a fresh eye among a strange people in a strange land. He moved in the midst of mystery and wonder, the precious stuff of song and story. He had the artist's sense of color and motion, and he felt the tingle and pulse-beat of the intersecting human dramas all about him—dramas that were staged in mining camps, in gambling dens, on city squares, on mountain highways.

Bret Harte is able to catch the accent and gesture of men and women, but he is not an analyist and he does not probe for the motive that is the deep spring under human actions. He flashes an aspect, but not its uttermost significance: hence his men and women are not full-bodied and red-blooded. They appear to be only the rapid sketches which a master would have rounded out and kindled with the breath of life.

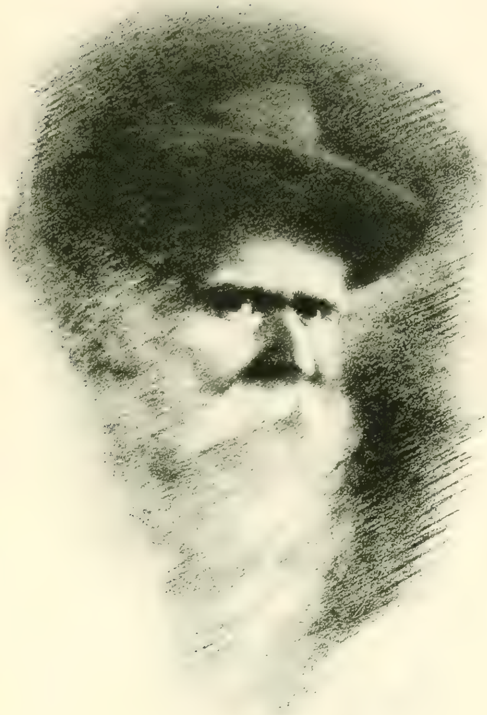
We see life only as it is reflected to us through the lens of our temperament and our experience. Now, here was a romancer who not only had an intense Hebraic strain in him, but also a romantic origin to his own life, an origin as strange as any story that ever glinted from his pen. So we are not surprised to find him taking a highly romantic outlook, the Dickens outlook, on the life that surged around him. We are not surprised when his characters rise before us with their peculiarities abnormally accentuated, with villainies and virtues a little unbelievable.

But what matters it if they never existed outside of his pages—those drinking, dirking dare-devils, those tenor-voiced, soulful-eyed gamblers, striking sorrow to the hearts of ladies? For, touched by his genius, they exist for us in perennial charm and invitation.

We must thank a man for the beauty he brings us, and not complain o'ermuch about the beauty he might have brought us. Bret Harte was an artist, if not a seer. He did not picture Western life in full circle; for he seemed to have only one sovereign purpose—the discovery of honor, nobility, affection and fine sentiments in unlikely persons and in unexpected places. He seems to be trying to stretch this segment of truth over the whole circle. But in his effort to do this he succeeds in giving us many pages of tender pathos and pervasive humor, all of them beautified with vistas of landscape and vignettes of portraiture. Working with the carefulness of an old missal painter, Bret Harte achieves three things—beauty of style, accuracy of setting, artistic disinterestedness.

Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras

Joaquin Miller, the most picturesque figure and the most unfettered voice among our poets, was the last of the old guard of Helicon, a poet who had name and place long before our great line of poets passed, and long before Tennyson and Browning "were heard to cease." He knew all these men and had their friendship. His plaudits echoed around the



Joaquin Miller,
The Poet of the Sierras

Ambrose Bierce

world before our younger generation rose above the rim.

Joaquin Miller's career was a long, changeful epic of adventure. Certainly to few was it given to touch life at so many points. And to still fewer have the high gods given the alert responsive spirit that makes captive the elusive beauty of the world.

This does not mean that Miller's poetry is flawless. Perhaps no other poet's work was ever flung forth with fewer marks of the finishing tool upon it. Indeed, his artlessness sometimes gives his verse the feeling of undue carelessness. But we must always remember that he is the poet of the reed-pipe blowing an unpremeditated strain—a free, refreshing music amid the stiffly mannered measures of the poets of the conventional. His best work is passionate, perfect; but even his less finished work, not so nearly perfect as that of other singers, is often more authentically inspired.

Joaquin Miller was born in an emigrant wagon creeping westward from Ohio to Indiana. After various stops in the Middle West, and when Joaquin was fifteen, the pioneering family pushed still further West, following Frémont's trail into unknown Oregon. From there the wanderlust in the poet's blood lured him to California; then still further down to Nicaragua, where he fell in with Walker, the filibuster.

Back the poet came again to Oregon; then to Idaho and Montana; then away to South America; then across the sea to England; then eastward over the Orient; finally home again to his beloved West. There he remained, save for occasional swallow flights into frozen Alaska or out to the Atlantic seaboard.

There, beyond the Rockies, he made a home on a rose-hung hillside overlooking the gray city of San Francisco by the sea. There he had his vine-covered cabins, his fountains and his slopes of olive orchard; and there he worked in the mellow light of the long afternoon, singing his lyrics of love and courage. Yes, there on a crest of Oakland Hights sat our gray eagle of song, watching the deep-sea ships drift in through the Golden Gate to fold their weary wings in the quiet of the great bay.

For years Miller was my neighbor on that rocky hillside, half a mile up the winding mountain road. Often have I seen him pause to wonder at the wild dance of the leaves in the tops of the windy poplars; often have I seen him turn to watch the wild white rain rushing and rioting over the dark ledges. Once I heard him chant his artless rhymes like some Druid bard amid the listening oaks. Surely it was a memorable picture—our chanting poet with craggy brow and flowing beard, with cavalier boots, with red scarf belted about the waist, behind him looming the bare brown hills which held a hundred shifting tints of color.

But gentler even than this is my memory of him as a famous man, a man ever hospitable to all the clients of Apollo, jealous of none. In all the years I knew him I never heard him say a bitter word of any human being. He always leaned to mercy, and always lent a hand.

Joaquin Miller is the laureate of the West, the poet of a world in the making. He sings of "the sun-down seas" and their ships, of the Sierras and their canyons, of Oregon and her woods and waters. As Remington puts the buffalo and the Indian and the emigrant into his pictures, so Joaquin Miller, long before, wove them into his rich, barbaric song. He sings it all, the splendor and the romance of the West, from the frozen five-horned stars of Alaska to the odorous virgin Isles of the Amazon. His homeland, and every foreign land he wandered in—England, Italy, Japan—have all been woven into the fabric of his poesy.

Joaquin Miller is a poet by the grace of God: life has always touched him deeply with a sense of color and motion and music. His heart has always sounded back the rhythmic vibration of the world that smites his spirit like an April wind.

Coming back to his poetry after a long absence, I am again struck with a sense of its freedom from academic cords and corsets. You feel this in the three or four quotations from his pen on earlier pages. But now and then he drops into mistakes of taste: he loses the flash of inspiration at times—as all poets do. There are moments when he falls from the high cloud of his careless rapture into the gray stubble. No one, for example, can fail to feel the rare beauty in the first two lines of the following from the Milleric pen:

"The azure curtain of God's house
Draws back, and hangs star-pinned to space;
I hear the low, large moon arouse,
And slowly lift her languid face.

"I see her shoulder up the east,
Low-necked and large as womanhood—
Low-necked, as for some ample feast
Of gods, within yon orange wood."

Nor can we fail to note the sudden collapse of the beauty in that word "low-necked." It breaks our high mood with a sudden picture of the artificiality of the drawing-room.

We feel the same drop from the empyrean in the "baby stars" of the following couplets:

"And the baby-stars of the Milky Way,
They are cradled in cradles of gold."

"Where God's foot rocks the cradle of
His new-born baby stars."

This reference to the stars tends to belittle the stars, not to ennoble them. As I understand the law, the poet must speak of a thing only to dignify it—only to throw upon it an unexpected hightening and beauty. Stars are greater than "baby stars." Seldom, if ever, has any poet been able to add to their glory by any figure of comparison. Nor, to my mind, can anyone defend a metaphor that makes God rock a cradle of infant stars.

But, happily, these slips of rhetoric are infrequent faults in the master. And, withal, there is no other poet who gives so fully the feeling that his work is struck from the anvil at a first blow, whose lines and phrases seem to rise by first intention, who writes with such a childlike freshness of emotion, with such a sense of the newness of the world.

The sharply critical will sometimes find in this poet's work a lack of unity, an overlay of repetition, an unnecessary detail and deploy, with the occasional Wordsworthian lapses into stubbly prose. For spontaneity carries its vices as well as its virtues; and work flung off so lightly is not always the perfect star, but seems at times to need another process, more hammering and tempering. Yet could the poet give this finish without killing the freshness? Aye, there's the rub. To frame the perfect form, and yet to fling the careless rapture—this is the greatest achievement of the poet—the high Pindarian peak.

Joaquin Miller charms us with his novel metaphors, his tropical glow, his ardor of youth, his sudden leap of ideas. His "Exodus for Oregon" has a Homeric realism. And here is a sea-picture that touches the sublime:

> "Then swift, like some sulked Ajax, burst
>   Thewed Thunder from his battle tent;
> As if in pent-up, vengeful thirst
>   For blood, the elements of Earth were rent,

And sheeted crimson lay a wedge
  Of blood below black Thunder's edge.
A pause. The typhoon turned, upwheeled,
  And wrestled Death till Heaven reeled.
Then Lightning reached a fiery rod,
  And on Death's fearful forehead wrote
The autograph of God."

Among the perfect things is this stanza from his "Peter Cooper":

"And wisest is he in this whole wide land
  Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
  Is what you have given away."

But Joaquin Miller is a master poet, if only for his two perfect poems, "Columbus" and "The Passing of Tennyson." Each is round and perfect as a star. The Tennyson poem is great, both in the beauty of its fine lines and in the power of its total impression. Here is a snatch that speaks of Whitman's death:

"Then stanch Walt Whitman saw and knew,
  Forgetful of his 'Leaves of Grass;'
He heard his 'Drum Taps,' and God drew
  His great soul through the shining pass."

Nothing in our poetry surpasses that last flash of splendor:

"God drew
His great soul through the shining pass."

An Extraordinary Thinker

I come now to a Californian who, in his field, stands solitary and commanding in the literature of the modern world. I refer to Thomas Lake Harris, who (like all geniuses) has been sometimes misunderstood.

Who is Thomas Lake Harris? William T. Stead (the founder of *The Review of Reviews*) calls him " that marvelous man," and declares that " there has been no seer like Thomas Lake Harris since the days of Swedenborg." By many others he has been called " the most remarkable man of the century " and " the most advanced man since Sakyamuni."

As a young man T. L. Harris was for a long time the pastor of " The Church of the Good Shepherd " in New York City, a church of which Horace Greeley and other well-known citizens were members. It was through the appeal and effort of T. L. Harris (supported by Horace Greeley) that the New York Juvenile Asylum for Homeless Children was established in the early '50's.

There now came a new epoch in his career. Believing that all men and women should organize their social and industrial life in the spirit of the Golden Rule, believing that spiritual progress is a progress into brotherhood, T. L. Harris with a band of kindred idealists organized, in 1861, The Brotherhood of the New Life, a society that in 1875 moved to a spacious domain of orchard and vineyard at Fountaingrove, near Santa Rosa, California. This was his central home until his recent death.

He had a genius for friendship, and he has his devoted students in all parts of the world. The high regard of his neighbors is shown in this extract from a memorial tribute issued by the Knights Templars of Santa Rosa:

" Our Frater, Thomas Lake Harris, was an upright, generous and holy man, possessed of the loftiest ideals, of a most kindly disposition and possessing great powers of speech. The highest words of encomium have been written and published concerning him. William Howett, the author and poet, wrote of him in the *London Critic:* 'I can recollect no man to be compared with him in the essentials of a finished speaker . . . for power and originality of mind, for poetry of diction, for breadth and copiousness of argument, for affluence of historic and philosophic illustration, for vivid and acute analysis of the elements of modern society.'—T. L. Harris had traveled much, read extensively and was familiar with all of the best literature of the ages. He was beloved by all who passed under the spell of his heavenly genius, and they all delighted to reverently call him 'Father.' " *

The chief aim of T. L. Harris and his friends in the Brotherhood was to establish a life that should be a union of Labor and Culture. They believed that the ideal is livable, and that nothing but the ideal is worth the living. T. L. Harris, though a deep scholar with an extraordinary library, was himself a carpenter working at his bench, or living in his hermitage back in the high hills. There, at Linn Lilla, he wrote many of his volumes of prose and verse.

These volumes (many of them yet in manuscript) cover well-nigh all the problems of life—both of the Seen and the Unseen. He touches not only upon the science of society; but also upon the laws of Occult Physics. He is poet as well as proseman; and his verse is always exalted in message, musical in flow, and often beautiful in diction. It belongs chiefly to gnomic verse, to wisdom poetry.

Many of his writings were dictated, and printed from the unchanged manuscript. As unpremeditated dictations, they are unquestionably the most remarkable manuscripts in the world. It is almost unbelievable that works so sustained in power and so profound in thought and so finished in style could have been uttered extemporaneously.

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* At the death of T. L. Harris, I was asked by his friends to make a Compendium of his writings, and to prepare an Introduction to them. I have this work well under way. The Compendium will be called "Remarkable Pages from Thomas Lake Harris." The Introduction (an exposition and commentary in the form of a separate volume) will soon appear under the title, "New Light on the Old Riddle." It will be an outline of a philosophy that is perhaps the most radical and idealistic in the history of human thought.

T. L. Harris believed (as Professor William James did) that "there is something wild in the world," and that the race has lost its hold upon the saving principle of brotherhood. Hence the world is in disorder, a ruined paradise. His aim was to leave a new teaching that would help men to recover their lost ground, to recover their lost hope, their lost happiness.

His teachings are constructive and affirmative. They throw a new light upon the old pathetic enigmas of our race. They have enormous dimensions: they extend into the stupendous past and leap into the prophetic future. They are filled with daring ideas, touched with strange beauties, lighted with lofty hopes. It is a joyful wisdom that will help to dispel the despair of science, and to lift the old sadness from the world. It is a new light on life, and also a new light on death. For it takes the ground that death is only an incident, only a door that opens to a new adventure in the long romance of the infinite.—Here are a few chance fragments from his voluminous writings:

"Civilization is the school of the unheroic.

"Corporeal ease and happiness are found only in the old paths.

"So comes the last great infidelity, the utter disbelief of man in man.

"Life, as it becomes divine, becomes infinitely delicate and unobtrusive.

"Germany furnished one masterpiece—Goethe, an Apollo grafted upon the Satyr.

" An institution that does not support itself by its own labor has no right of existence.

" God makes iron, but not horseshoes; except as he makes them, instrumentally, through apostle Smith.

" Pride is for fools; but the wise man sits in lowlihood, looking up because lifting up.

" The corner-stone of Society is Authority. Without authority no liberty, but only lawlessness, rapine, swift destruction.

" There is no nobleness of the antique and divine sort but that takes its growth-principle from voluntary and absolute self-renunciation.

" God incarnate saves men through making them, first, self-sacrificing and chaste; and then, prudent, exact, orderly, heroic and, in every sense, chivalrous and noble.

" There are no nations in the world, but only the dust of nations; and no kingdoms, but only the shadows and deposits of kingdoms; and no thrones, but only the fantasies of thrones.

" The Awful Genius makes small account of our petty limitations. What to him is orthodoxy or unorthodoxy but the gleam of the same bubble on its opposite sides?

" There is no morality but that which springs from the disinterested service of the fellow-creature. The recompense for labor is in the good effected by it.

" Philanthropy is but the hyssop on the sponge, lifted with a reed, and touched to the lips of humanity upon its cross. But Christ comes that humanity may be taken down from the cross.

" Our hopes by their vastness put to scorn the littleness of our performance. What was Hamlet, what the sad and splendid procession of the Shakespearean drama, when measured by the sweet and awful tragedy of humanity?

"Ages of loyalty are ages of heroism, ages of seed-sowing that bear rich fruit in the long after-times. A man utterly loyal is the grandest spectacle under the sun. He has wheeled his powers into line.

> "I love the soul whom frosts but warm
> And discords wake to music still;
> Who when God breathes, 'Confront the storm,'
> Rings out the bold 'I will!'

"The career of Christ is the world's enigma. He was the most aristocratic of men, the most democratic also; the loftiest in self-respect, the least in self-importance; demanding all things for his service, claiming nothing for his private personality.

"Worth makes weight, and weight makes aristocracy in its best sense. But the weightier a man becomes, the less he is disposed to look upon the weight in himself as aught of a mere private and personal value. He knows that it is not he, but gravitation, divine force, pressing to centers.

"Whoso buildeth charity, equity, brotherly love in his own bosom buildeth the temple of God. Whoso hath no will but to be feet for God's kindness, hands for God's beneficence, lips for God's compassion, lo, unto him is a priesthood greater than that of Aaron and more durable than that of Melchizedek.

"Practically, at the present time, there are no leaders. The movement of the age is drift. All things are unsettled. Science has done for Christendom what the Revolution did for France—made the old order impossible; but, at the same time, unless higher truths, higher forces are discovered, all order becomes impossible.

"As men become wise they become reticent. For this there are many reasons, most of which are honorable and rational. God delights in privacy. He is the supreme delicacy. God is undemonstrative and infinitely unobtrusive. How decorously and deftly the angels veil themselves. It is the false gods and godlings who make a stir, and the silly and restless spirits who intrude.

" Where is God?—when whole nations rot down, corrupting the planet—when hundreds of millions, multiplying through the generations, are forced ruinward to squalor, disease, ferocity, brutality and every vice of all the vices—where is God?

" The answer is, ' God is where men find him.' His providence is where men organize providence. Let men find providence, where they found the steam-engine and the telegraph; where they found the reaper and the printing press. Let men organize providence in society and the world will have a providence. Providence is latent: let us bring it forth by evolution.

" The earth has undergone gradual waste and deterioration since man began to modify its surface. It discloses an immense industry, a prodigious building of intelligence; but civilization tends to a barbaric cataclysm. We behold vast areas of virgin woodlands disforested, then devoted to a systematized cultivation, made gradually sterile, and at last abandoned to the desert. The planet proves to us that the human race upon its surface, has pursued an improvident, quarrelsome, ostentatious, dissolute and finally suicidal existence. Babylon the great once flourished in a land of gardens, watered by abundant rivers: its ruins lie to-day in sand-heaps, reaching to the horizon. The zone of civilization gradually becomes the zone of ruin.

" Wise, practical men do not criticise society, because they believe the evils of civilization to be incurable. Thus Sakyamuni, son of a king as he was, saw the millions, the centuries of millions of his fellow-men, prone beneath the burdens of their hapless fate, and taught a new religion to Asia—taught them how with dignity to accept the inevitable, to renounce hope, to become extinct. The conditions that produce Buddhism reappear as the product of civilization. History repeats itself. Young Europe begins to change its features, growing aged, becoming Asiatic. The masses who build London wear the stolid, indifferent look that was seen of old in the crowds who toiled in the erection of the pyramids.

"All faiths are one when from disguise
And narrowness their spirit flies.
All faiths are one by their ascent,
Piercing the stellar firmament.
Each faith is of the all possest,
Since one pure truth holds all the rest.
Are scriptures all a mortal clod?
Aye, but each atom holds the God.
Are scriptures all in vision spun?
Aye, but the morn-mist holds the sun."

In his "Wisdom of the Adepts," T. L. Harris gives us a remarkable summing up of the three great classes of mankind—the weak unstable good, the aggressive self-seekers, and the earnest and positive good. I quote, as a last fragment, his fine delineation of the earnest good:

"Of the earnest and virtuous ones this may be said: if much advanced in age or experience, they are commonly a suffering people: their name is sorrow. Their main characteristics are, that they serve for the good of others; that they are in the persistent effort to keep down the will of self, to live beyond themselves. They are careful to produce rather than to consume; to save for humane purposes rather than to waste; to avoid contention; to promote good-will and charity; to walk carefully; to stand for the injured and oppressed. Again, they seek to alleviate sufferings; to strew the path of life with gentle courtesies; to avoid flattering titles; to shun the meretricious and ostentatious society; to esteem the ties of human fraternity as above the ligatures of heredity, creed or nationality. It is theirs to hate the impure in all things; to criticise with a keen eye their own evils, but to abstain from a prying introspection into the conduct of others; to despise the habit of scandal; to hold themselves as dignified yet lowly; to abominate self-righteousness; to reject with loathing the way of the spy and tale-bearer. Such will seek to embody a divine chastity to the most extreme of senses; never to obtrude by an unwelcome personal presence or unneeded opinion; to sanctify the temple of worship within their own heart; never to glorify themselves, but always, by the sweetness and light of life, to glorify their Father in Heaven. From such tendencies as these blossoms forth and finally ripens the divine man."

Bierce: Satire, Romance, Philosophy

Ambrose Bierce looms large in literary California. For years, in the periodicals of the Far West, he reviewed the passing show of humanity, pinking and puncturing in his own fashion whatever offended his principles or his prejudices. There is no doubt he was often too quick on the trigger, too ready to perforate a man or a woman who happened to be "different."

The genius of Ambrose Bierce travels in many fields—in romance, satire, poetry, fable, essay, criticism, epigram. We need not look into his books for the learned dullness of the academic Addisons. Wherever we find Bierce we feel the working of a daring intelligence, of an original mind; and we feel this even when we dissent from his striding and crushing opinions.

Bierce stands with the great satirists. Perhaps no one else has ever dealt more lightning strokes at the rats behind the social arras. For quick thrust and parry of wit and sarcasm his rapier hangs beside the unsparing blade of old Dean Swift. Bierce radiates brilliancy; and perhaps no other man of letters ever had a more ready command of condensed expression. For him each word has its unique place in the peerage of words; and he would not use a word out of place any sooner than he would thrust an ape into a captain's saddle. No one has ever surpassed the crystal cleavage and clearness of his sentences. Many of them end like rifle snaps. You don't know that you are struck till you see the blood spurt.

Bierce is also a master of the short story of the supernatural and weird. For his magic of mystery and trembling, he has his seat in the remote and ruby-litten chamber of Hoffmann and Poe. He loves the debatable borderland where dim shapes pass and cryptic voices speak. Yet his realm is not the traveled frontier of the common ghost, but a new, untrodden region of the vast unknown. Moving with invincible logic, he calmly leads us out to an occult realm whose shapes and happenings give us "zero at the bone." If you have nerve for the terrible, if you dare press on, you will find delight in Bierce's rare ingenuity of construction and surprise of climax. More than this, you will feel that you have peered for a breathless moment into the veritable and vast Unseen.

Frequently, Bierce's prose and verse work is only a secretion of pure intellect, and hence it is cold. It comes frosty from the ice-pack of the mind. Cold intellect may create satire, but not the higher literature: great literature can proceed only from *a thinking heart.*

Nevertheless, there are moments in Bierce's work when the fire of emotion throbs through the frost of intellect. This emotion reveals the gentler Bierce who was known to his friends, but who is usually shut out of his books. Hence I once said to him that his chief literary mistake is his habit of merely *thinking* out the life problems, instead of both thinking *and* feeling them out. His doctrine of life is too cold, and this gives a hardness to his style: it has brilliancy, but not warmth.

Bierce's philosophy seems at times to be radically wrong, as when he defends the suicide. For a sound philosophy sees that the chief purpose of life is to create character, is to make ready for a higher and nobler existence beyond earth. Life is a school of discipline: it is the testing of man. The beauty of life is in its dangers, its noble hazards, its great adventures. Peril and hardship nobly borne invigorate the virtues. Harken, O soul, to the cry of the bugles! On, on, ever on: let the white plume stream down the wind of the battle!

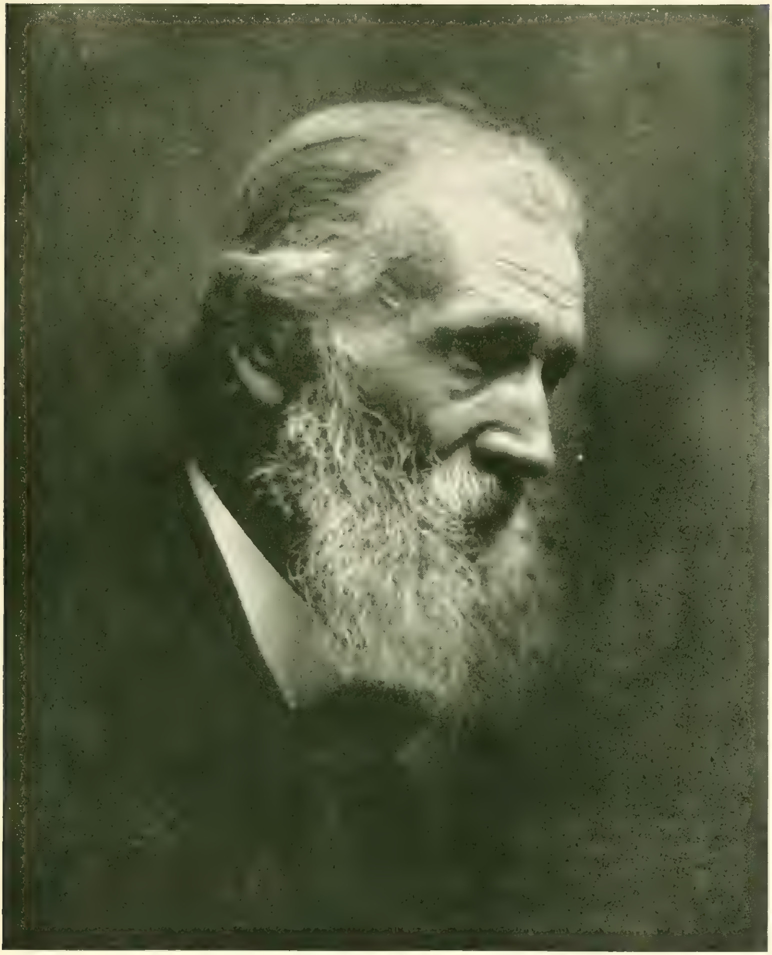
Moreover, since we go on living after death, it is not possible to end our troubles in the grave. *The suicide does not end troubles: he increases them.* He only makes the life-tangle more complicated, more difficult, more desperate. For there should be a gradual ripening of the spirit of man for the new existence. But in suicide there is a sudden violation of the normal order; so it draws down upon the fleeing spirit *the dread consequences that always follow on violated law.* The suicide forces himself into the Spirit World as an untimely birth, and he cannot escape the consequences of his blind defiance of the fixed order of the universe.—But here are bits from Bierce's philosophy that have a feel of warmth and truth:

"Civilization does not, I think, make the race any better. The cant of civilization fatigues. Civilization is a fine and beautiful structure. It is as picturesque as a Gothic cathedral. But it is built upon the bones and cemented with the blood of those whose part in all its pomp is that and nothing more. It cannot be reared in the generous tropics, for there the people will not contribute their blood and bones. The proposition that the average American workingman or European peasant is " better off " than the South Sea Islander, lolling under a palm and drunk with overeating, will not bear a moment's examination. It is we scholars and gentlemen that are better off.

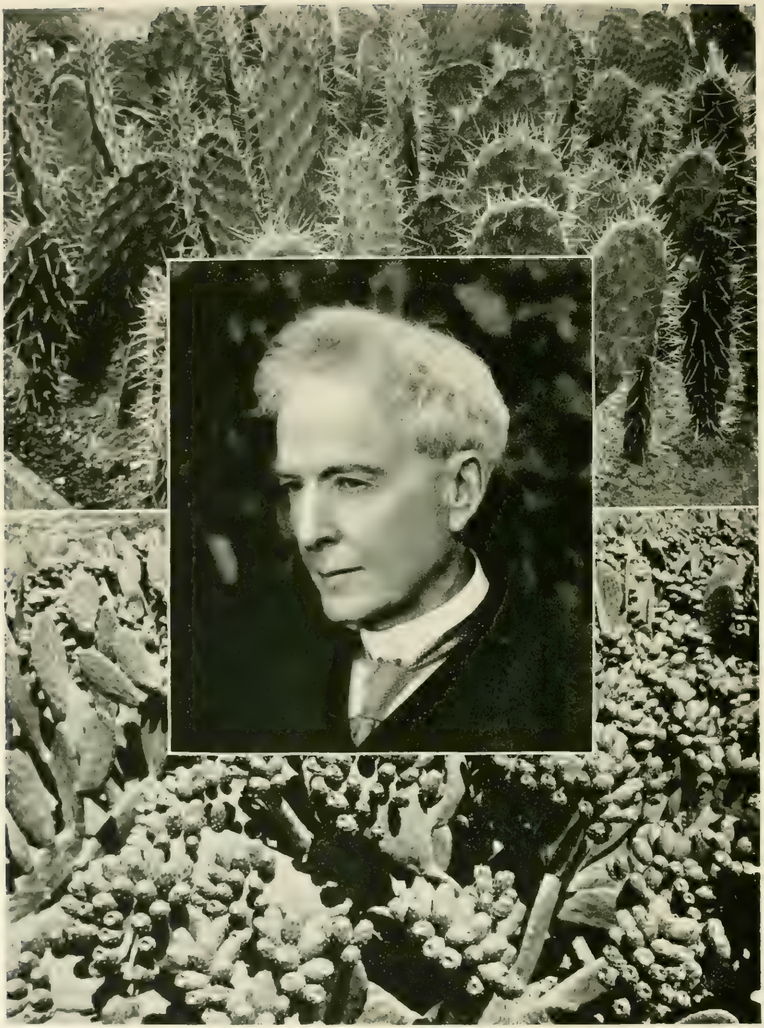
" But it is all right and righteous. It can be spared—this Jonah's gourd civilization of ours. We have hardly the rudiments of a true civilization; compared with the splendors of which we catch dim glimpses in the fading past, ours are as an illumination of tallow candles. We know no more than the ancients; we only know other things, but nothing in which is an assurance of perpetuity, and little that is truly wisdom. * * * * *

" When a people would avert want and strife, or, having them, would restore plenty and peace, the noble commandment [of Jesus] offers the only means —all other plans for safety or relief are as vain as dreams, and as empty as the crooning of fools. And, behold! here it is: ' All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

" You imbecile politicians with a plague of remedial legislation for the irremediable; you writers and thinkers unread in history, with as many ' solutions to the labor problem ' as there are dunces among you—do you really think yourself wiser than Jesus of Nazareth? Do you seriously suppose yourselves competent to amend his plan for dealing with all the evils besetting states and souls? Have you the ef-



John Muir



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LUTHER BURBANK
AND HIS WORK WITH THE CACTUS

frontery to believe that those who spurn his Golden Rule you can bind to obedience of an act entitled an act to amend an act? Bah! you fatigue the spirit. Go get ye to your scoundrel lockouts, your villain strikes, your black-listing, your boycotting, your speeching, marching and maundering; but if ye do not to others as ye would that they do to you, it shall occur, and that right soon, that ye be drowned in your own blood, and your pickpocket civilization quenched as a star that falls into the sea."

Here are a few Biercean epigrams:

" Firmness is my persistency; obstinacy is yours.

" Truth is so good a thing that falsehood cannot afford to be without it.

" If you would be accounted great by your contemporaries, be not too much greater than they."

" If every man who resents being called a rogue resented being one, this would be a world of wrath.

" If every hypocrite in the United States were to break his leg to-day, the country could be successfully invaded to-morrow by the warlike hypocrites of Canada."

Ina Coolbrith, Stoddard, Sill

Ina Coolbrith had a rare romantic fortune—to be young and a poet, in the great days when that brink of the western sea was in the radiant morning hour. Yes, she was part of that lyric April hour; for as a young woman she was the associate of the literary circle who made the glory of " The Overland," and she was literary adviser to some of them.

Her imagination apprehends and expresses a phase of the " ancient rapture " of the creator at work in our Far West. Her ode to California (quoted elsewhere) voices better than any other poem the bigness and the brooding beauty of our empire by the sea. It embodies a noble symbol veiled in happy phrase and lovely music. Her "Rain-in-the-Face" is a sword-thrust against our injustice to the Indian, and shows the insurgent phase of her spirit. But her prevailing note is that of faith which holds steadfast against the chances and changes of the world.

Charles Warren Stoddard dates back to the "Golden Era" days. I knew him well, this poet and dreamer. He was one of those rare spirits that the years cannot touch with eld—a being that never outgrew the eager heart of boyhood. He seemed ever to live on some shining track above the commercialisms and conventionalisms of our world. If he ever did go faring along the common way, it was as a romantic youth, his heart keeping constant holiday, a youth finding the rose of life well worth its hidden thorn. He cheered the road for all who traveled it, leaving friends at every parting of the ways. All hearts will wish him fair fortune on the uncharted seas where he now seeks new shores under stranger and farther stars.

Stoddard's "South Sea Idyls" is the prose classic of the South Pacific. For atmosphere, for color, for wild free grace, it is as fresh as a Dabo landscape, as delicate as a MacDowell melody.

Edward Rowland Sill spent the prime of his life in California as a professor of literature. He was ever the conscientious New Englander, with the spiritual purpose in the ascendant. His short poem, "Opportunity," is an unforgettable allegory; and his lines, "The Fool's Prayer," convict us all of folly:

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung;
The word we had not sense to say,
Who knows how grandly it had rung!"

Charles Warren Stoddard (loving ease o'ermuch) tells a story concerning himself and Sill which casts a bright reflection upon the characters of both men. "Once," says Stoddard, "I asked him to add a sketch to my album. He asked what he should draw for me. I said 'a palm tree.' When he returned the book, he said, 'I've made you something you stand more in need of.' It was an iceberg."

III

Our Later Poets: Cheney

John Vance Cheney is one of the memorable poets of California, a client of Apollo with a clear title from the Muse, for his careful artistry, his delicate chisel for trifles and his thunder-hammer for the large stroke. Some of his lyrics, like "The Contented Heart," are of the compass and finish that pack a thought for the long flight.

Mr. Cheney's philosophy has an aristocratic tendency not agreeable to my democratic outlook on life. His prize poem in answer to a certain poem called "The Man with the Hoe" (I have forgotten the author) I consider the most pessimistic poem ever written. For Mr. Cheney declares that this drudging Hoe-man, this bent toiler brutalized by excessive labor, this man-made savage of civilization, is "cast for the gap" and finds "the fields his skies." Calmly the poet sings of him:

"No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

"His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;
Erect enough he stands,

"Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest:
Labor he has, and rest.

"Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him and such as he;

"Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb,
The Mother molded him.

* * * * * *

"Yea, since above his work he may not rise,
She makes the field his skies."

This reply to the Hoe-poem is good poetry, but bad philosophy. No man is "cast for the gap": the road must be kept open, for every man can rise—must be kept open, so that there shall be no bar between the common man and the achievement of the highest destiny.

John Vance Cheney strikes a deep note at times; but he is perhaps most charming in his tricksy Ariel mood. He excels in delicate suggestions, as when, speaking of the round of the seasons in California, he says:

"The heart needs not the dial of the year,
Where always there's the rose."

George Sterling, Herman Scheffauer

George Sterling has four books of poems to prove him a poet of fine imaginative powers. His poems carry a certain relish of eternity in their themes and their implications. They sing of stars and seas and the soul's high dreams. Even the flower, in its frail duration of an hour, he looks at from God's side, trying to find its larger meaning in the plan of infinity. The orchid brings him intimations of eternity, of mystery, of some marvelous beauty-loving power at the soul of things.

The sea speaks for him a various language, hinting unfathomable desire for vision or announcement, sounding the antiphone of the might-have-been and the nevermore-to-be:

> "The echo of man's travail on the wind,
> A sigh of great departures, and the breath
> Of pinions incontestable by death."

The night also brings to this poet secrets and sorceries:

> "Where seas of dream break on a phantom shore
> To mysteries of music evermore."

Although Mr. Sterling's verse has not the local color that Wordsworth and Burns afford the tourist, still his landscapes have the large freedom of his own Pacific. His poem, "An Altar of the West," is full of the magic and the majesty of the cypressed cliffs that hold back his western seas:

> "Past Carmel lies a headland that the deep—
> A Titan at his toil—
> Has graven with the measured surge and sweep
> Of waves that broke ten thousand years ago."

Thus he opens an ode of lofty music and meanings. His nature poems are not finished with the jeweled work of Madison Cawein. Yet in "The Wine of Wizardry," which took our hearts with its strange beauty, Mr. Sterling shows his feeling for color and luster of phrase and line, as he does also in his dim-gleaming "Gardens of the Sea."

Mr. Sterling's "Wine of Wizardry" raised in the literary world the question, "Is it a great poem?" The chief difficulty in answering this question lies in the fact that "The Wine of Wizardry" can scarcely be called a poem. It does not seem to me to have the organic unity essential to every work of art. Mr.

Sterling gives us the words, the images and the fine lines; but they are not fused into a living whole.

In every literary creation there must be a central figure with something that corresponds to a woven plot followed by a consistent crisis. There must be dramatic movement. The central figure in a poem is often only a unifying Idea; yet this must be there to serve as the pivot for the wheel of the action.

In brief, every work of art must be organic. It must come forth like a living thing; so unified that no part can be torn away without destroying the beauty and symmetry of the whole. If any part can be taken away without offense, then that part is surplus and renders the work inartistic.

Now, in " The Wine of Wizardry " the parts have no vital union. You can omit a passage, and yet the rest will not be affected: you will feel no sense of deficiency. The passages can even be shifted about without disturbing our sense of harmony.

It may be that Mr. Sterling intended to give us only a series of weird pictures. If so, he has made a remarkable success. As you read his wizard pages, you feel as though you were voyaging up some tropic stream darkened with excess of foliage and bloom, where through the rifts in the leafy roofs you get glimpses of a blazing sky, or catch at times the iris flash of giant flowers or brilliant birds, the gleam of jeweled lizards or the coil of coruscating serpents. Considered as a series of gorgeous dissolving views, " The Wine of Wizardry " is unequaled by anything else in our literature: it stands alone, a marvel of color and verbal beauty.

In recent poetry, only Mr. Leonard Van Noppen's verse is kindred in lavish word-work and ornate architecture to " The Wine of Wizardry." Both men create their poesies with large movement and breadth of treatment—with amplitude of sky and prodigiousness of field, with wash of sunset and rainbow, with march of stars.

In his sonnets, George Sterling holds a high place—perhaps the highest in our American achievement in this field. Longfellow's exquisite sonnets have less imaginative sweep. Mr. Sterling works out his sonnets under the strict laws of the art. They are not merely fourteen chance lines: they have an organic unity. The octet contains the swell of the billow, and the sextet contains its harmonious subsidence. More than this, the rhymes are arranged according to the hard terms of the Petrarchian model. Mr. Sterling's most striking sonnet sequence is his daring trio on "Oblivion."

Herman Scheffauer is a rising Californian known to England and Germany as well as to New York and San Francisco. He has lately had a play put on in Berlin. As the celebrant of San Francisco at the time of the fire of 1906, he was received with acclaim in the English magazines.

Mr. Scheffauer's imagination tends toward the heroic. In his "Masque of the Elements," he contemplates the cosmic pageant, the birth-song and the death-song of the primal forces. Death and Chaos and Time and Change, he evokes and invokes. High deeds and destinies he touches with dignity and austerity. In more earthly mold is his ringing poem on "Drake in California," which moves with the scud of the sea and the stride of the wind. His ballad of "The Leper Girl of London" flashes before us a pathetic specter of our streets. It sticks in my memory. Here is a grim bit of the opening:

"Her cheek was pale, her form was gaunt;
  She seemed so strangely thin,
Thin as the shrouded ghosts that haunt
  Scenes of their earthly sin.

"She clutched my arm; with mordant words
Assailed my quailing ear:
Her face was like a starvèd bird's—
Such speech do devils hear."

Gossip on Parnassus

The wind of poesy bloweth where it listeth: poesy is a mystery deep as the world. She strikes her chords in unexpected places. Up in the leafy coverts in our Auburn hills, there is a young man who has felt the thrilling touch of her rushing wing; and now he has a gift of song that colleges cannot confer. This young man is Clark Ashton Smith.

His first volume of verse shows that his mind tends toward the vast, the remote, the mysterious. Shall I say that he exhorts Orion, instructs the Shadow, admonishes Demogorgon, explores the Abyss? He has some of the excess of youth—yes: yet how much nobler is the excess of youth than the poverty of age. Ashton Smith is a true poet: he has caught sight of the wonder behind the appearance of the world, the vision that forever allures and forever eludes.

Another wild-heart poet is Emily Frances Dawson, with her "Old Glory," her "Driftwood Fire," and many another—poems that flash with color and crash with music.

There is also my friend, Herbert Bashford, with his splendid "Wolves of the Sea," a true poet chanting of ways apart from warring men, chanting of the roads of ocean, and the aisles of the woods, of the gull in the rush of the storm, of the thrush in the deep silence of the dawn. And there is Sharlott Hall (we claim her) celebrating forgotten graves and unlaureled heroes, capturing in her song the old borderland now swept away by time and change.

Translators, also, have done us honor in the Far

West. Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor (himself a skillful sonnet writer) has Englished "The Sonnets of Heredia," a little book whose magic unlocked the barred door of the French Academy. Dr. Taylor's version keeps the rigor of the form and the vigor of the thought. In some ways it is the most remarkable translation ever produced in America.

Agnes Tobin, of San Francisco, has given us an admirable translation of Petrarch's sonnets; and I recall with gratitude Melville B. Anderson's fine transcription of Victor Hugo's "William Shakespeare" and of Dante's "Divine Comedy."

IV

Atherton, Austin and Other Women

Gertrude Atherton is perhaps the most famous Californian novelist, having her English and German audience as well as her American clientage. She did her long apprentice cycle of Californian novels delineating the life of the Far West, and has now swung into international fields. "The Tower of Ivory," set in Germany; "Julia France," set in Jamaica and England; "The Perch of the Devil," running from Montana to Europe—in all these she stakes out phases of the age and types of character big with import, and sets her forces of life in motion. Mrs. Atherton wields a diamond-tipped pen, is always an acute observer and an unsparing analyst. When she fuses heart and brain, as she does in much of her later work, she rises to a high level—an upper air where only one other American woman keeps her company.

I have already spoken with enthusiasm of Mary Austin's work on the desert. She is also a writer of vivid verse as well as a novelist of power. Into her story-writing she carries her poetic peering and phrasing.

Her " Woman of Genius " is a notable study of a woman who revolts from being a mere accessory to the weak and useless men of her family. The most striking aspect of her work is the day-of-judgment pitilessness with which Mrs. Austin sets forth the barren life of an intolerably smug little town of the Mid-West at the end of the nineteenth century. No writer of California has a more independent point of view than Mrs. Austin, and none is her equal in charm of style, in color and cadence.

Mary Hallock Foote has been for years one of the quiet but exquisite story-writers of Californian mining life. An accomplished artist, Mrs. Foote knows her Far West from actual contact with the life of the people. Her last book (one of the best books of the West) is " A Picked Company." It is a warm human story, dealing with the manifestation of the Puritan conscience and its new problems in the early times in California and Oregon. Mrs. Foote has fidelity not only to the spirit and scene of her locus, but also to the primal verities of all life.

One of the brilliant new novelists is Mrs. Fremont Older, who, without parade of advertisement, is known as one of our strong writers. Since her first book, her vision of life has enlarged and her concept of art has clarified. Her " Esther Damon " is her best work, relentlessly tracing the psychology of certain " brands " of religion in a little set Eastern community, at a time when each sect thought all save their own were God-despised and hell-disposed. Her work is full of dramatic shocks, yet it carries also a feeling of reserve power.

Norris, London and Other Men

Frank Norris stands in the forefront of Californian novelists. He was able to cut across life from circumference to center—to give the pageant of realism as well as the undercurrent of psychology. His early novels, " McTeague " and " Vandover the Brute," are masterly studies of the progressive degeneration of a human being. Of his greatest work (the trilogy of the drama of the wheat from the planting to the stock market) only two books, " The Octopus " and " The Pit," were finished when his pen dropped. But these two gave a noble sweep of the human drama, holding rigorously to the moral verities under life, while also pulsing with the warm hearts of men.

Jack London is the most popular of the Western novelists. All his long line of stories from " The Call of the Wild " to " Martin Eden " and " Burning Daylight," bear the impress of a strong individuality with a vibration of spirit that registers an intense light and heat. London paints with broad canvas and strong colors. He has enlarged our West to take in the sea and the frozen North.

He flashes the landscape, the action, the whole dramatic spectacle, making every sense seize upon the setting and the movement. By his flooding vitality, he carries us into the heart of the story, and at times we almost feel ourselves to be actors in the drama.

It was this visualizing quality that first made known to the world the work of this writer out on the rim of the far Pacific. Here is a man who owes little to the schools, but who owes well-nigh everything to his thrilling contact with the red rush of life. The crowds have been his teachers and the good green earth his university. He knows the old primitive loves and hates of man, and he knows how to weave them into stirring romance. He is a story-teller by inspiration.

Stewart Edward White, author of "The Cabin" and "Arizona Nights," came to California in the '90's with a colorful pen to do the bidding of a quick eye. He has fitted into the forests and fields; and the ranchers and rangers of his stories are men who smack of the Western sun and soil.

Herman Whitaker, also coming in the '90's, is another writer who has done honor to California. His story, "The Planters," is one of the powerful books of the Far West, carrying its dramatic human sequence, its rich atmosphere of the tropics, its glowing indignation against the wrongs of the Mexican Indians. Beside it, "Ramona" pales as anemone pales beside carnation.

Gossip About Story-Writers

California has been honored by the prolonged visits of some of the nobility of letters. Robert Louis Stevenson tarried for a time on the shores of Monterey and in the shadow of Mt. St. Helena, where he wrote "The Silverado Squatters." Helen Hunt Jackson, sojourning in our south, found the idea for her story of "Ramona." Kate Douglas Wiggin, as an ardent young teacher, wrote her "Patsy" here, thus beginning her long list of happy stories. Horace Annesley Vachell, of England, wrote in California his "Sands of Pactolus" and other true-to-life novels of the Coast Range.

From the first California has produced strange and striking short stories. No other State can show shelves and files bearing so large a mass of tales ingenious in plot, vivid in style, captivating in interest. These early writers celebrated the roaring pageant of the life around them; they explored behind the veils of death; they outdistanced the imaginative leap of the scientist.

Of these earlier writers, Californians still remember Ferdinand Ewer with his " Memorable Nights of August 21st and 22d "; J. W. Gally with his " Big Jack Small "; E. H. Clough with his " Why They Lynched Him "; Yda Addis (immensely gifted) with her " Romance of Ramon." There is also a niche in the temple for Margaret Collier Graham, who in brilliant short stories sketched Southern California before and after the boom.

Of the Luciferian stride of Ambrose Bierce, the starriest perhaps of this short-story zodiac, I have already spoken. The greatest after Bierce (greater than Bierce upon the human side) stands William C. Morrow. His mystery stories are amazingly ingenious; and his style is always as sure and clean as ivory carving.

In France, Morrow's story, " The Ape and the Idiot," would have put a man well on the way toward the Academy. The Ape escapes from a traveling menagerie, the Idiot escapes from a lunatic asylum. The two wander together as happy mates, reaching a Chinese graveyard, where a little heathen mother is mourning her dead. For grotesquerie, for pathos, match it if you can.

Emma Frances Dawson (a poet always) is a short-story writer whose page is a tapestry of erudite and iridescent charm. Her " Itinerant House " is an eerie abode in the dim realms of the supernatural and the weird, an abode that Poe might have erected with the magic of his pen. And this is only one of many in her volume.

Bailey Millard, in his " Notch in a Principality," with gripping phrase and unforgettable situation, flashes to us the spirit of the wheat-fields; and, in his

"Coyote-that-Bites," he shakes our hearts with the terror of the desert.

James Hopper, known by his Philippine stories, is one of the younger writers with Gallic grace and fire. He tells a story with the click of color, the flash of feeling, the flare of mystery, that stir the imagination.

California claims to have been the first to introduce that persuasive brand of fiction known as "cowboy stories." R. L. Ketchum did it, and two of his stories were "A Roman-Nosed Maverick" and "Shorty Lochinvar." A quiet little woman of San José, who signs "B. M. Bower," has written that long line of cowboy stories leading off with "The Lonesome Trail."

But, hold, the task is endless! I cannot even recount the names of the long litany. To mention even the story-writers alone would blunt my pen and drink my ink-bottle dry. There are story-tellers of power and pathos, like Flora Loughead and Juliet Wilbur Tompkins and Kathleen Norris and Amanda Matthews. Beside these, there are humorists of elephantine jocosities, from Phenix down to Gellett Burgess and Wallace Irwin; and there are poets of iridescent wing from Edward Pollock (dead too soon) down to Clarence Urmy, Charles Keeler and Marguerite Bigelow Wilkinson.

Yes, the litany seems never to end. I must close my chronicle, for the list is as long as the Homeric catalogue of the ships on the shores of Ilium.*

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* I pause, but readers wishing more knowledge of this literary multitude may turn to "The Story of the Files," by Ella Sterling Cummings. Also to "The Right Hand of the Continent," by Charles F. Lummis, and to "The Influence of California upon Literature" (in "The National Magazine") by George Wharton James. They may also consult "The Short Story Magazine," edited by Professor Henry Meade Bland, who (like Mr. James) has devoted years to expounding our literary California.

V

Our Scientists and Philosophers

Our deserts, our seas, our forests, our mountains have furnished a new field for the exploration of the scientist. Jacques Loeb, of the State University, has made far-reaching experiments in biology, coming close to the mystery of life. Charles F. Holder has expounded in pleasing pages the myriad wonders of animal life. The seals have had a special friend, a stout champion, in David Starr Jordan; and the birds have had happy chroniclers in Charles Keeler and the Grinells; and the flowers have had their learned gossips in Charles Francis Saunders, Katherine Chandler and Alice Davidson.

Nor are the skies neglected in the Far West. On the Mt. Lowe Observatory stands Edgar Lucien Larkin peering at the stars. He is an all-round writer on science who holds to the spiritual fact of our existence, as he ponders over the unveiled mystery of life and the veiled mystery of death.

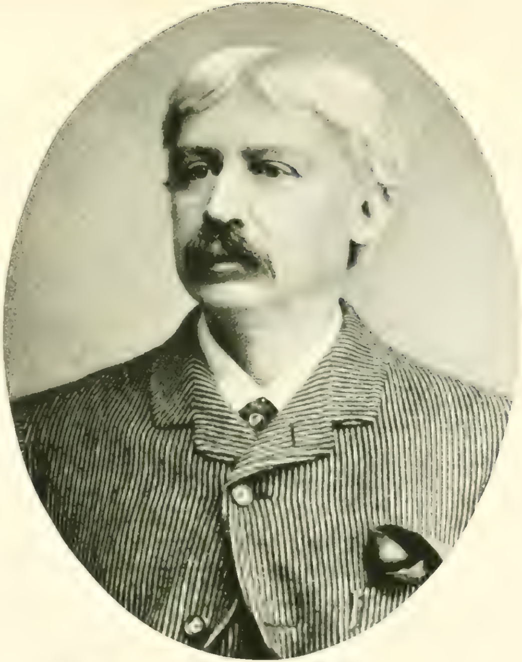
One of the precious memories of California is Joseph Le Conte, professor of geology at the State University. He wrote an important volume on " Science and Religion," a volume which stands on the same shelf with Alexander Winchell's great work, " The Reconciliation of Science and Religion." Both of these thinkers attempt to prove that the revelation of the Scriptures is in harmony with the revelation of the rocks. At a later time Le Conte reinforced his thesis with another strong volume, " Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought." Le Conte was not only a great scientist: he was also a luminous soul.

John Muir, Poet-Scientist

John Muir has flung open to the imagination our splendid heritage of mountains and forests. He has proclaimed the genesis and the revelation of peak and gorge and tree and flower.

Others have touched corners and angles of this field; but Muir is the only one to view it and to review it in full circle. Moreover, he has not only the exact knowledge of the scientist, but has a flash also of the imaginative vision of the poet. This makes his testimony more authentic. For the mere scientist tells us only what the world means to the cold intellect, and so brings us only a half truth. But this does not satisfy us: we want to know also what the world means to our restless, wondering hearts. After the scientist has revealed the world as a cordon of laws, a chain of fates, we cry out, " What do all these things mean to our heart? " And the poet comes to answer that cry. So an all-round interpreter of nature must be a poet-scientist.

Muir has had strange adventures. Once, when walking in the high hills, the ground began to slide under him: it was an avalanche, and lo (as if straddled upon Leviathan) he was riding gloriously upon the back of it! Down, down into the void canyon below, his wild courser convoyed him, his heart leaping with a fearful rapture. At another time, in the midst of a Sierran tempest, he climbed two-hundred feet into the top of a swaying and whistling pine, and clung exultingly to the blowing branches, taking into his heart the wild joy of the storm. And once, unarmed, he met a grizzly, face to face, in the far mountains: Bruin calmly looked him over, and recognizing Muir as a wild-heart like himself, walked courteously away. Our beloved John o' the Mountains is sketched in this Bailey Millard vignette:



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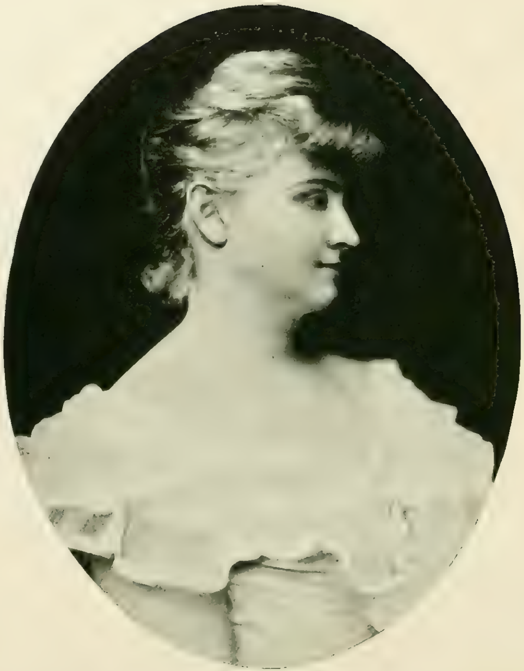
BRET HARTE

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS



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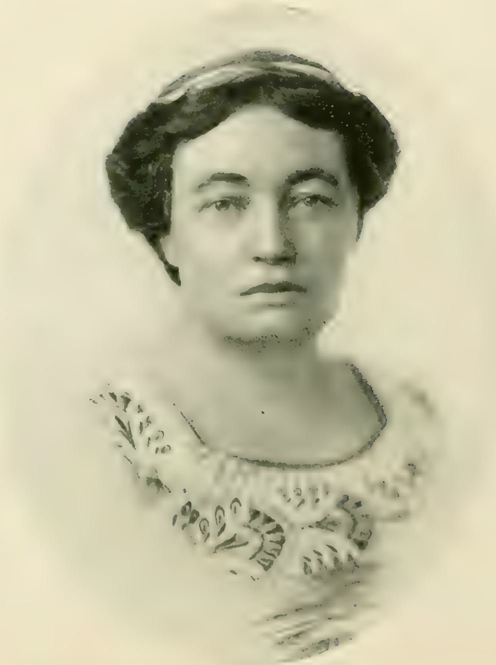
Gertrude Atherton



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Mary Austin

> "A lean, wild-haired, wild-bearded, craggy man,
> Wild as a Modoc and as unafraid—
> A man to go his way with no man's aid,
> Yet sweet and soft of heart as any maid."

Burbank and the Creative Law

Under three counts I find our Luther Burbank a genius in dealing with plants. First, he has the power to take a hint. With sight, touch and smell all keenly alert, he watches and waits upon the moods of Nature. He catches her purpose, anticipates her will, betters her environment, augments her power.

Second, he has immense capacity for taking pains. With unwearying patience, with countless experiments, with eternal vigilance, he observes, directs, controls and establishes dominion over the deed and destiny of his plants.

Third, he has transcendent sympathy. He seems to know that the plant has its own mysterious personality—has its emotions, its hopes, its dreams. Man and tree spring from the One Life: hence there is a living unity between them, a mystic bond. So we find Burbank saying: " There is a magnetism, a life principle, not yet well understood, which, under sympathetic conditions, plays between human and human, between human and animal, between human and plant. The common carrier of this magnetism may be electricity—electricity, I repeat, being merely the carrier."

Burbank works for beauty, and also for utility. He not only builds up new plants and fruits and flowers; but he also reforms old ones that have fallen into evil habits. He is a man of imagination as well as a practical scientist. He sees the life of the plant as a long drama. Taking Nature's variations as his cue, feeling that every seed has the potentiality of a new race, Burbank has experimented in pollenation with plants of every species, urging nature to new variations, creating new combinations and characteristics. The efforts of his forty years in this loving work have ennobled not only the plebeian potato, but also the bright races of fruit and flower.

Working in the path of the creative law, Burbank has transformed a frowsy weed into the Shasta daisy; has given the calla lily the final grace of fragrance; has made the blackberry white and thornless; has married the plum to the apricot, bringing forth the plumcot; has flavored the quince with the pineapple; has taken the stones out of plums; has redeemed the pariah cactus to a kindly, useful life.

Once it dawned upon Burbank that the thorns and humps of the cactus are abnormal features—things that did not belong to the cactus in the beginning. He realized that they had come forth in response to the dire need of the plant to defend itself against the drouth of the sands and the ravage of the hungry animals. Having caught this vision, he began to force the plant of the desert back into its original thornless state. So, to-day, behold Burbank's spineless cactus!

This law of plant culture points the way toward the elevation of the human race. When we learn to give as much attention to the genesis and culture of children as Burbank has given to the genesis and culture of the cactus and the potato, we shall have a new humanity. He points to the law by which the angel in man can subdue the brute in man. This way lies Paradise.

A Few of Our Philosophers

Notwithstanding the rush of our world-building in the Far West, we have had our philosophers, men quietly probing into nature and history to find the unifying principle of existence. High like a star among their names stands Josiah Royce, now of Harvard. His "Religious Aspect of Philosophy" and his "Spirit of Modern Philosophy" lay the basis of an idealistic yet resolute doctrine of life. His message is a clarion note, calling us to face the battle bravely.

Serene, upon the Berkeley Hills, George H. Howison has taught and pondered the deepest problems of life and mind. We have some of the fruit of his thinking in a recent volume, "Limits of Evolution, and Other Essays in Philosophy."

The two universities of California are radiant centers in the State. Each one has a president who is a thinker. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the State University, has traveled into many of the windings of the labyrinth of modern thought. Some of his many volumes are "Dionysus and Immortality" and "The Life of Alexander the Great." David Starr Jordan, the president of Stanford University, has attacked with energy many of the anxious problems of the age. Some of his volumes are "The Care and Culture of Men" and "War's Aftermath."

California has also given us a social philosopher who stands lofty and unique in our annals—Henry George. He lived long years in San Francisco, and wrote there his "Progress and Poverty," a prophet cry for human rights that was heard around the world.

Fitch, Bancroft and Other Forces.

The chief literary critic of the Far West is George Hamlin Fitch. With consistent and persistent devotion he has done more than any other person to scatter a knowledge of good books in California. He has gathered up some of his literary adventures in his volumes, "Comfort Found in Good Old Books" and "Modern English Books of Power."

I wish to make another flying record of a great service to California that in the old days was rendered by John Sweet, long the State Superintendent of Schools. He is memorable in that he made every school in the State a nucleus of a library of well-selected books.

California has two libraries that are unique. Adolph Sutro, whose fine grounds out by the Cliff House have long been open to the public, left in San Francisco a remarkable collection of 200,000 pamphlets and volumes of rare worth, gathered for the public use.

The Hubert Howe Bancroft Library is phenomenal in that it has cornered all the original material for the history of the Far West. Those myriads of manuscripts, pamphlets and books have been indexed by experts and the library (now owned by the State University) is a sort of Vatican for California. Out of this library grew Mr. Bancroft's monumental history, "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast," and also his many other volumes rich in Western chronicle. The enthusiasm and devotion of Mr. Bancroft, his keen foresight in seizing this rambling material of history and his fine skill in organizing it all, have put the world in his debt.

In delving into the past we must not forget the work that has been achieved in special fields of Western history by Theodore Hittell, by Zoeth Eldridge, by Josiah Royce and by Charles Howard Shinn.

VI

A Glance at Our Artists

California has all the light and color and atmosphere that have for ages been the joy of the artists on the shores of the Mediterranean. She has also the picturesque Indian and Mongolian races to add new tinges and types of life to the Caucasian host drifted in from every clime. And she offers to the artist her wild shores, her valley loveliness, her mountain grandeur.

The name that makes our assembly of painters shine, the name that leads all the rest, is William Keith—a rare spirit now gone on into the Next Chamber of the Mystery. Keith was a Scotchman with the Celtic ardor for beauty and color, and the Covenanter's conscience for truth. His landscapes take on the color of his soul: they are nature plus the man. Hence, they are not a mere imitation of nature; but the creation of a wilder beauty than earth supplies. I remember his "Oaks of Berkeley": how still and majestic they stood, as though they were in hushed communion with the Powers that made the world. There also was his "Beautiful Sky," luminous as though a shining seraph were about to emerge into visibility. There also were his marvelous glaciers of Alaska—vast cliffs of azure ice, the incarnation of irresistible might, all filled with a sense of the brooding forces carving out the canyons and scooping out the valleys of the continent.

Thomas Hill and Bierstadt come next to mind as sympathetic painters of the cliffs and canyons of the Yosemite. Of the many women of the brush I recall Mary Curtis Richardson. Children she paints with a touch of creative beauty and wonder. Portraits of dignity and distinction come to us also from

Gertrude Partington's revealing pencil. Calthea Vivian touches her seas and shores with a highly poetic feeling for color. Albertine Randall Wheelan, now in New York City, is our charming illustrator.

Arthur Matthews has done notable work in historical painting. Bruce Porter (designer of the Robert Louis Stevenson monument) is celebrated for mural paintings, poetically conceived and carefully finished. Douglas Tilden has done heroic work in sculpture with a sense of freedom and power; and by the side of him stands Robert Aiken. Gutzon Borglum, once of California but now of New York City, is known on two continents for his superb work in both painting and sculpture.

A Glance at Our Stage Folk

Naturally the surge of Western life, the conflict of passion and action, have set our writers at work upon the drama.

In Archibald Gunter (author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and a long cue of other fluffy yarns) California had a popular playwright. Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco was a writer of bright comedy. Problem plays by Elmer Harris and Eugene Walter have attracted the attention of the nation. Richard Walton Tully has given us a Spanish, a Persian, and a Hawaiian play. In the "Poor Little Rich Girl," Eleanor Gates has a poignant and whimsical drama, which stands beside "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; and two other plays have dropped from her pen.

David Belasco, the wizard of stage-craft and the discoverer of actors, and the writer of a half dozen plays, is a son of California. Indeed, his mother was the first woman to cross the Isthmus with her face turned toward our golden shores.

Actor-folk have also flocked from our Far West.

Edwin Booth, the greatest American actor, began his career within the sound of our sundown seas. Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough ran a theater in San Francisco, and drew many a star into their constellation.

Ah, the score of these Californians seems never to end; and yet I must add other names: Modjeska, Sibyl Sanderson, David Warfield, Nance O'Neill, Eleanor Calhoun, Ellen Beach Yaw, Keith Wakeman, Blanche Bates—all belong to our California.

The Bohemian Club: the Grove-Play

The Bohemian Club of San Francisco, a comradery of literarians, artists and lovers of the arts, is a unique expression of the æsthetic individuality of San Francisco, and is one of her strong social forces.

The outdoor life of California has given rise to many annual festivals and pageants. The Greek Theater at Berkeley and the Forest Theater at Carmel produce notable plays. But the most distinctive and artistic by far is the Grove-Play that has developed from the "High Jinks" of the Midsummer Festival of the Bohemian Club.

This woodland drama is at once spectacular, musical and literary. Western artists, poets and composers unite their efforts to give it unique excellence. Certain conventions always appear in this alluring masque of the forest, a drama set in beauty as was never another play, excepting only the mad Ludwig's midnight "Lohengrin" among the Bavarian crags. Care always invades the world of Faërie, or of Balder, or of Buddha, or of Druid, or of Isis, or of Montezuma, as the invention of the playwright may choose. The Spirit of Bohemia at last confronts and destroys the specter. Mr. Porter Garnet gives the feel of it all:

" It is nine o'clock at night when the performance begins. Six-hundred men are gathered in a spacious glade of the redwood forest. Rows of redwood logs are used for seats. All is darkness save for a group of tiny shaded lights that make the figures of the men and their surroundings dimly visible. They are the lights for the musicians in the orchestra-pit. Beyond them is a stage innocent of scenery except that supplied by Nature. On either side of this stage two immense trees forming the proscenium stretch upward into the greater darkness overhead, where the black masses of their foliage, mingling with the foliage of their fellows, are vaguely outlined against an indigo sky. On all sides great trunks—ten, fifteen feet in diameter, two-hundred, three-hundred feet in hight —tower aloft. At the back of the stage is an abrupt hillside.

* * * * * *

" Everything is tuned to the occasion—the hush and the darkness, the majesty of the ancient [redwood] trees, the subtle perfumes of the forest in the soft night air. It is the atmosphere of poetry; it is beauty, peace."

The Grove-Play is one of the notable art achievements of the State. Others are on the way. Indeed, great prophecies are in the air for literary California. Gertrude Atherton says, " The North may scowl and the South may hoot, but I venture to predict that fifty years from now California will be the literary center of the United States."

And Edgar Saltus also looks for a new renaissance of literature in America, and he expects it to rise in California: hence these bold words: " The new Renaissance will come, and come probably here in this Italy of the Occident, which, profuse in all things else, might just as well be prolific in genius, and which, too, by reason of its freedom from cant and prejudice, is the only fit nursery for these exceptional beings, whose filiation is as enigmatic as the stars and who, like them, charm the world."*

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* PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—It is proper to say here that Edwin Markham, the author of this volume, is also known as one of the important literary forces of California. It was there that he wrote his most famous poem, "The Man with the Hoe," a poem that has been translated into all modern languages, and that has made him known throughout the world. His writings are listed on the opening pages of this volume. His next book, "The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems," his most notable lyric volume, will appear early in 1915; and this will be followed by a prose volume to be called, "New Light on the Old Riddle," a remarkable discussion of the difficult yet besieging problems of man's life on earth and his destiny beyond death.

CHAPTER XIX

GLANCES AT OREGON AND WASHINGTON, HER NEAR NEIGHBORS

I

EVERY householder likes to know something concerning his near neighbors: the near neighbors of California on the north are Oregon and Washington. In many ways, they may be taken as one vast principality.

They form two broken rectangles in the extreme of our great Northwest. Oregon has nearly 97,000 square miles, including a thousand square miles of water. Her coast line is 300 miles, with a half dozen harbors. Washington has nearly 70,000 square miles, including 2,000 square miles of water. A goodly share of this watery expanse is covered by Puget Sound, which is almost an inland sea. The Strait of San Juan de Fuca connects the Sound with the ocean, and it is the theater of wonderful mirages.

Oregon and Washington continue into the north the two great mountain ranges of California. Our Sierra Nevada becomes the Cascade Mountains in the north; and our Coast Range retains its name through Oregon, but takes the name Olympic in Washington. Among the Oregon mountains we find the vast and fruitful valleys of the Willamette, the Umpqua and the Rogue rivers; and farther north are the wooded plains extending from the coast to the Cascades. We find in all these valleys and plains many rich woodlands needing only the service of the clearing ax and the giant arms to swing it.

Taking a look to the eastward from the summits of the Cascades, we behold a sudden change in the face of nature. To the west and toward the sea all is one immensity of leaf and bloom—meadows of wild grasses, dense forests of pine and spruce and fir and cedar, valleys of maple and ash and wild cherry, orchards of apples, gardens of berries, vast fields of heading wheat and blowing oats, and other fields that give picturesque color to the landscape. Here, too, are dairy farms and lowing cattle under the oaks in the valley; and away in the secret retreats of the high mountains the gray wolf, the deer, the elk, the bear, the wild sheep have their haunts, while the trout and the salmon have their homes in stream and river.

But, looking toward the east from the summits, we behold vast expanses of undulating table-land, wide unforested lava plains, furrowed by deep canyons and dotted by low peaks. Large areas of these plains are beginning to grow green and prolific under the miraculous touch of the irrigating waters. Even as I write these words I get news that the Government geological engineers are searching for water in the neighborhood of Prineville, and that they have struck a roaring river seventy feet underground, enough water for thousands of gardens and orchards in that waiting land.

Mountains, Rivers, Climate

Mt. Hood (over 11,000 feet) lifts its beautiful summit in the Oregon Cascades, while Mt. Rainier, sometimes called Mt. Tacoma (14,000 feet) dominates the horizon near the center of the Washington Cascades. The ranges skirting these coasts run close to the sea and are heavily wooded. On the precipitous slopes of the Olympic Mountains we find the densest woodlands in the United States. Over all these northern expanses the sheep whiten the hills and the cattle graze in the wild valleys.

The Columbia, winding between Washington and Oregon for hundreds of miles, is a swift river (often as voluminous as the St. Lawrence) and its many cascades, canyons, narrows, rocky cliffs have a wild beauty. The Cascades and the Dalles of the Columbia rise to the level of grandeur. At the Cascades, one-hundred-fifty miles from the mouth, the river rushes wildly into a canyon that is four-thousand feet deep and nearly six miles long, a canyon cut through the massive lava beds of the mountains. The Willamette, the chief tributary of the great river, joins it a hundred miles from the sea, after flowing north through the heart of the famous Willamette Valley. This is the noble garden land that first made Oregon known to the world; and here are four-million level acres, the rich earth home of all the tribes of grains and fruits and berries.

The Hood River Valley, toward the east, is a garden famous for apples and strawberries, while the Grande Ronde Valley is known to the world as the domain of the sugar beet. Lumbering, dairying, stock-raising and mining are in full swing in this region east of the Cascade Mountains.

Now the climate of these north lands is vigorous but agreeable. In the belt west of the Cascades the climate is mild and equable; in the eastern belt it is arid and variable, but in both belts there is a wet and a dry season, as in California. The Willamette Valley is not excessively humid, since it is protected from the sea by the Coast Range. Snow falls rarely on the lowlands, and it tarries only a short time when it does whiten the earth. One region in Oregon has a record of eighteen years when the mercury did not vary over thirteen degrees between the heat of August and the cold of January.

The Finned and the Feathered Races

All these mountains and valleys have their glory of wild flowers; and all these streams and forests have their finned and furred and feathered races.

If the veracious camera did not back the testimony, you could scarce believe the stories I could tell of the abundant fish and bird life of these northlands. It is down in the book of chronicles that in the old-time a stage-coach was overturned on the shore of the Columbia by salmon heaped in the road: the fishes had rushed up the river in so dense a multitude that thousands had been crowded out in heaps upon the banks.

We are also told by early settlers that there was a time when the air would now and then grow dark with flocks of red-winged blackbirds, and the marshes grow white with feeding pigeons. Now, however, the bird colonies are found only on the Marshes of Malheur, in happy reservations where the State is trying to save the feathered folk from extinction. Here in the reed and tule marshes, with thunder of flapping and clapping, of honking and cronking, the bird multitudes can hatch their young in peace and joy. It stirs you with thrills of noble emotion to see them rising in thousands, gleaming in the sun and circling over their hidden homes—rising in myriads for miles and miles and miles—all the water birds of the north land, all but the white herons. The beautiful herons have been murdered—all but twenty of them—to get feathers to flatter the vanity of ladies' hats.

II

A Glance at the History

Oregon was our first far-western territory to develop along American lines: Washington took up the march at a much later day. In 1766, Captain Jonathan Carver, exploring the region west of the Mississippi to find a northern passage to the Pacific, appears to have picked up tidings concerning the Columbia: he calls it the Oregon and describes it as a river "which falls into the ocean at the Straits of Anian." No one knows where he got the beautiful name Oregon. It is thought by some writers that the early Spaniards gave the region the name Aragon, an echo from Spain, and that the word Oregon was hatched out of the Spanish word. Poet Bryant used the name in his "Thanatopsis," and this flung it to the four winds.

> "Take the wings
> Of morning and the Barcan desert pierce,
> Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
> And millions in those solitudes since first
> The flight of years began, have laid them down
> In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone!"

In 1792 came the Yankee skipper Robert Gray, the first white man to penetrate Oregon. He found the river entrance that the Spanish and the English had passed by; and he sailed up the great stream, naming it Columbia in memory of his ship.

Early in the nineteenth century, the Lewis and Clark explorers swept down the great river from its source, startling the Indian with this strange invasion from the heart of the continent. They held friendly communion with him, curing his bodily ills and telling him of "the Great Spirit that is the strength of the white man," telling also of the great Book that brings news of Heaven.

Out of this visit of the pale-faces and their chance words sprang an episode more fateful to Oregon than was the news of her fur-bearing animals and abundant forests. Indeed, out of this visit sprang the event that determined the trend of her civilization. For it caused five Indians to set out later to find their white brothers in the Mississippi Valley and to get more news of the Great Spirit and the wonderful Book. After a long, weary journey over mountains and wilderness, they reached St. Louis in their quest for light on the mystery. In answer to this call of the wild, Protestant missionaries made their way into Oregon, men whose work left a deep impress on the Northwest.

But the fur-trading began before the advent of the missionaries. We touch here upon stirring and perilous pages of history, the story of the contending fur-traders. Through the story rises the commanding form of Dr. John McLoughlin, the grand old man who, like another Mt. Hood, dominated that world of forest and water.

Dr. McLoughlin: Hesperian Apples

In 1810, Nathaniel Winship from Boston erected at Oak Point the first house ever built on the Columbia, and soon a group of pioneers came swinging around the Horn to make their homes in the rich Willamette Valley. All this territory was claimed by both England and the United States, so in 1818 a treaty of joint occupancy was made between the two nations.

At a later time, England withdrew her claim; but, meanwhile, in 1821, she sent Dr. John McLoughlin to serve as " Chief Factor of the Columbia River Territory," and he settled at Fort Vancouver, just across the river and in the neighborhood of Portland. Here McLoughlin (six-feet-six, handsome and impressive) organized a sort of a feudal principality, including Indians and whites, and lived a life touched with charm and marked with picturesque hospitality. It was a benevolent despotism organized by a man ever courteous to friend and to foe. Many emigrants were indebted to him for their safety and for the hope that heartened them upon the way. He it was that welcomed them after their long battle with the storms and streams, after their long struggle with the deserts and the mountains.

Realizing the worth and beauty of the Willamette Valley, McLoughlin took possession of the Willamette Falls and the domain round about, built his home on the river shore and this became the seed of Oregon City. To this beautiful place my own parents drifted in 1847, after a long struggle with the wilderness.

Here I was born, and here I spent my first years, picking up pebbles on the shore, watching the white waterfalls, gazing on the high mysterious bluffs that look down upon the young city. And I well remember going again and again with a group to gather baskets of hazelnuts in the flaming Autumn woods. And even more vivid is my memory of the delectable apples I ate in an orchard in a high mountain valley. I picked them up from the cool grass of the ground, the dew still upon them. Were there ever such apples anywhere else in the world? The tang and smack of them had the keen flavor of the apples of Hesperides.

Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman

The Indians, as I have already explained, sent an embassy into civilization asking for light concerning God and the Hereafter. In answer to this call, Jason Lee (Methodist) and Marcus Whitman (Presbyterian) made their way into Oregon.

Lee's work was the seed of Americanism in the far Northwest. He was a man of extraordinary zeal, a man afire with a dream. He gladly abandoned all the comforts of civilization in order to answer the cry of the Indians. He founded a mission, and started a school which grew later into the Willamette University. Like every wise man, he saw that religion must have an earth-hold; so in connection with his missionary work he established several farms and was the first Oregonian who turned to agriculture. He employed every hour of his time in spreading his gospel of religion and in building the ramparts of civilization.

"It is impossible," says Governor Geer, in his reminiscences, "to go beyond Jason Lee in Oregon history. Back of him there is a void—no schools, no churches, no agriculture, no homes."

Also, answering the cry of the Indians for the Book of Light, came Marcus Whitman and Henry Spalding, in 1836, with their brides. They crossed the continent in a lone wagon, by way of the South Pass, and they were the first to break the overland road into Oregon. As they neared their goal, the Indians welcomed them with joy, the mahalas kissing the cheeks of the delicate, brave white women. The Indians were astonished to see the wagon (the first they had ever seen) and they took a boyish pleasure in pushing and pulling it into Oregon.

Marcus Whitman looms large in the history of the Northwest. He founded a mission in the Columbia River Valley, and brought in a caravan of settlers. In 1843, a provisional government was established by five-hundred trappers, missionaries and other emigrants, but without federal authority. Canadians were sweeping down in large numbers, and Whitman feared that England would get control of the territory; so he journeyed alone across the Rockies and the vast plains to lay the problem before Congress and the people. It is believed that his earnest pleading saved Oregon to the Union and hastened her rise to statehood in 1859. At a later time Whitman was murdered by the Indians: his unselfish devotion and martyrdom have left a crown of light upon his memory.

These men and others who came after them were Methodists and Presbyterians of the old, stern heroic type. Let it be said, however, that their labors were greatly prospered by the warm welcome of Dr. John McLoughlin, the broad-minded Catholic and influential agent of the Hudson Bay Company. As the head of this English fur company and as the trusted friend of all the Indians within hundreds of miles, he could have blocked the work of the newcomers and broken their hopes. But he welcomed all earnest men—aliens, Americans, heretics. He was a sage who looked beyond the outward show to the man behind the mask of creed and custom.

It is easy to write of McLoughlin, for he affords me the noble pleasure of praising. He was a pillar of moral power in his time; and he could not be moved from his place even when strong selfish interests were pressing him to betray the interests of civilization and humanity. He was called "the Czar of the West," and his word was law over an immense principality; and yet he rose above the mere selfishness of trade to embody as far as it was then possible the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

After these strong men had fallen in their places, Oregon had many Indian troubles. An epic could be written of those later pioneer days: especially tragic was the great Indian uprising in the '50's.

It may be noted as my final word that many of the California pioneers of '49 were foot-loose and adventurous spirits. But nearly all the Oregon pioneers were men and women of serious purpose, home-seekers and home-lovers; and many of them had not only spiritual resources, but also material resources. Oregon was never touched by the wild life that swept for a season over California.

III

A Glance at Modern Oregon

In the beginning, Oregon City was the pulse-beat of Oregon, and Portland was known only as a place that was twelve miles from Oregon City. But Portland finally took the lead, and she now dominates the State. Since the building of the railroads, Oregon (larger than all New England) has strided rapidly forward. The State University is alive with new ideas; and the Agricultural College is now going out to the homes and farms, teaching them the latest knowledge concerning gardens and orchards.

Oregon is progressive: she was one of the first States to adopt the referendum, to decide to select United States senators by popular vote and to grant the right of suffrage to women. The Portland *Oregonian* has the aspect of a State institution. It appears to be established in the habit of the people like *The Times* of London, and *The Transcript* of Boston.

If you happen to be wandering in the wonderful Willamette Valley in June, do not fail to see the Rose Festival in Portland. For months the roses hold their glory in her soft warm air. Nor must you fail to climb her Council Crest, a sort of an Acropolis; because from this lofty elevation you can see the city of Portland below you, spread out, trim and trig, like a corner in New England. There are the quiet Colonial houses, there are the clean busy streets, all engirdled by groves of fir and cedar, all brightened by rose gardens that are roses all the year.

This is the celebrated Council Crest, the high place where the Indian chieftains used to gather for their councils. All around us are the fir-clad hills; yet, looking afar, you can see the Columbia for long miles, see also in the southeast the summit of Mt. Hood rising like a cloud of pale rose in the evening heavens. And there to the north is Mt. St. Helens, and farther still we get a glimpse of the ghost of imperious Rainier.

IV

Picturesque Oregon

Both Oregon and Washington can satisfy the heart's desire for beauty of sea, of lake, of peak, of forest. Everlasting snows are on their mountain-tops, and glaciers girdle the mountain-sides; yet anemones and forget-me-nots and delicate ferns skirt the borders of snow and ice. Do you delight in wild mountain trails? You can find them among the cliffs and canyons of these northern peaks and ranges. Many lovely home-spots are hidden in the vales among these wild mountains, whose rugged beauty may some day be as famous as the craggy steeps of the Tyrol. Ella Higginson describes one of these valleys, the Grande Ronde, an amphitheater of noble symmetry in the Blue Mountains, among wild and rugged walls. This is her picture of it:

"Ah, me! I know how like a golden flower
  The Grande Ronde Valley lies this August night,
  Locked in by dimpled hills where purple light
Lies wavering. There at the sunset hour
Sink downward, like a rainbow-tinted shower,
  A million colored rays, soft, changeful, bright.
  Later the large moon rises, round and white,
And three Blue Mountain pines against it tower,
Lonely and dark. A coyote's mournful cry
  Sinks from the canyon—whence the river leaps

The Columbia River near Bonneville

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PORTLAND AND MT. HOOD, OREGON

A blade of silver underneath the moon.
Like restful seas, the yellow wheat fields lie,
Dreamless and still. And while the valley sleeps,
O hear!—the lullabies the low winds croon."

In the Siskiyou Mountains, near California and in the midst of gigantic cliffs and canyons, Oregon has also her marble mountain, caverned and catacombed with a strange labyrinth of halls, vestibules, pavilions, porticoes, all carved in the frolic architecture of the subterranean wonder-worker. Some of the halls are eighty feet to the ceiling and hundreds of feet long. When lighted by the torches of the explorer, these chambers take on a strange splendor, and seem as though they might be secret but spacious halls for the councils of kings. Here Joaquin Miller, torch in hand, made exploration, named the caverns The Marble Halls of Oregon, and jotted down this record: "You pass from room to room, from grotto to grotto, each one a museum, a marvel, a miracle, each one utterly indescribable, each one utterly unlike the rest and yet all monotonously alike. But it is the imperial monotony of the stars!"

Glancing again at the Columbia River, we see him draining both Oregon and Washington, and gathering waters even from distant ridges that feed the Missouri. The Columbia is one of the noblest rivers of the world. The Rhine has castles; but the Columbia has snowy peaks lovely as the dream women of song—Ænone, Imogen, Elaine. Like an accompaniment of violin to song, they follow his rippling way—sometimes shining in the sky, sometimes wavering in the water.

At intervals along the river course we have the arpeggio of the cataracts to mix with the diapason of the flood. The Multnomah and the Oneosta Falls are on the way; and beyond Castle Rock we behold the Palisades. The famous cliffs on the Hudson

River would be only a stirrup-step to the colossal Palisades of the Columbia.

The Wonder of Crater Lake

In the Klamath country, at the head of Rogue River, is Crater Lake, the great wonder of Oregon and one of the great wonders of the globe. It fills the gigantic crater in the truncated volcano of Mt. Mazama, in the midst of a wild, mysterious landscape that Poe might have looked on in the visions of his "Ulalume":

> "It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
> In the misty mid region of Weir—
> It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
> In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Here is the truncated cone of Mt. Mazama that once stood tall and beautiful until his summit was suddenly blown off by subterranean forces. A great tragedy was enacted here before ever the towers of Ilium vanished in the flame—was enacted here in the old abyss of centuries, but has its record only in the kalends of Chaos.

This extinct volcano stands in the line of dead fire-peaks that run from Shasta northward to Rainier, peaks that ages ago were lifting up their plumes of smoke and flame along the blue Pacific. But there came a time when the interior of Mazama was wasted and withered and hollowed out by fires and explosions; and, finally, in some hour of fate, the uprush of enormous volumes of lava, with the stupendous pressure of imprisoned gas, cracked the shell of the mountain midway, so that the apex and the upper walls crumbled and plunged downward into the seething caldron of fire and lava, there to be melted and hurled out upon the surrounding country.

This catastrophe left an enormous gulf, which is now filled half-way to the brim by the rains and snows, making a lake 2,000 feet deep and five miles in diameter. Some of the austere walls of the lake soar 500 feet. The cliff, Llao, sheer and naked as El Capitan, leaps 2,000 feet toward the skies. Out of the center of the lake rises a little crater, perhaps the last chimney of the old expiring volcano. It is Wizard Island, cinder-black and red: its crown is always white with snow. The Phantom Ship is a group of spires and turrets touched with browns that run from russet to burnt umber, and with yellows that run from orange to pale gold. Dark reds and sulphur yellows give to the lofty rocks a goblin beauty.

The crystalline waters, shielded from every stir of the wind, are still as the waves of Acheron, and all amazingly blue as though here were the fountain-head of all the azure of the world. Here, in this calm mirror of the waters, hill and crag are reflected in vivid beauty. At intervals the phantom of some eagle or pelican glides silently over the glass of the lake, from rim to rim.

Crater Lake, like Tahoe Lake, occupies the vast cavity of a dead volcano. But Tahoe is a lake in the lyric spirit, while this Oregon lake is cast in the tragic mood. It is one of the impressive places of ancient agony; and yet, now that the world-mother has shifted the scenes, it has become a place of pilgrimage, a mirror of beautiful forms, an amphitheater of craggy grandeur.

V

Literary Oregon

Oregon has the historic background and the picturesque environment for a noble literature; and she declares that her pioneers have already produced more good literature than the thirteen colonies prior to the Revolution.

She has accomplished much in the line of song-writing and balladry: she is a lover of songs, and has been skillful in writing them. The rains in Western Oregon nourish the redwoods and firs, and they also conspire to keep men under the roof near the books, the ink-bottle and the library lamp.

The literary name that flashes brightest upon the front of Oregon is Joaquin Miller. It was under her rain-tight roofs and by that library lamp that this poet began his literary career. His first work to appear in print was the valedictory poem which he read at Columbia College in 1859. Telling of his life there, he says: " I have never since found such determined students and omnivorous readers. We had all the books and none of the follies of great centers." This was the college that has now become the Oregon University.

Sam L. Simpson has written a widely-known lyric called " The Beautiful Willamette," and I know of no other American river celebrated in verses that have a more haunting and sonorous melody. Here is a snatch out of it:

" From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea.
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track nor trench on thee."

The name that undoubtedly stands next to Joaquin Miller's on the front of Oregon is Ella Hig-

Mt. Rainier, Washington

The Water Front, Seattle

ginson, a true poet and a captivating story-teller. Her work is strong and realistic, having a close grip upon the human verities. The sparkle of her pen has lit up many of the pages of our great magazines.

Another Oregonian that appeals strongly to my thinking heart is Eva Emery Dye, the author of "McLoughlin and Old Oregon" and of "The Conquest: the True Story of Lewis and Clark"—two fine volumes touched in all their pages with the poetry and struggle of the romantic West. Mrs. Dye holds a high place in the literary galaxy of Oregon.

This is only a momentary glance at the literarians of Oregon: James G. Clark, Edward D. Baker, Homer Davenport and many others should have a place in a sketch of Oregon literature.*

VI

A Glance at Washington

Washington is in the same general vibration as Oregon. She also has had romance enough to set up a five-foot shelf for the novelist of adventure. Her lumbermen, her miners and trappers had a monotonous life while at work, but a life of wild frontier excitement when work was done. Indians, in their primitive garb and taciturnity, walked the streets or paddled their beautiful canoes on the abundant streams. And always the wonderful Mt. Rainier (Mt. Tacoma) perfect in outline and flushed with changeful colors, has hung in the sky, the eternal guardian of that ultimate land.

Railroads are crisscrossing the State, and great cities are rising—Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane. Seattle, once a muddy bog with cowpaths for boulevards, now stands imperially upon the shores of Puget Sound. She has both salt- and fresh-water harbors; also wonderful parks that retain the wild beauty of the woods. Happy the traveler who reaches Seattle in the festive Potlatch Week: it comes but once a year.

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* All interested students are referred to the files of *The Pacific Monthly,* founded by William Bittle Wells; and especially to the pages of a useful volume on "Oregon Literature," by my friend, John B. Horner, professor of History and Latin in the State Agricultural College of Oregon.

Tacoma is a city of taste and temperament and stands on the lower end of the Sound. On one hand stretches a rugged peninsula, and on the other hand lie beautiful fields and meadows. She also has had the wisdom to sequester some of her wild gulches for leafy parks. Her boulevard winds about a picturesque precipice.

In the beginning, Spokane was only three men and a sawmill. She now has her queenly seat beside her mountain stream and is girdled about with beautiful parks. She has had the artistic insight to let her streets and roads follow the waving contour of the hills. Here is a hint for those who shall build and beautify the cities of the future.

Puget Sound is one of the glories of this ultimate land. It has over two thousand miles of shore line, making bays for business and trysting-places for romance. The Strait of San Juan de Fuca is a stretch of water running out to the sea, and yet it is usually as safe and serene as the waters of Venice: on the mainland behind it runs a line of snowy Alps. Let Herbert Bashford, the poet of the Northwest, flash for us the evening beauty of Puget Sound:

"His crimson sword the dying sun lets fall
Across the sea, and all the water glows
With sudden splendor—one great flaming rose
The peaks burst into bloom; each icy wall
Is bathed in fire; each fir, green-robed and tall,
Is now a golden tower; a cool wind blows
From off the chaste Olympics' shadowed snows.
Far, far away a loon's long, quavering call

Sounds faintly in the restful twilight air.
The sweet dusk deepens and majestic night—
Mother of dreams and sleep—sinks silently
Upon the land; the tide steals in, and where
The ripples dance I watch the red stars write
In fiery lines God's message to the sea."

THE END

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